AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
SEPTEMBER 1979 $2.00*
LOVER COME BACK
Sensual pictorial of a jilted beauty
SHARK FRENZY
Face to face with maneaters ~a chilling photo report
THE ANCIENT AUSTRALIANS
A dramatic journey into our history before the Aborigines
GET FIT FOR SEX
~your guide
A SAUCY AUSTRALIAN PLAYMATE

When travelling,
a little gold can smooth the way.

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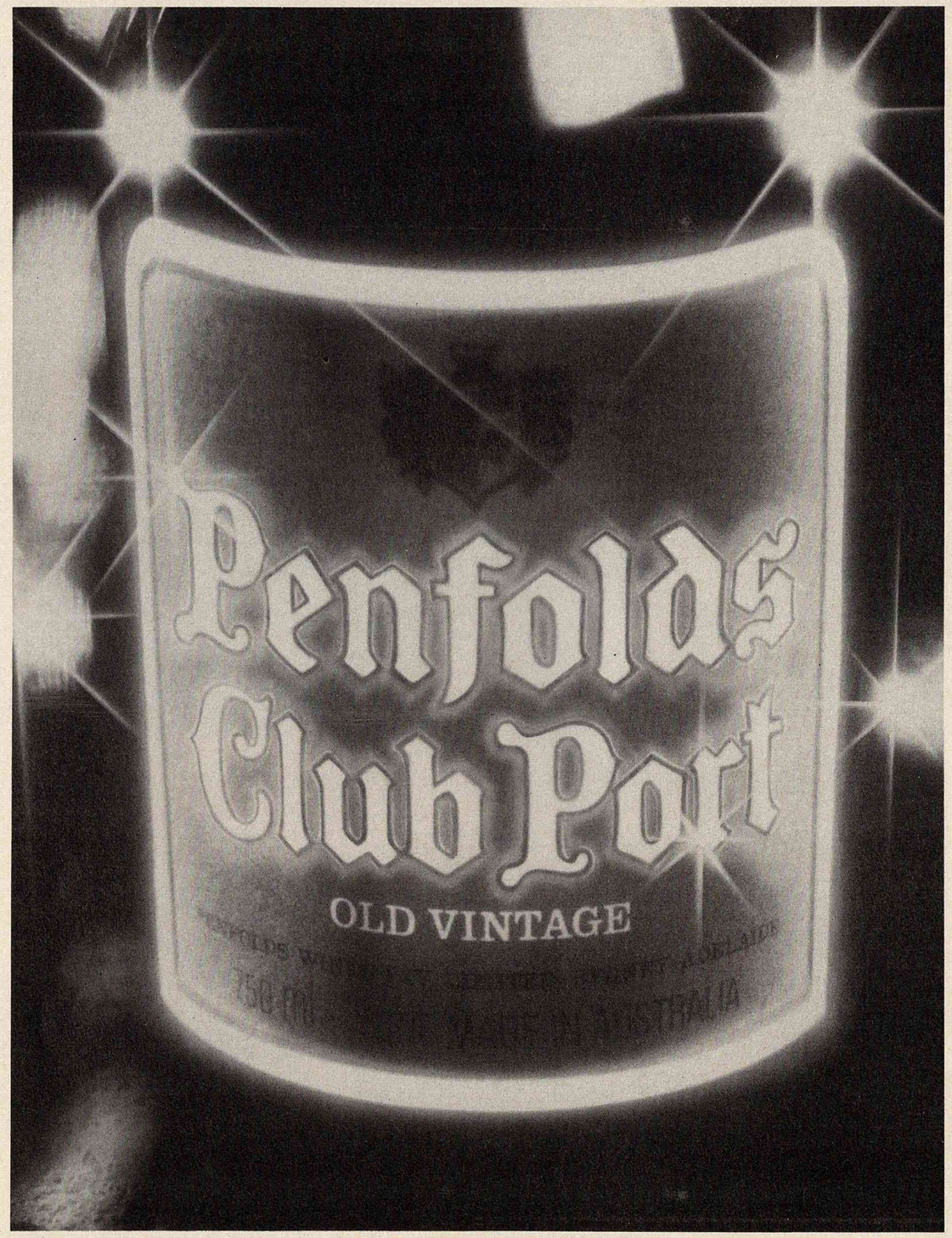

The Night Club.

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They have the latest technology Cruvaira Lenses, which eliminate glare without colour distortion.

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Sportsmans make an ideal Father's Day gift idea.

VYS5443

PLAYBILL

Just how much do you know about the origins of humanity in Australia? Are you aware that man has been settled here for up to 120,000 years? That the first people to come here arrived by boat, in itself an extraordinary feat? Or that archaic man lived side by side with modern man for thousands of years in Australia? PLAYBOY writer **Russell Deiley,** with the advice of archaeologist **Rhys Jones** of the Australian National University, co-author of *The Last Tasmanian,* has produced a dramatic narrative of our most ancient history, a unique venture in Australian journalism. Artist **Kris Harriman** has produced magnificent sketches which illustrate the words and the subjects. We are proud to publish the first of this two-part series.

Do you want to know how to win friends and influence people who aren't men? Well, we thought you'd like to, so we went to a person who poses as one of the greatest experts on the subject – Mr Norman Gunston, alias **Garry McDonald,** and his script-writer colleage, the inimitable **Maurice Gleitzman.** What we have is an amazing pictorial, with words, on how hero Norman practises the art of seduction (but only after he indulges in the Great Pick-Up). Assisting in the high-jinks is a very beautiful and talented model, **Linda Leftwich** (without whom certain things would not have been possible). Incidentally, PLAYBOY is smug about producing a Great First – the first nude pictures of Norman Gunston since Mrs G snapped the little Aussie bleeder in the bath more than 30 years ago. **Colin Stead** held the camera this time.

Another very important figure is **Kylie Foster,** a curvaceous, sexy, cuddly lady from Sydney who graces our Centrefold as Miss September. Kylie's the sort of girl every boy wanted to have living next door. While we're on the subject of pictorials, we should mention two others: our PLAYBOY salute to posterity – a magnificent photographic salute to the female derrière – and a special Chinese Edition.

Richard Beckett (also known as Sam Orr) writes hilariously about his great love, the evil booze, and the dreadful things it's done to him. It's a sordid tale of over-indulgence and excess. Your heads won't ache, though your jaws might. Talking about jaws, take John Laws, the man who has made millions of dollars out of talk-back radio. Top journalist **Andrew Clark** spent hours with Laws preparing the way for this fascinating profile about a man who cannot be ignored. Artists **David Yardley** and **Greg Mackay** produced the sculpture.

Of course, there is plenty more. Zany travellers who spurn the usual tourist routes should absorb the informative and often bizarre suggestions by travel writer **James Cowan.** Cowan gives an off-beat guide for travellers who really want to see the weird, the remote, the rough and untrod parts of this planet Earth. Then there is a nice little service for those who want to stay at home, in the most comfortable manner possible. We publish pictures of the PLAYBOY Den, a living, sleeping, loving space designed specially by a very perceptive and talented Sydney designer, **Lyndal Evatt.**

On a grimmer, more controversial note is the *Playboy Interview* with **Edward Teller,** father of the H-bomb and champion of the nuclear lobby, who speaks about the use of nuclear energy as the Harrisburg reactor controversy continues to smoulder. Teller's interview is provocative, very informative and of deep, deep interest. Against Teller's views about the future, we have a fictional offering of what might be before us in the form of a most unusual short story, *The Pleasure Bird,* by the Australian writer **Peter Carey.**

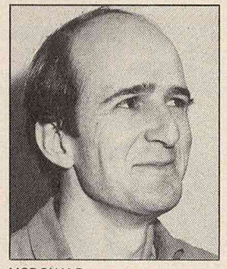
September's PLAYBOY is rich fare, of variety, substance and froth. So, jump right in – pleasure, interest and entertainment await you.

HARRIMAN

JONES

CAREY

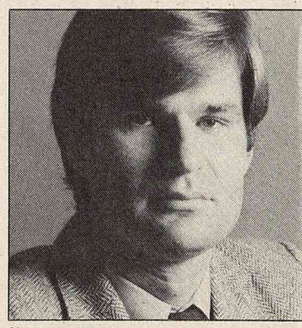
YARDLEY, MACKAY



MCDONALD

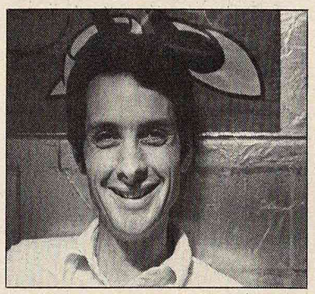
LEFTWICH

GLEITZMAN



CLARK

EVATT



COWAN

Drive into the future.

'Carisma' is what Porsche has, and it's not just the way she looks (this you can judge for yourself), but how she performs. Porsche 924 has everything in the right place.

Other cars try to have it both ways, but Porsche only build sport cars. So – you have to make up your mind whether you're going to have a car, or a Porsche.

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You should also remember, Porsche is an investment, Porsche holds its price. Most Porsche owners change into a new Porsche at very little cost.

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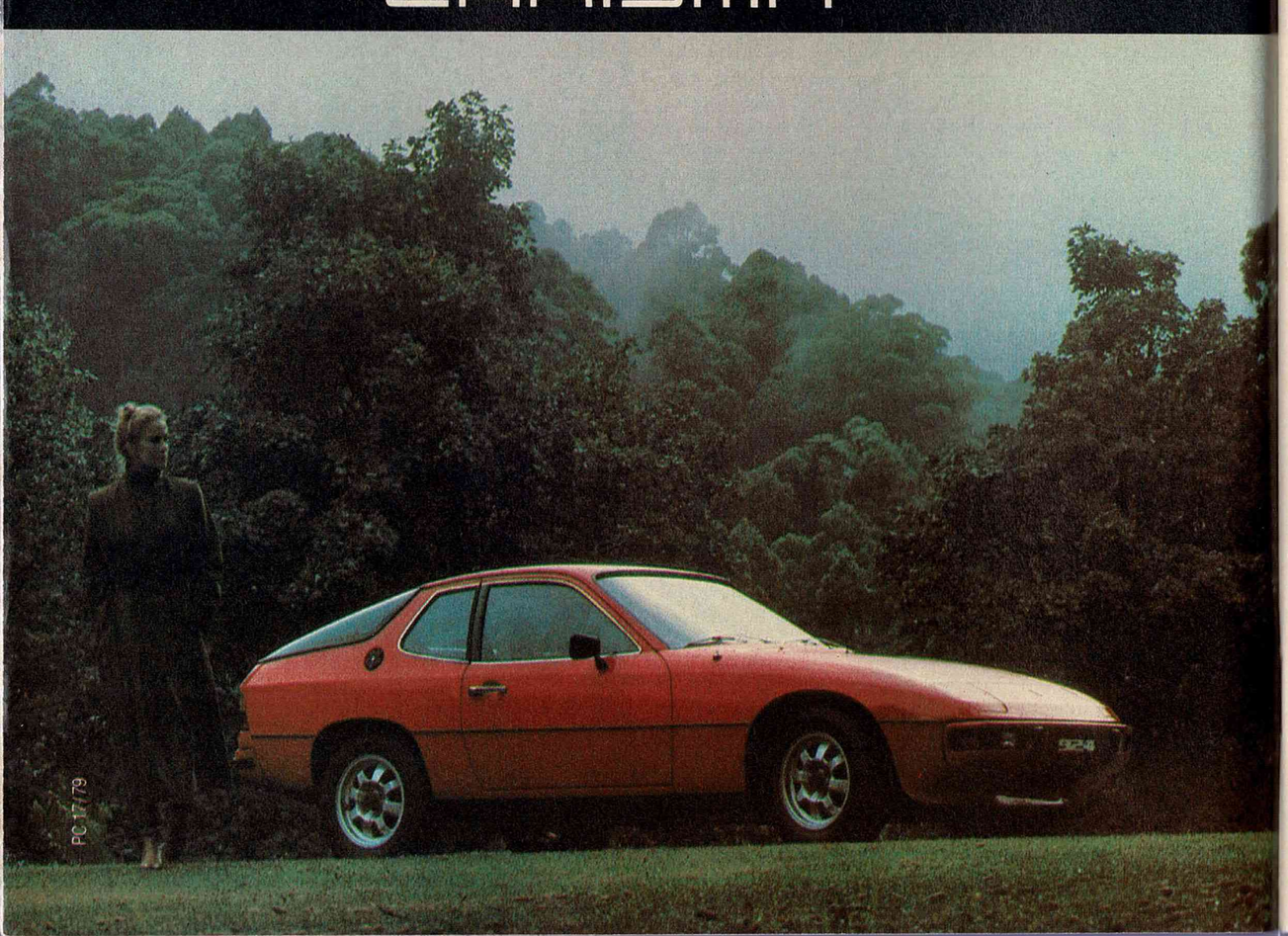
Porsche 924 is the perfect alternative for those who do not need the extra room of a saloon and yet want to get away from the humdrum uniformity of the run-of-the-mill products, a thoroughbred sport coupe with adequate space for a family, i.e. a 2+2 seater with holiday luggage space at the same time safeguarding outstanding performance and impeccable handling characteristics.

Drive into the future in Porsche 924, or any of the Porsche range of sport cars, 930 Turbo, 911SC Coupe, 911SC Targa, 928.

Porsche *only* build sport cars . . . so there is no compromise

PORSCHE CARISMA



AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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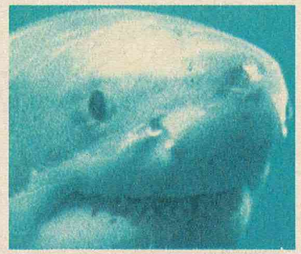

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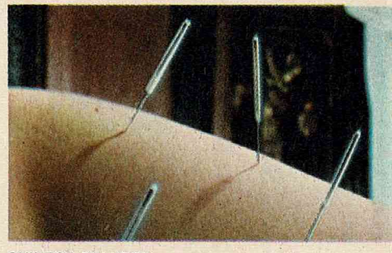

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REAR VIEW.....132

Great style

The thrill of the downhill run. Parallel turns that make the powder fly at Aspen and Grenoble. And the après-ski drink is Black & White. To relax and warm the occasion.

Great Scotch

Around the world in
168 countries, great events
deserve the great taste
of Black & White.

563.P.086

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

DOWN FOR THE COUNT

If a ghost that scares young girls into the bed of a disabled English peer living in a rambling three-storey Victorian house sounds like a great fictional foundation for an erotic yarn, you have no faith in fact. It's certainly mightier than fiction and, in the case of Lord Falkland, a good deal more bizarre. The amazing story of the pedophiliac peer unfolded in Bodmin (Cornwall) court when Lucius Henry Charles Plantagenet Cary – otherwise known as Lord Falkland, Premier Viscount of Scotland – was fined $1850 and sentenced to a six-month suspended jail term after pleading guilty to four charges of indecent assault, three charges of taking indecent photographs and a further three charges of gross indecency.

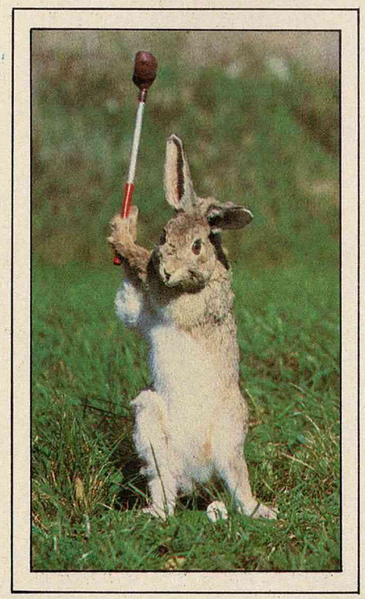
Just what did the old boy do to bring the police – waving their copies of the Sexual Offences Act, the Indecency With Children Act and the Protection Of Children Act – to his doorstep? Well, for a good part of the past five years the 74-year-old thrice-divorced peer had maintained a sexual roundabout with 40 different girls. Nothing wrong with that, you might say; the old boy should be admired. But the viscount confined his interest to girls between the ages of eight and 15 and, in the eyes of the police and the courts, that was very naughty.

His plan to lure the nubiles into his bed showed no signs of senility. He would invite the daughters of friends and their friends to stay at his house during the summer holidays. And what should there be in the old peer's even older house but a fictitious ghost by the name of Mr Bennett. Just perfect for scaring the knickers and gym slips off young girls. A timely rattling of doorknobs and a few bumps in the night and the terrified guests came tumbling – sometimes four at a time – into Lord Falkland's accommodating bed in the Pink Room.

The kindly lord calmed their fears with a game called Wolf, in which he crept from the bottom of the bed up under the bedclothes to grab the leg of one of the girls. If he guessed whose leg he had grabbed, the other girls had to leave the room while the "victim" chose what he was to do to her. In some cases it was oral sex but, according to his defence, a massive hernia and a polio condition ruled out any chance of normal intercourse.

The court heard that Charlie – as he asked the girls to call him – was a handy shutterbug and porn artist. The police found a cache of snapshots and 248 sketches of nude girls on House of Lords notepaper. Some photos featured girls posing with bottles and candles as props placed at the viscount's suggestion, while one appeared wearing his robes and coronet and nothing else.

He spread his kitchen table with a feast of naked girls to pose for the camera and was sometimes entertained by one nymph who danced naked and performed gymnastic feats, including handstands, for his amusement. Evidence proved that there were some girls who wanted the old boy's oral act gagged for good. But there were those who found Charlie's routine just fine.



The nubile nibbling noble made the key to his liquor cabinet and cigar supply available to the guests as part of the hospitality, in keeping with the family motto: "Faithful to Both." But there was no question of corruption of the girls, claimed his defence, because he had not had intercourse with them and there was reason to believe that some of the girls were already acquainted with "this sort of thing".

EARTH TREMBLER

Just when we were coming to grips with the idea that masturbation does not send you blind, two American scientists come tumbling out of their labs to tell us that it wasn't an excess of debauchery and high living which brought the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah tumbling down. The researchers claim it was probably an earthquake which destroyed them.

The two scientists also are convinced that Joshua should have saved his legs and his lungs because it was an earth tremor, not marching and bugle blowing, which reduced the walls of Jericho to dust. We suspect that the popular old coupling quote, "I felt the earth move, darling", originated about the same time.

FOREPLAY

If you'll pardon the expression, the rabbit to the left is stuffed. That's no reference to its sexual predilection, just how it ended up in the hands of New Zealand taxidermist Gerald O'Rourke. He plays around with animals for a living, his biggest assignment yet being to mount a whole musk ox for an American hunting enthusiast.

THE NAKED CITY

Sydney or the bush? A barrel-bellied bushman called Bill King didn't know which when he found himself naked in the lobby of one of the city's largest hotels recently. As a pioneer of four-wheel drive excursions to the Top End, the Kimberleys and other remote

areas of the outback, Bill is more accustomed to sleeping under canvas than in the well-appointed surroundings of a luxury hotel. A recent experience at the Sydney Hilton confirmed his view that the rudiments of an outback camp pose less hazards than the facilities of a city hotel.

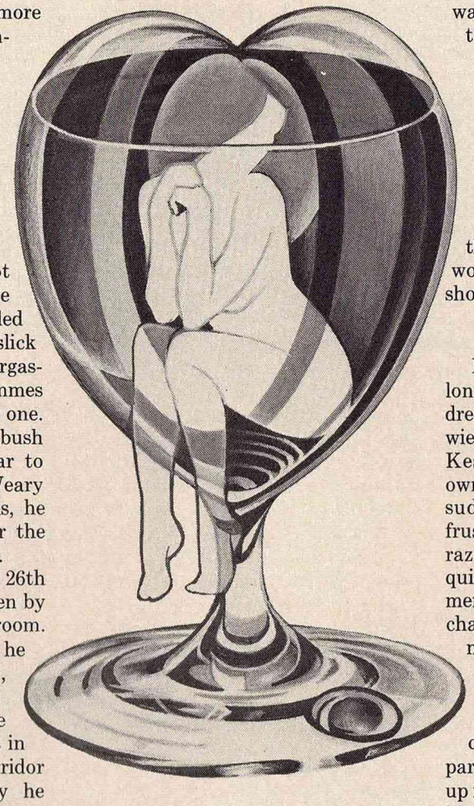
While in Sydney on business, Bill booked into the Hilton and wallowed in the luxuries of hot water, prompt service and fine food. Suitably refreshed, he decided to wander down to the hotel's slick disco to feast at the female smorgasbord at which, it was said, the femmes outnumbered the hommes five to one. Bill didn't leave his thirst in the bush so he propped himself at the bar to wait for things to develop. Weary with the wait after a few drinks, he called it a night and headed for the clean sheets of his 26th floor bed.

But nature lurks even on the 26th floor and at 2.30am Bill was woken by an urgent need to visit the bathroom. Through beer-bleary eyes he stumbled towards the bathroom, opened the door and heard it click shut behind him – only to realise it was the wrong door. He wasn't in the bathroom but in the corridor outside his room and suddenly he realized he was stark naked, very awake and very sober. No key, no phone and the only available key was at the reception desk in the lobby. "Decisiveness, that's one of the qualities of the outback bloke," thought Bill as he headed for the lift.

Fortunately, there weren't too many people in the lobby as Bill, wearing nothing but his beard, advanced on the desk. "Excuse me," he ventured. "I seem to have locked myself out of my room."

"Yes sir, it can be a problem," replied the desk clerk without giving the slightest hint that a naked man in the lobby was anything out of the ordinary. The new key was issued immediately.

"Unflappability, that's one of the qualities of the hotel bloke," thought Bill as he headed back to bed.



CABERNET THAT CORONARY

Wine drinkers are charging their goblets to drink to the news that there might be an ingredient in the fruity fluid which helps to prevent heart attacks. British medical research has shown that those countries which swill down large quantities of vin have the lowest death rate in men aged 55 to 64. The French and Italians gurgle their way through far more juice of the grape than the British and have a much lower death rate in the vital age group. A spokesman for the Medical Research Council team, which carried out surveys in 18 countries, said that he wouldn't want the ingredient made into a separate drug. After all, we've been drinking to good health and happiness for centuries.

FINE FEELINGS

The Albany public library in Oregon, US, has placed PLAYBOY magazine on display – in braille. The four centimetre thick magazine is part of the library's service for the handicapped. A case of blind man's buff?

THERE'S THE RUB

"Male masseur (35 maximum) based at Perth but will be required to work at other clubs. 40-hour week, 4pm-10pm, 6am-1pm; $150 to start ($160 after 90 lays)". – The Perth *Daily News*.

FAST LIVING

After Jack Brabham, what? Or, more accurately, who? According to those in the know in the motor racing business the answer could be 18-year-old Mike Thackwell, currently burning rubber in England. Mike's ambition is to be the youngest Formula One world champion and there are those prepared to bet that he will make it.

Born in New Zealand, Mike moved to Perth with his family in 1968, and was racing go-karts by the time he was 12, winning the Hong Kong Kart Grand Prix in 1975 and 1976. Then it was off to England, an introduction to Brands Hatch and, last year, 10 wins, five seconds and 10 thirds driving in Formula Ford machines. This year Mike is competing in Formula Three with his goggles set firmly on Formula One by the time he is a geriatric of 19 or 20. He doesn't drink, so the only thing he has to worry about – apart from the obvious immovable objects – is women. On the other hand, why should he worry?

PORNCHAI'S COMPLAINT

Pornchai Siriyontrakarn's tailor no longer asks "On which side do you dress, sir?" following a recent razor-wielding rampage by Pornchai's wife, Kesini. The Thai massage parlor owner's infidelity was brought to a sudden and bloody end when his frustrated and furious spouse used a razor to separate him from his penis. A quicker reunion between man and member might have given doctors a chance to mend the damage but too much time was wasted retrieving the organ from the septic tank after Kesini had disposed of it. Kesini had claimed that Pornchai was sampling the products of the parlor and had set his favorite whore up in a luxury apartment. She followed him to the apartment where she had a fight with the prostitute. The next day Kesini locked Pornchai in the house but the randy 38-year-old clambered down the drain pipe to attend to urgent business.

When he returned in the afternoon to sleep, Kesini, outraged at being ignored sexually for more than a year, took advantage of Pornchai's slumber and used the razor to provide a permanent and extremely painful solution to the problem.

HEADLINE

Visiting American film star to media freeloaders on a publicity junket: "Did you hear about the tribe with the female witch doctor? She gave shrunken head."

KNICKERS

Sydney radio star plugging community jumble sale to adoring audience: "Ladies, see if you have anything in your drawers for which you have no further use."

JIG-A-JOG

Things sexual must be getting really desperate in New Zealand. The *New Zealand Herald* recently advertised on behalf of a thoroughbred stud for a married man fully experienced with horses.

RIGHT OFF THE PAGE
THE RAGE CAGE
FROM SONY

Whatever you're into goes round and round. And you have Sound!
Stereo Sound. Off the record, and for a little more, even your cassettes.
Big and brutal from 50 watts of music power. Or soft and sweet. The beat.
Four band radio brings it in like you're there, from your favourite radio station, FM or AM.
The Rage Cage, from Sony.
You ever hear of take-home disco?
You've got it, and Sony's FR-212 costs a lot less than you maybe thought. We've seen it advertised for as little as $599!

SONY®
AUDIO

Recommended retail price $729.
The TC-U2 cassette deck is an optional extra.
AP3280

The Monday to Friday commuter and the Saturday night cruiser

Life seems a whole lot easier when you own a new Yamaha XS250 or XS400.

Public transport foul-ups don't leave you stranded, petrol-consuming traffic jams cease to exist and parking is a breeze. In fact, getting about the city becomes a pleasure again.

On the weekends, your Yamaha will take you anywhere and everywhere, and you'll do it in *style*. This is a machine to be seen on, with custom wheels, big generous seat, and a trusty Yamaha four-stroke twin engine awaiting your command.

If you're a young bopper or someone who still has a little rock-n-roll left in them, you will want a Yamaha.

If you're just sick of the 'commuter blues', you NEED a Yamaha.

Available in 250cc or 400cc from your Yamaha dealer.

YAMAHA

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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO DEAR PLAYBOY, BOX 4088, GPO, SYDNEY 2001

MOTHER EARTH

My congratulations to the peeper who flushed Kareen Michele (PLAYBOY, June) out of the Queensland rainforest. She is a smasher and my early selection for *Playmate of the Year*. The only thing that troubles me about Kareen is what manner of lady gives her birthplace as Planet Earth? Is she as kooky as she is beautiful?

D. Karl
Hornsby, NSW

The truth is, Mr Karl, Kareen has a mind as beautiful as her body. If she wishes to consider herself a child of Mother Earth, then who are we to disagree? We will keep your vote in mind when the time comes for us to choose the Playmate of the Year.

BARGAIN HUNTER

I was pleased to see my letter about Denise McConnell in your June issue. You said in reply: *Your taste in girls is OK, too, Mr Smith. And to maintain your interest, we will be presenting plenty of girls up to Miss McConnell's standard.*

Well, going by the May and June editions of PLAYBOY, it looks as if you've kept your end of the bargain by presenting Deborah Leigh and Kareen Michele. Keep up the good work.

M. Smith
Cairns, Queensland

TASSIE FAN

Oh, wow, that Denise McConnell (PLAYBOY, April)! She's fantastic – in fact the most stunning woman I've seen in my 21 years. What's more, all my friends agree with me.

Keep up the good work. You're turning out a great magazine.

S. Reason
Midway Point, Tasmania

COPY GIRL

Has it occurred to you that a certain proportion of your readers will have stayed loyal to the American version of PLAYBOY? Following your May issue, my loyalty will remain across the Pacific.

My chief complaint is the blatant lack of any sort of professional initiative in the May centrefold. It is a direct copy of American PLAYBOY'S December, 1978, centrefold, to the extent that the gown, jewellery and pose are identical, except that you must have asked Deborah to pat her head and rub her tummy.

How about making Australian PLAYBOY an alternative to, rather than a poor summary of, the American issue of the magazine?

Mark Peters
Adelaide, SA

Playmate Deborah Leigh, leafing through some American backdates, was particularly taken by that pose, so we set out to match it. Sorry you didn't like it – but, judging from the mail, many of our readers did.

STRAIT ACROSS

My compliments on a well-put-together read about Marilyn Monroe (PLAYBOY, May). Well done. As for Miss May, Deborah Leigh – by the time you get this letter I'll be half way across Bass Strait!

J. Dillon
Zeehan, Tasmania

To make sure you complete the trip, here's Deborah again.

POLITICAL SPECTRUM

Any chance of PLAYBOY interviewing Bob Hawke or maybe Queensland Premier Joh Bjelke-Petersen in the near future – or is the latter out of the question?

John Carol
Scarborough, WA

We certainly try to choose the top people for our interviews and obviously the names of these two men have cropped up. As for when we'll have interviews with them, keep reading.

GOOD KNIGHT

Poor Prince Charles. In spite of being pursued by hordes of beautiful girls anxious to sacrifice all for his sake, he still leads a single life.

Undoubtedly Confucius was right when he said more than 1500 years ago – easier for knight in shining armor to get it on than have it off.

Desmond Keating
Bunbury, WA

BIT OF CHEEK

Surely the editorial tongue must have been firmly in the cheek when you described the verse which prefaced Phil Jarratt's article *Living in the '80s* (PLAYBOY, June) as a "Nimbin folk song".

It's a quote from a popular song of the Twenties called *We Love It* by the team of Rose-Warren-Dixon. Credit where credit is due.

Neil Godfrey
Nakara, NT

GIRL SCOUT

How about an article on "honest" approaches to women you hardly know or just see and like? Few men have a relaxed attitude and smooth-talking ability when it comes to addressing an unknown but interesting woman, especially a beautiful one.

Tim Kennedy
Tully, Queensland

It's in the pipeline, Tim. What's more, we have a beautiful and intelligent lady telling us how she would most likely succumb. Watch for it soon.

FREE SPEECH

Thank you, PLAYBOY, for Bob Howard's article *Up the Workers* in your May issue.

Informative and accurate journalism is a rare pleasure, and practically non-existent when its subject is the libertarian philosophy.

From such a small start the Workers Party did succeed in shaking up public opinion, even if it didn't manage to secure electoral support. But that is by no means the end to the story.

Many dedicated libertarians, completely outside direct political party involvement, are active in academic research organisations, indirect political groups, book, magazine and information services (as I am) and various study and discussion groups.

In such a broad range of endeavors new interest is always welcomed, though we do not seek it aggressively.

The propagation of the libertarian philosophy, so well described in the principle that "no person or group of persons has the right to initiate the use of force, fraud or coercion against any other person or group", certainly demands persistence and hard work, but it is, most importantly, carried

Lowenbrau has been one of the world's great beers. For centuries. Since it was first brewed in Munich in 1393, in fact. It's the sort of beer that's always packed beer halls to the door. It's the sort of beer that beer drinkers have sung rousing drinking songs about down the years.

You haven't tasted great beer if you haven't tasted Löwenbräu.

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out on a totally voluntary basis. The libertarian tradition lives on!

John Clemitson
Darlinghurst, NSW

COLOR BLIND

In his review of *Overload* (PLAYBOY, June) John Hampshire comments that Arthur Hailey is no racist: just as well, I would think, to judge from the photograph above his name.

Hailey is well known for the careful research in his books and I fear that in this, his latest, he has gone overboard in his investigations into coal mines. Does coal dust wear off in time?

I would advise Mr Hailey to see a doctor forthwith to get to the "roots" of the problem.

All this aside, may I be the one millionth to congratulate you on a fine magazine and to wish you every success in the years to come.

T. John Parker
Earlwood, NSW

Oops! We made a blue. But thanks for the good wishes. The picture, of course, showed author Alex Haley.

SEEING DOUBLE

I was curious when I found two centrefolds of Karen Pini in the first issue of Australian PLAYBOY. It was obviously a printer's error but I would like to thank you for the mistake, as she looks even better in stereo.

Tim Butt
Seymour, Victoria

Why stop at stereo? To mix a metaphor, what's wrong with triplicate? Just swing your eyes to the right to see the lovely Miss Pini yet again.

BREAKTHROUGH

After having bought each copy of PLAYBOY since February and having read each issue from front to back – thank you for a truly fantastic magazine. It's something we've needed for a long time. Your articles and interviews with Australian personalities have been most interesting and your girls are gorgeous.

B. M. Brandt
Gladstone, Queensland

GETTING HIS ROCKS ON

Status symbols really turn me on. When I discovered *Ice On The Rocks* (PLAYBOY, April) I felt I had hit the jackpot. What a marvellous way of displaying jewellery.

Peter Vels
Parkville, Victoria

GREAT AUSSIE

Your interview with Don Dunstan (PLAYBOY, July) really put the focus on one of the great Australians of our time. I know that the real power people are much fewer on the ground in Australia than they are in many overseas countries, but in recent years there would have been few people in the political sphere anywhere in the world who have displayed as much humanitarian foresight as the former South Australian premier. I found it a truly revealing interview.

Here's one reader keen to see your next edition and hoping that you can maintain the standard.

E. Herther
St Kilda, Victoria

RAH-RAH

Instead of trying to entice cricketers to pose for an all-Australian team photograph (PLAYBOY, July) and doing just that with an Aussie Rules team in your May issue, why not assemble an all-Australian Rugby Union or Barbarian side? I am sure players would respond to any ideas for the promotion of the game for the same reason they play the game – they like it.

In most cases, playing Rugby Union involves young and talented men sacrificing the material benefits so cherished by so-called sportsmen in other codes. One problem: you may have to scour three, or even four, States, not just metropolitan Sydney, to get your team together.

Carl Oatley
Collaroy, NSW

MIRROR, MIRROR

I know now exactly how our national Parliament works, having read John Singleton's article *Is There an MP in the House?* (PLAYBOY, July). It gave the reader a clue not only to how frustrating our politicians are but also to the thinking of this intelligent, straight-shooting Australian.

My one criticism is the position of Singleton's tongue. I would say it sticks predominantly in his left cheek. The satire would have been complete had he stuck his tongue straight out at the complete ridiculousness of both major parties.

I can only hope that some of our parliamentarians read the article and looked carefully at themselves in the mirror as they practise their speeches.

M. Scott
Warnbro, WA

FANTASTIC FANTASY

The July issue of PLAYBOY lived up to the standard of all your previous issues and I particularly liked the *Night Driver* pictorial. How about a few more fantasies? We Australians do have them, you know.

As an amateur photographer I can appreciate all the work that Peter McLean put into the project. It's a wonder they didn't get locked up. By the way, is Mr McLean an Australian?

S. Ramsay
Redcliff, Queensland

Yes, photographer McLean is an Australian who works out of Sydney. The Night Driver *project took six nights to complete and seemed to attract every taxi driver in town. However, the police let us get on with the job. For another look at the lovely Linda Leftwich, who featured in* Night Driver, *turn to Page 78.*

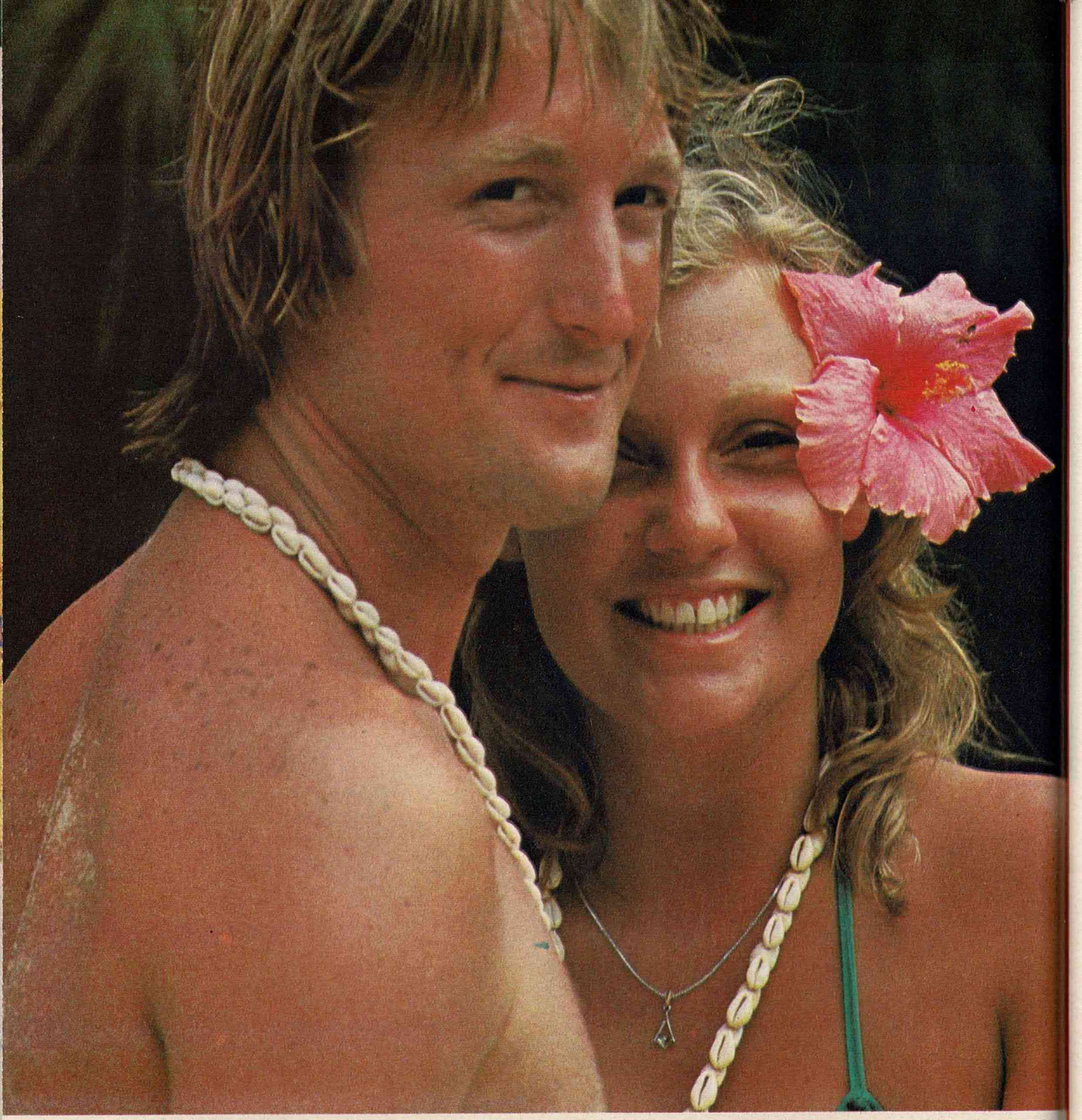
THINKING YOUNG

Congratulations on your fine effort so far but please remember all your readers are not over 21. My friends and I would like to see a few issues with girls in them from, say, 16 to 18.

Mind you, we don't object to the older women but a few young beauties would make a great change. Also, how about some shots of girls playing sport – tennis, basketball or hockey?

Brian Knott
Dysart, Queensland

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, Brian. So is age. Just keep on reading.



"If you want a tropical island holiday you can't beat this place."

Phil Woodney, Yagoona NSW. (seen here with Trudy Tobin of Harbord).

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

SEXUAL BIRTHRIGHT

The "English-by-birth" writer of the *Sex Poll* letter (PLAYBOY, June) asserts that the Australian man has no idea of "wooing" a woman. As an Australian woman married to an Australian for 21 years, I can assure him he is wrong. As for his remarks about Australian women, he is again wrong. I wonder how he would like a broomstick rammed down his throat, because that is what sex feels like if it isn't done properly.

His comments about "mental sex" make it obvious that he doesn't understand the Australian environment. Our men all have enough hassles getting through the day. When he comes home the Australian male needs a gentle, loving situation – not the attentions of a sex-crazed imbecile trying to strip him of his remaining energy. He needs a quiet atmosphere with no interruptions from the kids so he may relax and enjoy himself. He does not have to prove himself constantly as an Englishman does.

Our Englishman also is mistaken in his observation that Australian couples do not take the time to make love and be sensuous toward one another. Australians do take the time for these things but I'm afraid our English correspondent has not been able to recognise it. I believe that Australian men are more virile than the English. The Australian male doesn't have to prove himself sexually. He puts love and respect first.

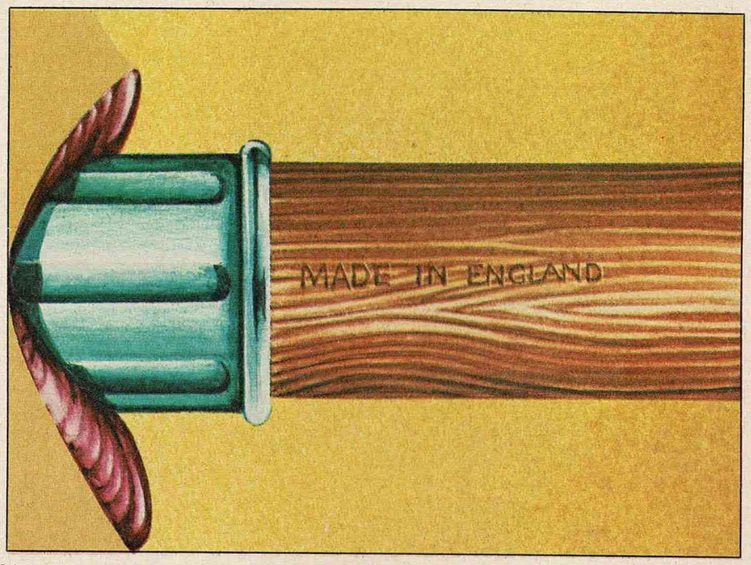
Mrs B.M.
Bunbury, WA

CUSTOMS ISSUES

Gunnar Larsen's letter, titled *Quaint Customs* (PLAYBOY, July), calls to mind an experience of my own with our devoted Customs officers. While working for one of our domestic airlines in 1970, I was called upon to spend a month in Papua New Guinea. During my wait in Sydney, I bought two PLAYBOYS from a news stand to read on the trip.

You can imagine my surprise when, on my arrival back in Sydney one month later, I was informed that both PLAYBOYS were on the banned list. They were put to one side by the Customs officer. I asked to see the so-called list and was told it wasn't available. I replied that the officer must have a remarkable memory to know just which issues were banned and which were not. It was only after standing my ground and demanding to see the supervisor, so that he might accompany me to the news stand, that both copies of PLAYBOY were returned and I was told, in no uncertain terms, to move on. I checked with our local newsagent and was told that at no time had either issue been banned.

T. Hatfield
Mudgeeraba, Queensland



TIMELY ALTERNATIVE

I thought Phil Jarratt's alternative lifestyle articles (PLAYBOY, June and July) were very timely. With Australia apparently tied into the Western world's headlong gallop towards an energy crunch, and with the problems compounded by mass unemployment and our economic ills, more people will be looking at the merits of dropping out into a subsistence, or near-subsistence, lifestyle.

The PLAYBOY articles were the first lengthy studies I have seen on the subject and I was particularly interested to note that some attention was given to the second generation – the children of those people who dropped out a decade or so ago. It is reasonable to assume that these children might just as easily reject the "alternative" lifestyle, as their parents already have rejected the system to which they were introduced through birth, education and employment.

The rigors of counter-culture living pose challenges different from those we face in "the system" and the solving of these problems apparently has provided its own rewards for these people.

E.B. Towner
Whyalla, SA

EYE OPENER

Melbourne's tourist experts must be rubbing their hands with glee after your *Sex in Melbourne* (PLAYBOY, July). I've lived in Victoria's capital for 31 years and always thought it far too Victorian in style and outlook. But, as they say, just scratch the surface.

I'm sure that there are a lot of guys like myself who have never been inside any massage parlor because they either don't know where they are or don't know the routine and aren't game to find out. It would be interesting to do a quick survey of the Melbourne flesh spots in the light of the article . They're probably doing a roaring trade. Now that I've had my eyes opened to some of the delights of my home town, I'm keen to sample some of the action.

Name and address
withheld by request

MARCH POWER

In response to A. J. Edson's concontribution (PLAYBOY, July) on street marches in Queensland, I'm sure the majority of Queenslanders do not object to street marches provided they are orderly and peaceful. But when they become violent and interfere with anyone not involved in the march, then it's time to put a stop to them.

That's what Mr Bjelke-Petersen has done. To hold a march, a permit must first be issued. I might add that

Joh is still in power and that means that he has the backing of the majority of voters. On the question of "restriction of civil liberties", it seems to me that the only ones whose liberties are restricted are the people who cannot walk down the street for fear of violence whenever a march is in progress. Good on you, Joh!

R. J. Hughes
Dulwich Hill, NSW

On the question of majority support and in the interests of clarity, Mr Bjelke-Petersen's National Party polled less than 30 percent of the primary votes in the last Queensland State election. With the addition of those votes polled by the Liberals, the ruling coalition mustered just over 50 percent of the total vote compared with the Labor Party's 42.3 percent. And many Liberals, at least privately, do not support the street march legislation.

SPILT BLOOD

Sackcloth and ashes for your *Playboy Adviser* (May) who stated there was no way a man of blood group A could father an O group child. At a rough estimate there are more than one million O group people in Australia with one genuine A group parent, plus more than 300,000 with two. This means that hundreds of thousands of women in this country have been accused falsely. Considering how much suspicion and unhappiness your advice could cause, I think you should make it clear your statement was incorrect.

Our blood group is determined by a pair of chromosomes, one from each parent. Each carries a gene for a particular blood group. The A and B genes amount to specific instructions to produce and attach an A or B marker to the blood cells. They are either clearly present or clearly absent. No problem here.

But the O gene is a little more tricky. It is what is known as a recessive gene, which amounts simply to an absence of the specific instructions to produce the A or B marker. If both chromosomes happen to be carrying the O gene, the body will have no instructions to produce a marker and the child will be group O. But if one of the chromosomes carries the A gene, this will supply the necessary instructions, the marker will be produced and the child will be apparently group A. However, he will be carrying both genes – one for the A, the other for O – and will be just as likely to pass on to his children the chromosome containing the O gene as the one containing the A gene.

G.T.
Canberra, ACT

According to the Red Cross Blood Transfusion service we compounded a popular misconception about parent identity. We don't know about sackcloth and ashes. How about a hair shirt for a week?

A HEAVY CLUB

I thought you might be interested in one of our RAAF social clubs. It is called the Non-Sexual Club and the sole prerequisite for membership is not to have had sex in any shape or form for any period whatsoever. Naturally enough, this excludes those who can be classed as heterosexuals, homosexuals, bisexuals, trisexuals or whatever else you care to name.

This does not mean we are prejudiced but it follows that if people are practising (a key word), they cannot possibly qualify as non-sexuals. The aim of all members of our club is to get an honorable discharge and this can be obtained only by having sex. Members might disagree on the form of sex but it is assumed that provided it's not against the law, it is okay. It must be stressed that discharge is automatic and no correspondence is entered into. This might sound harsh but we believe we must not let our standards waver as those of the society in which we live have faltered.

The fees are nil and cannot be paid to the treasurer, who will not issue receipts in any case. All inquiries should not be addressed to the secretary and the president retains the right to restrict the membership. At present we are represented throughout Australia but soon hope to have no members at all. To this end we call on all public-spirited citizens to help our non-sexual friends gain their discharges as soon as possible.

Norman H. Hart
Laverton, Victoria

THE END

Your letter from a "Registered Nurse" (PLAYBOY, June) contains several inaccuracies which contribute to public misunderstanding of circumcision. Parents request circumcision of their sons partly because "daddy has been done" but, more importantly, to eliminate the chances of infection and other problems.

Phimosis and paraphimosis are a direct result of a foreskin which is too tight and calanitis is an infection under the prepuce due to the accumulation of smegma and bacteria when the foreskin cannot be retracted for cleaning. It should be pointed out that Jews routinely circumcise their boys when they are eight days old and they have the lowest incidence of cancer of the penis and cervical cancer in the world.

Many doctors throughout Australia now use the Plastibell technique in circumcision, in which the foreskin is constricted and falls off after five to seven days. No suturing is required and there is very little or no bleeding.

S. Glazebrook
Townsville, Queensland

WHAT A MAN

Your *Playboy Interview* with Larry Pickering (May) is sure to evoke a lot of comment. What an amazing man. His delightful comments about women certainly stopped me in my tracks. As a woman, surprisingly enough, I can't disagree with him, even though the terms used were a little extreme. That particular form of abuse is certainly a unique way of winning women.

One has to admire a man of this calibre, though – his casual attitude towards money and the ability to set up two of the larger newspaper conglomerates into vying for his particular talents. Here is a man who obviously does exactly what he wants, though he is still fighting with the fact that his restless energy cannot be channelled sufficiently for him to relax.

Lindi Turner
Greenwich, NSW

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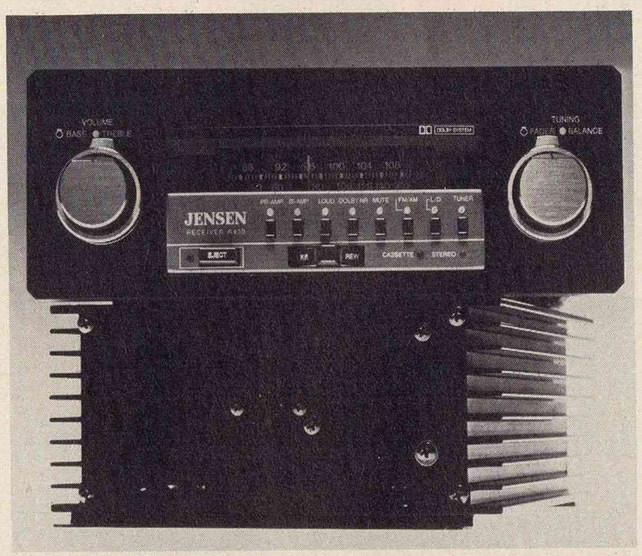

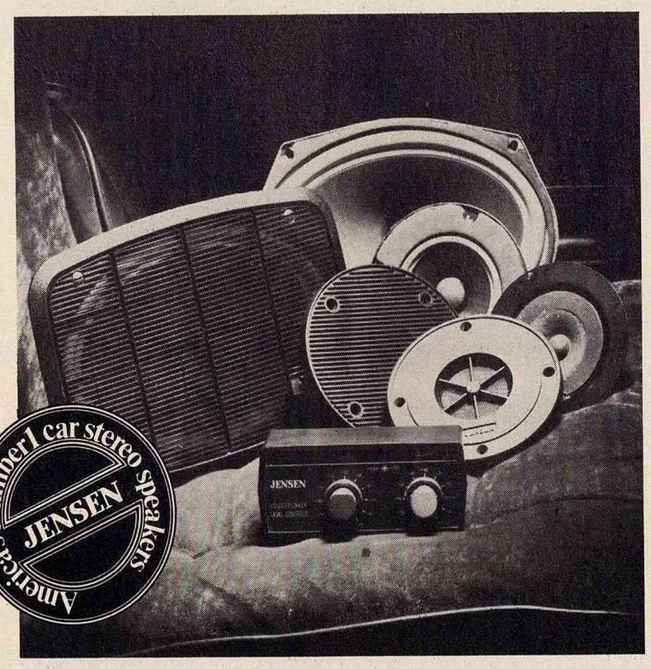

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FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

RARE AFFLICTION

NEW YORK – A doctor associated with the New York Neurological Institute has reported two cases of people suffering from temporary amnesia after having sexual intercourse. In a letter to the New England *Journal of Medicine,* Dr Richard Mayeux called the disorder transient global amnesia and said it was caused by lack of blood in the brain due to physical exertion. He added that both patients, a 47-year-old man and a 64-year-old woman, regained their memories several hours later.

WRONG SWITCH

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA – Because of a television technician's mistake, the residents of some rural areas of Alaska were treated to five minutes of an uncensored R-rated movie which interrupted the scheduled program. The error occurred when an engineer accidentally switched a regular network program with a movie playing on cable television. Both transmissions reached remote parts of Alaska by satellite and one newspaper said viewers seemed to be split 50-50 over the incident – half upset by the erotic interruption and half by the speedy return to the original show.

FEAR OF FLYING

SYDNEY – The Full High Court has ruled that a pilot who developed a fear of flying is entitled to workers' compensation. The court found that the condition was caused by his job. The pilot developed an anxiety state which led to cancellation of his pilot's licence and then termination of his employment.

NOT YET

CANBERRA – The Federal Government has been told that it shouldn't go ahead with plans to introduce further vehicle emission controls until 1982. The Australian Academy of Technological Sciences said problems with present controls would render any tighter controls both wasteful and ineffective. However, the academy refuted claims that the controls seriously affected fuel consumption, estimating they added only three percent to a petrol bill.

SERVICE WITH A SMILE

PASADENA, MARYLAND – The Anne Arundel County Police broke up a prostitution ring operating out of what they called a "full service" petrol station in Pasadena. For a fee, police said, a mechanic would arrange for a customer to have sex with a prostitute in the back seat of a car raised above eye level on the hydraulic service hoist. One of the station's owners, another man and two women were arrested after the investigation.

BOONDOCKS

ALICE SPRINGS – New houses for local Aborigines are to be built on the outskirts of Alice Springs instead of in the township as planned originally. The decision follows objections from white residents, who claimed the Aborigines were not yet ready for suburban living. One of the residents who complained said the town already had hundreds of blacks living next door to whites but in this case it appeared some of the Aborigines were to "come straight off the river banks".

TAKE HEART

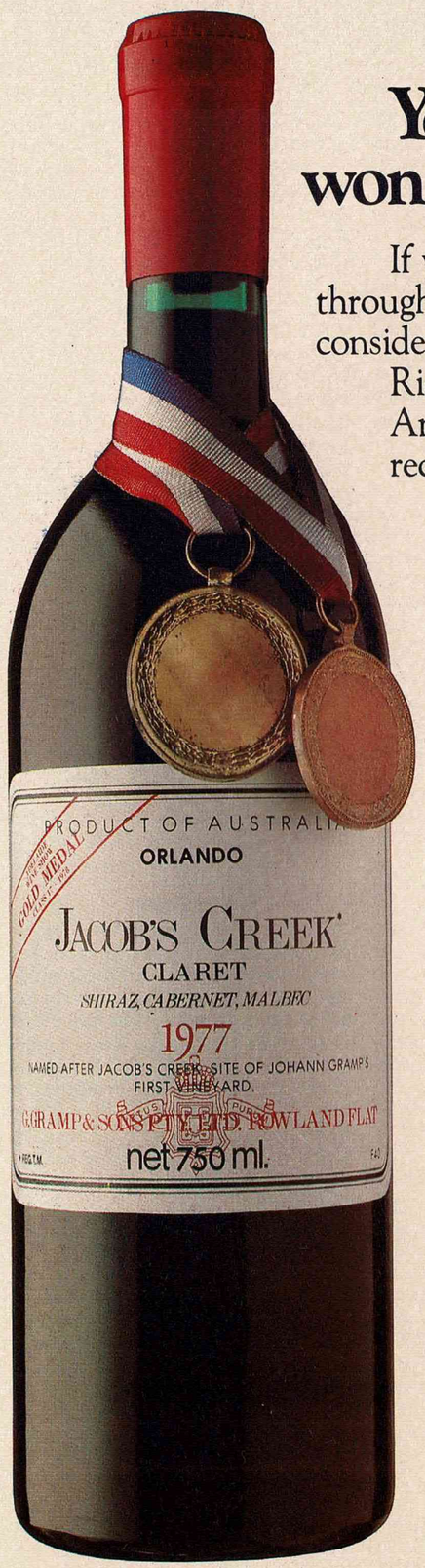
MELBOURNE – A study has found a major improvement in the survival rate of people suffering their first stroke. Between 1974 and 1978, the improvement rate for men and women older than 70 was a "spectacular 91 percent," claimed Dr David Christie. For all ages, the improvement was a gratifying 25 percent.

THE WORD

DETROIT – A young Sicilian-American woman who said she and her family became social outcasts after her husband questioned her chastity on her wedding night has won $250,000 in a slander suit. In her suit Anna Biundo Ruffino, 25, claimed that word spread by her husband, Salvatore Ruffino, 32, that she was not a virgin on her wedding night had filtered back even to Sicily and her family had been disgraced. Ruggino left her five days after the wedding.

HAPPY FAMILIES

TEHRAN – An Iranian woman was executed for having illicit sexual relations after her mother, father and brother found her guilty at a family court in Semnan, 230 kilometres from the capital. Her male friend, a taxi driver, received 25 lashes on the same charge. On the same day in the same town a man was given 100 lashes in the civic square for having an illicit love affair. His girlfriend received a similar sentence but it was suspended because she was pregnant. It will be carried out after her baby is born.



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Gold Medal, 1978 Adelaide Wine Show, Class 17. Gold Medal, 1978 National Wine Show, Canberra, Class 25.

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ORL3752

EXPERIENCE

a large economy size johnson's talc, a clean pair of cottontails and thou

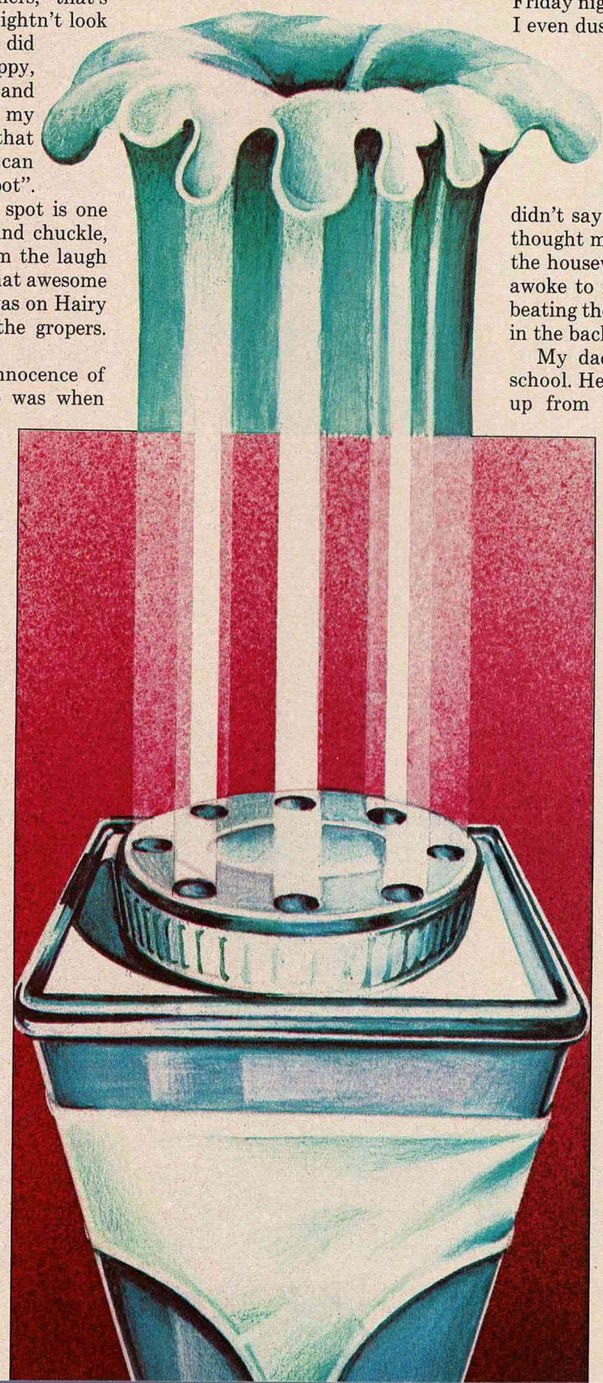
Readers continue to tell us of their sensual experiences. For obvious reasons the author of this offering wishes to remain anonymous, but we think she provides an interesting insight into fertility rites as practised in Australian suburbia.

THANK GOD for brothers, that's what I say. Mind you, I mightn't look as kindly on mine now as I did in those Californian Poppy, hamburger-down-the-chin and repel-all-boarders days of my youth, but I recall vividly that he did save me from what I can now call "a difficult spot". The story of the difficult spot is one I can look back on now and chuckle, but I'm not too sure whom the laugh was on. Maybe it was on that awesome figure, my dad. Maybe it was on Hairy Wally, the local king of the gropers. Maybe it was on me.

Such innocence! The innocence of days when Saturday arvo was when you got it all together, or you all got it together, or something. The one Saturday I remember with utter clarity was the day I made the absurd assumption that my Johnson's Baby Powdered person would drive Hairy Wally insane. Wally was the local glamor in the male stakes and lucky mortal me was being escorted by him to see *Tarzan and Jane* at the two o'clock show. I still remember his chest hair coming over the top of his T-shirt, the one with the packet of tobacco and papers rolled in the sleeve. He also had wheels, a Vauxhall, the interior of which was pure heaven — or so I overheard while I was in the first toilet cubicle at lunchtime and the girls who knew were through the wall.

It just doesn't pay to eavesdrop. Here I was on the Friday thinking Wally was going to be a real gentleman while a girl who did *it* was saying he "roots like a tiger". I was nervous enough without hearing about his jungle habits. I mean, the whole idea of going to the flicks was to see Tarzan and Jane and allow your imagination to run riot, not become part of the menagerie.

Of course, after hearing about Wally's horrendous aberrations, I rushed straight out after school and spent the bread money on the biggest can of Johnson's talc I could find. It was so big I almost had to wheel it home. I spun mum a line about losing the money and proceeded to the bathroom for a dress rehearsal armed with my talc (hidden under a towel) and a clean pair of Cottontails.



I went through the whole bit that Friday night. I put powder everywhere. I even dusted my pants with the stuff.

When I emerged from the bathroom and went to watch TV dad must have thought I had been in the flour bin because as I sat down a cloud of white dust rose from the seat. He didn't say anything but he must have thought mum had been a bit lazy with the housework because the next day I awoke to find the two of them busily beating the stuffing out of the cushions in the back yard.

My dad was a man from the old school. He insisted that Wally pick me up from home. He even raked the leaves to make a good impression. I hoped Wally would decide to make a similar impression and take the pom-poms off the Vauxhall, but no such luck. I had spent most of the morning getting ready. I had even contemplated doing *it*, so, in my dusted Cottontails (I think they were pink) and my pressed (borrowed from my girlfriend, Sandra) dress, I thought I looked pretty smashing.

Wally and the Vauxhall with the pompons arrived at 1.30. I thought dad was going to have a coronary. However, he waved us goodbye with the immortal words, "Be home by seven", which I thought was more than reasonable. In fact, with the extra time after the movies I thought that Mr Cool and I could enjoy a hamburger. But I was to find that Wally's idea of a hamburger couldn't have been further from mine.

It's hard to explain how I felt arriving outside the theatre and waiting while the passion wagon was parked. Anybody who was

anybody at school was in the foyer buying back stall tickets. Wally bought two as far back as you could get without sitting behind the curtain.

We were seated comfortably as the cartoon came on and that appeared to be Wally's cue to come on, too. I now realised he kept his tobacco in his sleeve so he could grope with both hands. I had no complaints during the main feature; I was just worried that my sure-fire turn-on (the talc) would hold out.

As the credits flashed over the screen we bolted to the parked car. The hamburger after the show turned out to be a drive to La Perouse and a very definite statement from Wally: "If you're not here after what I'm here after, you'll be here after I've gone." And I was. I mean, I just didn't have that kind of confidence about my trusty, dusted Cottontails. Wally took off – and there I was at 5.30 in a darkening La Perouse with one shilling in my purse.

I began to panic but Wally must have had second thoughts because up the road came the trusty vehicle with Wally doing his best to imitate Jack Brabham. He ordered me in. And when all you have out in the mulga is one shilling and a hysterical nature, you get in. He drove me home without a word, until we hit the block before my place. Then he stopped the car and I thought he was going to apologise.

Wrong. Next minute I was looking at the proof of Wally's obvious devotion. I couldn't believe my eyes. In my naive fashion I hadn't realised this was the "thing" I had had my dress rehearsals for, and I wondered out loud what his intentions were.

He proceeded to show me – in no uncertain manner. He suddenly lurched over, grabbed my hand and wrapped it around his "thing". The thought of disengaging my hand ran through my mind but fled when I saw Wally appeared to be having a fit, his eyes glazed, his breath "ooohing".

I thought: "My God, where's the nearest hospital?" And then to cap it all the damn thing started to leak all over my borrowed dress. I thought he was dying.

Then Wally became coherent again. His attire was in disarray so, to appear cool, he zipped up his fly and combed his hair. Why, I don't know; there wasn't a strand out of place. No word was said about Sandra's dress.

When I skidded in the gate only minutes before the deadline, my brother and his cronies were in the yard working on their rust bucket. Pleased that I still had my virginity intact – although I suspected that my right hand was no longer pure – I decided to have a chat with them. Their idea of a chat was to grunt at my questions so I went into the house, saying hello to the oldies on the way to my room. I heard dad say that I was on time, which gave me the confidence to ask mum for the Sunlight soap.

Now, as any girl knows who has been in the same situation (myself not included) that stuff just doesn't wash out. Next morning, hanging in the bathroom, was the dress – and the *stain*. I was in a panic. This was definitely breakdown time. I grabbed the dress and crept out of the bathroom, trying desperately to think of a solution to the solution.

Just as I reached my bedroom I heard my brother's adenoidal voice: "What's that stuff all over your dress in the bathroom?" Damn. I'd forgotten about pimply's predilection for the 6.15am special. I started to mumble something and he just stood there and laughed his head off.

That's when I realised that brothers weren't so bad after all. He took that dress and polished his heap of a car with it, rust and all, right down to the mottled hubcaps and when he'd finished what was left of the frock was unrecognisable. I told Sandra it had fallen apart at the seams.

"Somebody's wearing English Leather."

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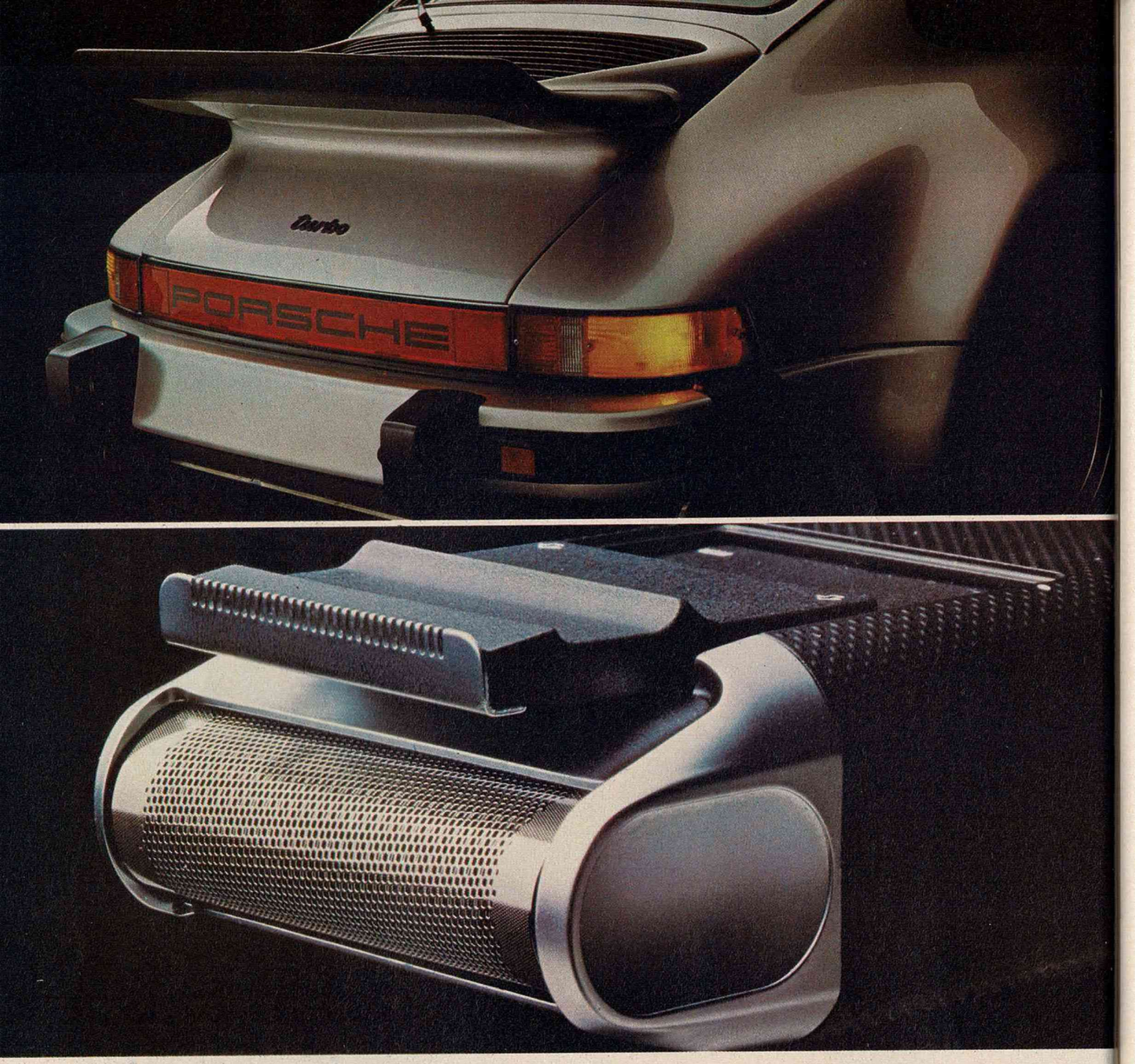

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If you look closely you'll find the Porsche Turbo and Braun Micron very similar.

The rear airfoil on the Turbo acts as a stabilizer and increases tyre traction for high speed motoring. The Micron's platinum foil has 1900 six angled holes that trap and cut whiskers for very close, very fast shaving.

The Turbo boasts extremely accurate handling, reducing driver strain and tension. Similarly, using the Micron each morning is very relaxing as it massages the skin to reduce facial wrinkles.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

I'm a bank officer with a secure job and I always have provided well for my wife and three children. So I was surprised when my mate informed me that she intends returning to her career in child care. Our children are all of school age and we don't really need the extra money but she tells me it's something she wants to pursue. I've argued that any extra income will be partly lost by employing someone to take over her household duties and buying her a new wardrobe for work, but she still insists on finding a job. She has enrolled at college to gain extra qualifications and this means she spends two days already away from home and family. Am I being unreasonable or could it be that the women-in-the-workforce push has finally caught up with my family? – S.C., Victoria.

If your wife has raised three children to school age, chances are she has convinced herself of her ability as a mother and is eager to continue her education and development through a career. She feels she has proved her value to her family and now wants to make some contribution to society. Have you consulted the children on the subject? They might be very proud of a mother who wants to do more than cook meals and wash dishes. If the roles were reversed, would you fancy being a glorified housekeeper for the rest of your days? Her pursuit of a career is something to be admired and you can look forward to a relationship full of interesting new challenges and additional stimulation.

To beat the rush-hour crawl and gain a bit of much-needed exercise, I recently paid $320 for a new bicycle. Since then I've been warned by fellow cyclists about the danger of theft and, as I cannot guarantee to find a secure parking spot at work, I am worried about someone lifting my favorite means of transport. Are there any sure-fire security gadgets to guard against theft or is it the cyclist's lot to keep one eye constantly on his machine? – R.B., NSW.

The bicycle boom has provided headaches for owners and police with bikes being ripped off at an alarming rate. Because of the value of some models and the ease with which thieves can disguise their origins, the stolen bike market is proving very lucrative. We're told that there is no sure way of preventing a determined thief from getting away with your velocipede but there are some positive steps you can take to deter a bike-nabber. Start by investing in a device called a cobra coil, a retractable length of very strong plastic-coated wire which can be threaded through your rear wheel, around your frame, through your front wheel and around a secure object such as a post or tree. Teamed with a stainless steel lock, the cobra coil makes one of the best security devices available. It retracts to a compact size and can be stored under your bike seat. A combination lock means you don't have to worry about keys. Coil and lock will cost about $11 and they are available from most bike and parts dealers. If possible, store your bike in your home or flat at night, not on the verandah or porch or in the garage. As a last resort, you can insure it against theft. A number of insurance houses offer this type of cover.

I must confess I was not impressed by the quality of some of the local rock bands when I arrived in Australia from the UK in 1973. But soon after moving to the Gold Coast in 1974 I heard a lot of rave about a progressive rock band called Taman Shud, which I was told had broken up. Some friends said that Taman Shud had a very strong following on the coastal pub circuit and had released a couple of albums of original, progressive rock. I've not seen any of their records on the shelves and would like to find out if there really is, or was, more to Australian rock music than a number of pale imitations of what's happening overseas. – A.G.H., Queensland.

Like the dodo, Taman Shud is long gone. That's no reason to despair, however, because the group's music is still available on record. Their first two albums were called Evolution *(CBS), which was used as the soundtrack for a surfing movie of the same name, and* Goolutionites And The Real People *(WEA). Both albums are hard to get unless you spot one in a second hand store. One record which you should find on the shelves is* Morning of the Earth *which is a composite featuring Taman Shud, Brian Cadd, G. Wayne Thomas and others. To save your legs, you can get your record dealer to order it through WEA. The Taman Shud members went their various ways in 1972 but the leading light, Lindsay Bjerre, bobbed up in a band called Albatross and later performed as a solo act called simply Bjerre.*

I've always considered myself well-informed on sexual matters but I must confess I had no idea what a "morning glory" was until I moved in with my boyfriend. Because I leave for the office before him I'm first out of bed in the morning and I can't help but notice just how glorious the morning is according to his erection. I've often been tempted to take advantage of his condition but I'm not sure if he would take it well while dozing so peacefully. – Miss C.W., Victoria.

If he has taken the step of letting you share his bed, any attentions rendered are bound to be received more favorably than the clanging of his alarm clock.

A company posting means that I will be living in various European centres for about four years. I'm having most of my household goods shipped over but I'm not sure what to do with the electrical appliances. I've heard that some European countries operate on different voltage levels and nearly all are different from Australia. Would it be less expensive to buy new appliances in Europe or is there a simple conversion device which will allow me to adapt my goods safely to suit the European service? – M.E., SA.

Most European countries operate on an electrical standard of 220 volts. This presents no great problem for Australian products, which are driven by our 240 volt service. But things will get a bit complicated if you are going to countries which do not operate on a 220 volt system. You can check that

with your travel agent. In the meantime, have a look at the backs of your appliances and see if any have conversion switches for different power levels. There is no point in fiddling about with transformer or conversion devices, but whatever items you choose to take with you will have to have their Australian plugs swapped for European ones, a simple operation you can perform yourself when you arrive. Those Australian plugs are not likely to find any receptive European sockets. We trust that your personal experiences will be more rewarding.

About 18 months ago I was charged with possession of goods suspected of being stolen. The charges were later dismissed in court but I was ordered to pay costs. As I wasn't convicted, have I the right to obtain my fingerprint sheets? – M.S., Victoria

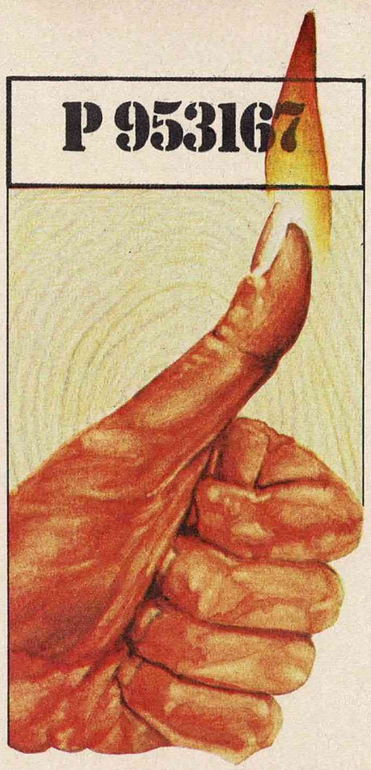
It is highly improbable that you would be able to keep them for your scrapbook, but you can arrange to have them destroyed. If you are acquitted of any offence for which your fingerprints were taken, and your prints are not on record for any previous conviction in the State, you may apply to the Commissioner of Police to have the sheets destroyed. The same applies to any photographs taken of you and in both cases you may be present when they are destroyed.

Perhaps you can help. I've got what appears to be just a common wart. Ordinarily that wouldn't upset me too much, but it's slap bang on the middle of my penis. One of my friends tells me there is nothing to worry about and that I should just stop chasing cane toads. But I'm beginning to get self-conscious about it. What can I do? – P.M., Queensland.

What you're got is a venereal wart. They are fairly common and usually are contracted sexually. Best thing to do is consult your doctor. But by no means ignore it – it can spread not only to your bedmates, but around your penis as well. You might save money on French ticklers, but the final result isn't worth it.

Recently, through listening to late night FM broadcasts, I have become very interested in blues music. Unfortunately, none of my local record shops caters for this taste. I'm sure there are some shops that do stock a comprehensive range of blues records but I can't seem to locate them. Can you offer any suggestions? – D.S., NSW.

Blues is in bloom once again and there are stores which will sell as much blues as you can handle. In Sydney, Folkways of Oxford street, Paddington, have an extensive range and if



they don't have a particular record in stock they will try to order it for you. They also handle mail orders. Discurio of Melbourne and Hobart is the place for blues in Victoria and Tasmania. Counterpoint of Adelaide, Tempo Records of Perth, Northern Territory Musical and Electrical in Darwin, AJS Agency, Moorooka, Brisbane, and Wavelength of Townsville are all eager to help to make blues a national condition again.

I've found some of our distinctive Australian expressions both colorful and amusing, but one that has always been a mystery to me is "didn't have a Buckley's". I gather that it is a reference to having no chance at all, but nobody seems to know just how it originated. Any idea? – R.W.B., WA.

Melbourne will probably have to take the credit for this one. There are a few theories on the origins of the expression, one being that it was a reference to a convict named William Buckley, who absconded from an early expedition to Port Phillip in 1803 and lived for 32 years with the natives. He must have found it hard going because he gave himself up in 1835 and died in 1856. The other theory holds that it is a pun on the name of the Melbourne firm, Buckley and Nunn. The usage can be traced back as far as 1898 when W. H. Ogilvie poetically pondered in Fair Girls and Grey Horses *that "we . . . didn't have a Buckley's show to take the boasters down". C. J. Dennis's* Sentimental Bloke *made the odd reference to "Buckley's", too, which probably helped to popularise the expression. The saying surfaced again in Lawson Glassop's excellent book about the Middle East campaign during World War Two,* We Were The Rats*: "I've got two chances," I said. "Mine and Buckley's."*

Sexually speaking, my wife is inhibited, while I am quite free. This is proving unsatisfactory to us both. I would like her to have sex with other men and I with other women. The idea is exciting to me, though she would never agree to such activities. Recently, I had to force her to have oral sex with me. I love my wife and want us both to be happy, but her reluctance to experiment sexually is threatening our relationship. Any suggestions for resolving this problem? – D.R.P., Tasmania.

You seem to have missed the point of the sexual revolution, which certainly does not include the freedom to force your partner to do something she doesn't want to do. Inhibitions are usually based on fear, and won't disappear until the fear has been dissipated. If you wish to lessen your wife's sexual inhibitions, you'll have to proceed slowly and lovingly, and certainly with respect for her feelings. To force her into a sexual activity that disgusts or even frightens her will only convince her – and rightly – that she is being used.

My boyfriend plays the piano and sings rather well. I would like to preserve some of his performances on tape, but the problem is that I can't get a straight answer on what type of microphone to use. One person told me to get a directional mike for vocals and an omni-directional mike for the keyboards. Later, I was told that only directional mikes should be used. In your opinion, which type is better? – Miss F.D., NSW.

Microphones are to tape recorders what lenses are to cameras. There are specific mikes for specific effects. The standard microphone recommended for any home recording is the low-impedance dynamic microphone with a cardioid pattern. The mike picks up sound mainly from the front, but also grabs some sound from the sides and rear, thus adding a natural sense of all-round room ambience to the recorded sound.

The Playboy Adviser *will answer all reasonable questions about your lifestyle, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to the* Playboy Adviser, *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.*

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Playboy Interview

Edward Teller

the controversial father of the h-bomb has a multi-megaton recipe for peace

NO MATTER what else he has done, or ever will do, the world will remember Edward Teller as the Man Who Made the Hydrogen Bomb. More than 25 years after the H-bomb was tested. its implications remain appalling. In fact, the controversy over the use of nuclear power is greater than ever. And at the centre of the controversy is a man who, like his invention, generates great energy.

Teller's twin passions are nuclear energy and nuclear defence. He is utterly convinced that atomic energy is both needed and safe and he is a leading proponent of new and more potent weapons, including the proposed neutron bomb. Because of these stands, he has been castigated by his opponents as a warmonger or a mad scientist playing with dangerous toys.

His supporters, on the other hand, see him as the savior of the West's economic and military might, as a Cassandra warning of impending energy starvation and terrible defeat at the hands of a powerful Russia.

In the post-Vietnam, ecologically-sensitive era, Teller's ideas often are unpopular. The pointed manner in which he expresses them causes even greater resentment. Yet his influence on US military and energy policies has been felt through the past eight Administrations, and he retains close ties with many in political power.

Dr Teller also has his supporters in Australia, notably Queensland Premier Joh Bjelke-Petersen and West Australian minerals magnate Lang Hancock, both strong advocates of uranium mining.

Everywhere he goes, his unquestioned ability as a scientist provides considerable support for his controversial political beliefs.

Teller is thought of as one of the last of the Cold War Warriors – and somewhat eccentric at that. But even those who oppose him ideologically take interest in his professional opinion on nuclear energy.

Teller was born in 1908, in Hungary (as were a surprising number of the century's important scientists). His early aptitude for mathematics and science was encouraged by a first-rate education, culminating in doctoral and post doctoral studies at Gottingen, Germany. A list of Teller's professors and fellow students at the world-famous institution reads like a Who's Who of modern physics. He has been associated with such scientific giants throughout his life.

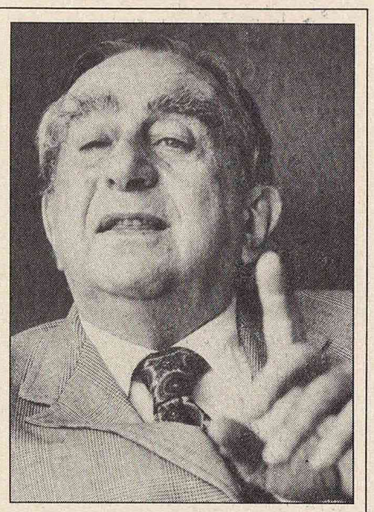
Two notable things happened during his youth. In 1919, Hungary briefly was taken over by a Communist government. That harsh era incubated Teller's severe distaste for the left and his lifelong Russophobia. And while a student in Germany, Teller lost his right foot in an accident.

As World War Two approached, Teller fled to the United States. He was an academic, a purely theoretical physicist – until he was called upon to join in building the first atomic bomb. At Los Alamos, the US's first weapons laboratory, Teller played an important but not central role in the making of the A-bomb. That weapon was based on the principle of fission (splitting an atomic nucleus to release large amounts of energy) but, during the war, Teller became intrigued with the idea of a potentially far more powerful explosive, a fusion bomb (in which atomic nuclei are united to form heavier nuclei, releasing huge amounts of energy), and set the theoretical groundwork for it.

After the war, Teller was left with the preliminary plans for his superweapon. In vain, he sought the support of the US government and fellow scientists, but Hiroshima had spoiled the appetites of would-be bomb makers. Then, in 1949, the Soviets tested their first nuclear weapon. The West was frightened, the Cold War was on – and Teller got the support he wanted for his pet project. In 1951, the first thermonuclear bomb was tested. It

"Low-level radiation has not proved to be harmful, and the scare stories are just that, scare stories: exaggerated and unproven. People are frightened by what they don't understand."

"We need more and different weapons because this idea of overkill is simply not true. The Russians would lose less than five percent of their population, while we'd lose 50 percent of ours."



"One of our main dangers is that we don't inform our public. We keep Russian secrets, in many cases, more carefully than we do our own. Our people are living in a fool's paradise."

remains to this day the most powerful weapon ever devised.

About the same time, the Russians developed their own version of the hydrogen bomb. The creator of the Soviet weapon was Andrei Sakharov, whose public life is a curious counterpoint to Teller's. The Russian physicist has been the most visible of his country's political dissidents. His outspoken opposition to repressive Soviet policies won him the Nobel Peace Prize. But neither Sakharov nor Teller has won the Nobel Prize for Physics; the H-bomb seems too hot to handle, no matter how ingenious its workings, even for the committee that oversees the fortune of the man who invented dynamite.

In 1954, Teller became embroiled in a scandalous affair that changed his life, as well as the nature of the relationship between scientists and the government in the United States. J. Robert Oppenheimer, a brilliant physicist and a major contributor to the development of the atomic bomb, was denied continued security clearance on the basis of very casual acquaintance with leftists. The Oppenheimer hearings were steeped in the spirit of McCarthyism. Teller was called upon to testify against Oppenheimer because Oppenheimer had long been opposed to the H-bomb and other Teller projects. Teller denied that the accused was disloyal but testified that he would prefer seeing the reins of power in other hands. In the end, the charges of disloyalty were struck down but Oppenheimer was still deprived of his security clearance and his career was effectively ended.

The scientific community saw the affair as a vicious attack by political yahoos on a great scientist. And it saw Teller as the hatchet man, a traitor to his own kind. Teller and Oppenheimer made personal peace after some years but Teller still has not been forgiven by many of his colleagues. Even some scientists who are too young to remember the Oppenheimer hearings speak of him with animosity.

In spite of those resentments, Teller has been a productive man in his field. He has enjoyed support from some politicians and industrialists – most notably, the late Nelson Rockefeller – which has been vital in achieving his goals. He created the second US weapons laboratory, the Lawrence Livermore in California, and developed numerous original ideas to bring about the peaceful implementation of nuclear power.

Although he did not continue to concentrate on theoretical physics, Teller was not a one-shot scientist. Even his political foes admit that his intellectual capabilities are superb and his friend, Nobel laureate Eugene Wigner, has called Teller's mind the most original in modern physics – and he was not forgetting Albert Einstein.

Teller is an outspoken supporter of increased research in weapons. For decades he has decried what he sees as the regression of the US as a major world power. That view made him a popular man in the '50s, a villain to the youth of the '60s and a subject of renewed controversy in the changing '70s, as non-military ideals of power and neoconservatism compete for approval by the public.

Because of the increased interest in nuclear development, accentuated by the aftermath of the Three Mile Island plant disaster near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, PLAYBOY *assigned writer* ***Gila Berkowitz*** *to interview Teller. She filed this report:*

"The initial request for an interview was squelched by a growling, Hungarian-accented 'No!' I parried with the examples of pre-eminent men who had been subjects of the Playboy Interview, *men such as Jimmy Carter and California's Governor, Jerry Brown. It was the worst possible argument. Edward Teller disdained the offer because liberals such as Carter and Brown had been interviewed. Dr Teller's opinion of these two politicians comes rather close to outright, undisguised contempt.*

"It is a measure of the man that several weeks later he changed his mind. Colleagues at the Hoover Institution, Stanford University's repository for Nobel laureates, professors emeritus and right-leaning thinkers-without-portfolio, had persuaded him that PLAYBOY *was, after all, an appropriate forum for his ideas. One colleague insisted to Teller: 'More scientists read* PLAYBOY *than any of the professional journals.'*

"Our first meeting at Teller's office was punctuated by a constantly ringing telephone. Many of the people who want to talk to Teller are the sort who answer to no man's secretary. Subsequent interviews were held at Teller's home, a remarkably modest dwelling in the depths of a suburban faculty ghetto, at the end of a dead-end street. The name on the mailbox is not his own. In the '60s, when Teller lived in Berkeley, radicals published his address in pamphlets, calling him a war criminal and advising that the readers do something about it. Unpleasant confrontations ensued outside his home.

"Teller is 71 years old and he looks it, but he does not look as if the years have diminished his powers. Of course, the great, drooping eyebrows, the shock of hair, are far less forbidding now that they are white. But the biting wit is consistent; his brittle irony and stinging opinions do not mellow after hours of interviewing.

"And yet, for so vigorous a personality, Teller is also remarkably defensive. He obviously hates being branded a Dr Strangelove, a reactionary, even if it is by those for whom he has little respect. Teller's place in the history books is already sealed, but he cares about what his peers think now. In the midst of describing his most controversial views, his most unyielding positions, his face will suddenly melt into a poignant little smile, as if he's asking for approval.

"Of all the subjects we broached, there was only one on which Teller demurred. He would not discuss the article on how to make an H-bomb that the courts have ruled Progressive *magazine may not print. He made it clear in his remarks about secrecy that he believes in freedom of information on technical matters, but he feels that secrecy laws must be obeyed.*

"Teller, of course, can also be imperious, stubborn and abrupt. He dismisses his opponents with facile one-liners and glosses over the faults of his favorites.

"By the time we concluded our last interview, I regretted having to take my leave. To know Edward Teller is not necessarily to be persuaded, but it is certainly to be spellbound."

PLAYBOY: What do you make of the recent [*five days earlier*] catastrophe at the Three Mile Island nuclear power plant near Harrisburg?

TELLER: I would not call it a catastrophe, I would not call it a disaster, I would not call it an accident. I would call it a malfunction. If I undertake something really dangerous, such as driving a car, and the car stops and I can't make it work but no one is hurt, that is called a malfunction. If someone is hurt, that is called an accident. In the Three Mile Island malfunction no one was hurt.

PLAYBOY: But there is great fear that people will be hurt in the future.

TELLER: I am very confident that no one will be hurt. Should I be invited to visit there I would do so, and I wouldn't feel like a hero as I have every confidence that I would be quite all right. In the functioning of many reactors, health-damaging accidents have been avoided. There is no exception. It just so happens that the anti-nuclear movement, lacking a real accident, has latched on to this incident, promoting it into something that it isn't.

PLAYBOY: Nevertheless, it is the most serious malfunction – if that's what

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From chemists.

you would prefer to call it – that has occurred so far.

TELLER: Indeed. I would estimate that the financial damage will be even greater than it was in the Brown's Ferry malfunction, which cost about $120,000,000. My hunch is this will cost even more.

PLAYBOY: For which, of course, the utilities' customers will be paying.

TELLER: If we don't have nuclear reactors, the utilities' customers will be paying much more because, even counting in these costs for shutdowns, nuclear reactors are still cheaper than the next cheapest source of electricity, coal, and much cheaper than oil or gas.

A $100,000,000 or $200,000,000 loss, while it may hurt the customers in the long run, has an immediate and severe impact on the utility concerned; it will suffer loss compared with other utilities. Therefore the utility has the most direct financial interest in seeing that such a malfunction should never occur again. Right now there are enormous numbers of responsible engineers who are carefully analysing the questions: what has gone wrong and what other things may still go wrong?

When the story is over we will know how this kind of nuclear plant might malfunction, and therefore we will know more about how to keep it safe. Utilities will be more careful in seeing that every component is safe, that instruments are employed in the reactor that will appropriately inform the operators, so that wrong judgments can be avoided. They will train operators to avoid mistakes that may have been made. So, as a net result, we will have bought added safety for our money, without sacrificing human life on human health. [*The rest of the interview was conducted several weeks after the Three Mile Island accident.*]

PLAYBOY: When we were speaking just after the Three Mile Island incident you refused to call it a "catastrophe" or a "disaster." You would concede only that it was a "malfunction." What do you say now?

TELLER: It was an accident. Actually there have been accidents before, but reports of these accidents have been exaggerated; people have cried wolf so often that when I heard about the catastrophe I thought it was a false alarm. It turned out that this time it wasn't. The accident was quite a bit more serious than ever before.

There's one very important point, however. Absolutely no one was hurt. Now this, of course, is exceedingly important in itself because of the value of each human life and the health of each individual. But it is also important for another reason. Since no one was hurt, in the long run I believe it will be possible to discuss this accident in a detached manner, with some objectivity and without any exaggerated emotions – emotions that of course would be there if people had really suffered.

PLAYBOY: Well, according to the information that you have now, isn't there a possibility that people could have suffered, or might suffer in some future accident?

TELLER: From each accident we learn how to avoid its repetition. This was an accident which, in a way, I expected. When I was chairman of the first Reactor Safeguard Committee – more than 30 years ago – I came to the conviction that nothing is foolproof. If you believe that it is, it will turn out in the end that the fool is bigger than the proof. The Pennsylvania reactor turned out to be even safer than we expected, but the operators of the nuclear plant seemed to be less prepared than we hoped.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by that?

TELLER: Well, nobody knows exactly what happened yet. To learn that, one has to cool down the reactor completely, inspect the parts, make measurements and reconstruct everything. It will be a long process and I believe it is wrong to prejudge what will be found. But I want to take the risk and tell you that, from the way I can piece the information together, I have now a good guess what happened. Not only did the reactor work well, but the instruments connected with the reactor worked, on the whole, reasonably well. The valve in the reactor should have closed at a certain moment. It did not. People should have been prepared for this possibility.

There is evidence, however, that on several occasions the reactor operators made the wrong decision. They did so, I believe, because they were not well enough informed. It should be relatively simple to install some additional safety equipment, but the major change should be to install better paid, more highly-qualified operators.

PLAYBOY: Are you claiming that the problems were mostly because of human error?

TELLER: There was, it seems to me, an accumulation of human errors; human errors which are completely understandable because I don't want to use the word blame. These people worked under stress. The comparison that comes to my mind is that not very long ago over Flint, Michigan, an aircraft lost a wing flap and went into a spin. The pilot took over at once and, thinking very fast and very ingeniously, doing much more than working by the book, he managed to bring the plane under control and saved it and the passengers.

Now that pilot, I guess, is being paid $100,000 a year. Reactor operators, I have inquired, are being paid $25,000 a year. We are not as careful in selecting and training reactor operators as we are in training pilots. We could, and should, have really excellent people at each plant. These people can be found and more can be educated. This is a situation where mistake after mistake is made simply because it seems the job is too hard for the people presently there. It is very clear we need more competence and I'm sure we can get it.

PLAYBOY: We pay pilots well and accept the risks of air travel because the advantages are obvious to us. But are the advantages of nuclear reactors so obvious that we should take the risk of having something so susceptible to human error, in which the possibilities of disaster are so great?

TELLER: First of all, reactors are not so easily susceptible to human error. On Three Mile Island, insult after insult was suffered by the reactor; yet not a single person was hurt. The estimate of the damage now stands at approximately $500,000,000, but no human life was taken. Now if we didn't have reactors and if we did not build more, what would we have? It has been proposed, by Jane Fonda and other experts, that all our reactors be shut

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down. If they were, the US would pay $6 billion a year more for imported oil. The dollar would depreciate further. All of us would be even more dependent on the tender mercies of OPEC. If we continue to build reactors there's a much greater chance to break the monopoly of OPEC.

Now you may ask, why not coal? The answer is the health hazards of coal – in coal mines, by accidents, by black lung disease, by air pollution to the general population – are almost a hundred times greater than any accident associated with the reactors. In the operation of the reactors there have been no health hazards.

PLAYBOY: What about the well-publicised danger of radiation to pregnant women and small children?

TELLER: Pregnant women or, rather, their offspring are in greater danger. Small children are in less danger, old people like myself are in least danger.

Airline hostesses regularly get excess amounts of radiation because cosmic radiation at the 30,000ft altitude at which big jets fly is much greater than it is at sea level. The airlines used to have a policy of grounding hostesses when they got married. The hostesses protested and took the matter to court, and the courts decided that they must be allowed to fly. Nobody bothered to enlighten the hostesses that, if they should get pregnant, even in the period before their pregnancy is recognised, the excess radiation might be damaging to their children. They are exposed to amounts larger than those the protesters are protesting about. This kind of double standard makes me feel that the reasons that the protesters are protesting are a little more complex than they appear to be. What these reasons are, I don't know.

PLAYBOY: How did you react when you first heard about the Three Mile Island incident? Didn't it strain your confidence in nuclear power plants?

TELLER: I thought: nobody has been hurt so far, nobody will get hurt, we will learn something. It will cost something, but it's worth it. But that mass hysteria should have reached this proportion, that it should have remained top news for almost a week, that is unprecedented. And it is a thoroughly unhealthy sign; it shows that we have lost all sense of balance.

Ten years ago there was an earthquake in the San Fernando Valley in California. A few hydroelectric plants were damaged and they had to be dismantled because they were not repairable. During the dismantling, 80,000 people had to be evacuated. There is an estimate that, had the dam burst when it was full, a considerable percentage of those people would have drowned. Fortunately, the earthquake occurred when the water and pressure on the dam were low. Nobody suggested – or should have suggested – that all dams be emptied of water.

The very thing that makes reactors safe – that we worry in detail about possibilities – gives fuel to the anti-nuclear propagandists, who have exploited these worries literally to scare people stiff. For example, detailed calculations lead to the conclusion that in the Three Mile Island reactor there was a gas bubble. Its existence was not proven but, on circumstantial evidence, was highly likely. And it is not true that it was hydrogen. Some people hypothesised that some oxygen would be available, too, and that a hydrogen-oxygen explosion was about to happen. The newspapers were full of the term "time bomb". They said maybe it would go off in two days, maybe three. Then the plant operators came to the conclusion – it seems to me a reliable one – that whatever that gas bubble was, it had been washed away. It took quite a few hours before the Nuclear Regulatory Commission agreed.

"It was, in my mind, not justifiable that we should have bombed Hiroshima and Nagasaki before giving the Japanese warning."

It was reasonable to say: "There appears to be a bubble; it might be hydrogen; it conceivably may lead to danger; let's get rid of it in the most cautious manner possible." All those statements are reasonable. That this should feed headlines, should give rise to petitions and marches, is not as reasonable. I wonder: the energy industry lost, say, $200,000,000. But did the newspaper industry make $200,000,000? Was this money siphoned off from the energy industry, which needs the money badly, and given over to the amusement industry, which served the public by amusing it in a somewhat perverse way with these horror stories?

PLAYBOY: How do you assess the danger of living near a nuclear plant?

TELLER: According to my daughter – this is a real chauvinist pig story – at the hearings about a certain Illinois reactor, Dresden III, one of the protesters, a Dr T, was confronted by a young man from the Atomic Energy Commission. The man said: "Dr T, what do you think you get more radiation from – leaning up against an atomic reactor or sleeping with your wife?" Dr T didn't know and was confused by the question. So the man from the Atomic Energy Commission said: "I don't want to alarm you, but all human beings have radioactive potassium in their blood – and that includes your wife. This reactor may have *more* radioactivity but it has much greater shielding. If you compare the two for radiation, you get just a bit more from Dresden III than from your wife." I do not advocate a law forcing married couples to sleep in twin beds but, from the point of view of radiation safety, I have to warn against the practice of sleeping every night with *two* girls, because then you would get more radiation than from Dresden III.

PLAYBOY: In spite of your assurances, the dangers of radiation are what people fear most from both nuclear energy and nuclear weapons. Does the need for nuclear energy justify the harm that it has done or may do?

TELLER: There has been one and only one test – on November 1, 1954, in the Pacific – which did hurt some people. That test was carried out by the Los Alamos laboratories. (I had nothing to do with it since I was working at the Livermore laboratory at the time.) Some of the islanders got overexposed and 100 of them were affected. They would have suffered no ill effects had they known to wash off the fallout. As it was, they were taken care of and all of them recovered. This unfortunate occurrence happened because the bomb was exploded when there was a change in wind direction. Not enough caution was taken – but the mistake has never been repeated.

During that same test, patrols were sent beforehand to see if there were any ships in the area, but they missed one ship. One member of the crew became very sick and, shortly afterwards, he died. We don't have the records to prove the man died of radiation but I believe it would be highly probable. That death invoked terrible reaction, and rightly so. First of all, a single human life is important. But there is more to it. It was, in my mind, not justifiable that we should have bombed Hiroshima and Nagasaki before giving the Japanese warning. If there had been a warning, if there had been a demonstration, we might have been able to end a horrible war by showing the power of science without killing people. If that had happened, all of us now would have a different impression of science, of the atomic nucleus. We would all be safer – and much happier.

I don't want to criticise: there were strong reasons for the bombing, to end the war as soon as possible; a war in

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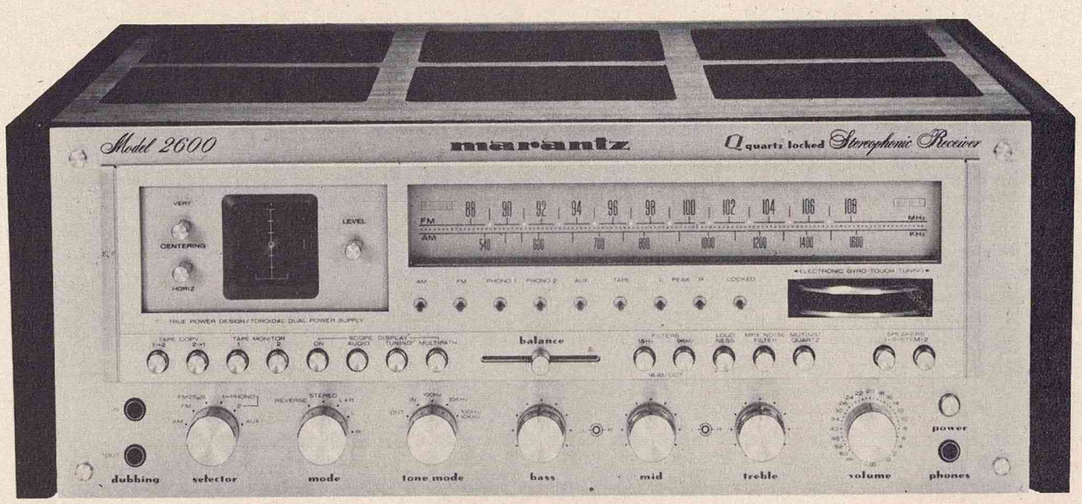

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which many people had died. These bombings may have prevented other events that would have been even worse. But I still regret that we did not try a warning explosion. At that time, however, there was no protest. Here is a remarkable contrast: more than 100,000 people dead in Hiroshima and Nagasaki – incidentally, very few of them, comparatively, from radiation; they died from the shock, from fire – and practically all of both cities burned out. The immediate physical effects were much more devastating than the physiological effects of radiation. The fact is that very many people died and there were no widespread protests. Later, in contrast, one person died and there were all these protest marches. It was a remarkable psychological situation; I believe it was a delayed reaction to Hiroshima.

More recently there have been all kinds of scare stories about low-level radiation. Now these low-level radiations have not proved to be harmful, and the scare stories are just that, scare stories. They are exaggerated, they are unproven. People are frightened by what they don't understand. The fact is, the whole human race and the whole living world has been exposed, during all of its existence, to radiation from natural sources.

PLAYBOY: You have been quoted as claiming that more people have been harmed by the fear of radiation than by the radiation itself. Why do you say that?

TELLER: It is a very real problem. Radiation has extremely important medical applications, and people are now scared away from these treatments. There was at one time a practice – perhaps it exists even now – that if a doctor treated you with radiation, you had to sign a release that you wouldn't hold him responsible. That is a more cautious procedure than when he does other things to you by chemical application, or even in surgical procedures.

One case that comes to my mind is that of a woman who came from Hungary and was in a very bad state, losing weight rapidly. It was suggested that she be operated on to remove her thyroid gland, since she suffered from hyperactivity of the thyroid. But she was in so poor a state that she could not be operated on, so she was taken to the hospital and they tried to put her back into shape without surgery. After three weeks, a radiologist came in with the suggestion that feeding her radioactive iodine, which is absorbed by the thyroid, would destroy the thyroid gland painlessly and essentially without danger. This procedure would perform what the operation would have performed painfully. The woman recovered from the treatment and for the next 20 years lived happily. The procedure was delayed three weeks, this woman was allowed to suffer and almost to die, because apparently people were reluctant to use radiation. Things have gone so far that people refuse even chest X-rays.

I claim that incomparably more people have died of the radiation scare, or have suffered from the radiation scare, than have died or suffered from radiation itself, because the radiation scare has prevented or reduced reasonable medical applications.

PLAYBOY: Even though you are not an expert on all the medical aspects of radiation, it has been shown that excessive irradiation for such things as skin conditions has produced fibroid cancer. Isn't it irresponsible to play down the dangers of radiation?

TELLER: That too much radiation is bad is quite clear. What scares me more is that people will not dare to use radiation where it is justified. Headlines that spread the fear of radiation have frightened away people who might have been helped by the proper application of such radiation – for example, radiation as X-rays.

"Headlines that spread the fear of radiation have frightened away people who might have been helped by such radiation as X-rays."

This normal radiation to which we are all exposed may have some adverse effects or it may have some beneficial effects – we don't know. There are some experiments on rodents which have been exposed to 100 times the maximum permissible dose and, on average, they lived longer! People have objected to these animal experiments because these colonies of animals tend to be infected by pneumonia. What we know is that the life expectancy of pneumonia-infected colonies has been improved by radiation. But whether radiation stimulates something in the body that counteracts pneumonia, or what the connection is, we do not yet understand.

That there is no harmful effect from very little radiation, I don't know. That there is no *beneficial* effect from very little radiation, I don't know. And, furthermore, others don't know either.

There were a lot of people exposed to some low-level radiation many years ago in Nevada. A study has been made of the civilians who were exposed, with a peculiar result. Embryos are more sensitive than people. It is also true that children are more sensitive than adults, and particular emphasis was placed on investigating those who were children at the time of this radiation. Among these there was an incidence of cancers, as there is in all populations. In regard to leukemia the incidence seemed rather greater; in the case of the other cancers, it seemed rather less. If you added up all the cancer cases the effect was zero, but the media's reporting of the study was selective. The fact that there were more leukemia cases was reported; the fact that there were fewer other cancer cases was not reported.

Whether either of these observations is significant, whether either of these has anything to do with additional radiation, we don't know. But there is an enormous amount of guessing and an enormous amount of fear. I cannot tell you with absolute certainty that these experiments may not have caused a dozen additional leukemia cases. They might have. I don't believe it, but they might have. I *can* tell you that the radiation scare has hurt tens of thousands of people.

PLAYBOY: Since this is something so few people are expert about, perhaps we should ask you for your thumbnail explanation of the nature of radiation.

TELLER: There is a very significant difference between the effects of radiation and the effects of chemicals which may be poisonous. The effects of chemicals are specific. You make a small change in a molecule and it can transpose a hydrogen atom from one position to another. That is enough to change a food or a healing drug into a poison, even a poison that acts after a delay and does not disclose its poisonous nature until later.

In the case of radiation, the only thing that matters significantly is the total amount of energy delivered to a tissue. If we know that irradiation has occurred, or if a radioactive substance has been taken up by the body and has carried radiation into a specific tissue, such as the thyroid gland or the bone marrow, then we know that the effect of this radiation is directly related to the *amount* of energy delivered to that tissue. The paths of these radioactive substances in the body can be easily studied and have been carefully studied; therefore we know the amount of danger. We know the effect is similar to the effect we get from background radiation, but we don't know whether the effect of radiation is dangerous in small quantities.

What we are afraid of in fallout, what people talk about the most, is radiation taken up by the bone marrow

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through a particular kind of atom, strontium 90. When we say that there is no unusual danger, we say that the bone marrow, which is most exposed in this case, is still exposed to much less radiation than it is due to cosmic rays. Cosmic rays affect the whole body; so do some particles of radiation that drift over after an explosion. But important effects of nuclear radiation usually affect only a small part of the body. Our regulations say that no part of the body must be exposed to more than our whole body will get in the normal course of events.

I probably shouldn't say this, since it's a joke and my intent might be misinterpreted, but you know people are worried about genetic effects, and there is no doubt that radiation increases the rate of genetic mutation. It is also true that without mutations we would still be in the state of an amoeba. All changes in the living world have been due to mutations. And while most of them are harmful, without mutations there would be no adaptation and no development.

One view of very ancient history is that during the ice ages that occurred in the past million years or so, people were driven into caves. Radiation in these caves is known to be greater than it is in the open. That the human race developed faster and became human may be due to radiation. But now we are out of the caves, we have stopped developing and we are becoming, therefore, stodgy and stupid. Now please don't take this seriously! This is not a good argument – but it is no worse than the arguments people use to try to scare you about radiation.

PLAYBOY: The question of nuclear energy is critical because of the energy crisis. How bad is it, why do we have it and how can we solve it?

TELLER: The energy shortage is very critical. It is due almost exclusively to lack of foresight. Years ago it was perfectly clear that the shortage was coming and we did nothing about it. Today we still do too little about it.

There is no single solution. What we need to do is use every possible available energy source that can be had at a reasonable price, and without unreasonable pollution. That means fossil fuels; hydro-electric power; development of solar power in some forms; nuclear power – which has been developed – and continues to be cleaner, safer and, very practically, less expensive than any other form of power; and this is still not the end of the list. My most recent book is titled *Energy from Heaven and Earth.* By that title I mean that we need energy from wherever we can get it, as long as it is reasonable. People who capriciously and unreasonably object to a

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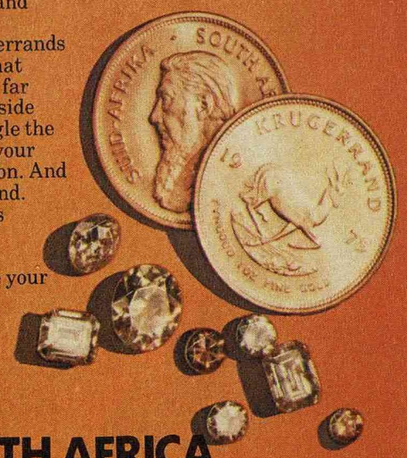

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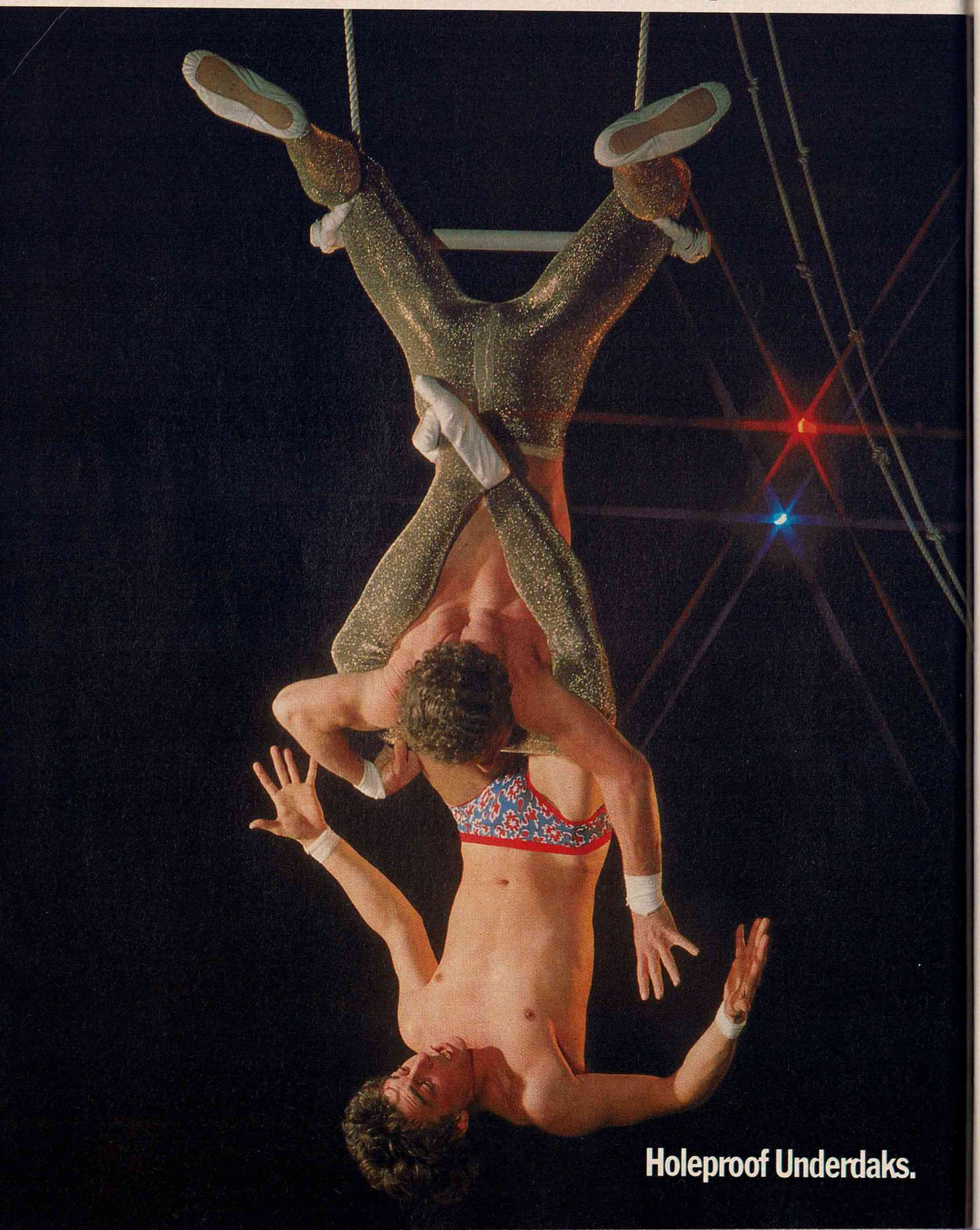

particular energy source, be it coal or nuclear or oil, really do the community a very serious disservice.

Incidentally, the people who will be hurt in the worst way by the energy crisis are the poor people in the Third World. Without energy the developing countries cannot develop, and without energy we can't produce the fertiliser that they require.

PLAYBOY: What about waste products from the production of nuclear energy? There is great concern that nuclear waste can't be disposed of safely.

TELLER: Waste disposal has been practised in the nuclear weapons program for decades without accident, even though, during the war, disposal was not done nearly as carefully as we are doing it now.

The American Physical Society has conducted an extremely careful study on waste disposal and it published the results in January, 1978. Now the American Physical Society is not especially favorable to any particular form of energy. But its findings were unanimous: waste disposal is a completely solved problem. Its implementation in civilian reactors has been delayed by bureaucracy and this delay is just plain wrong. The best characterisation of this issue has been given by a very wonderful lady, now the Governor of Washington, Dixy Lee Ray, who used to be chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. "Waste disposal," she said, "is the biggest contemporary *non*-problem."

PLAYBOY: That's a rather abrupt dismissal of an important issue. Are you referring to temporary storage of waste rather than permanent disposal?

TELLER: I'm referring to both. Temporary storage is being practised by putting the burned-out fuel elements into big ponds. The water cools them and also stops the radiation. The temporary storage elements are easily supervised and extremely safe. After a fuel element has been in temporary storage for, let us say, 10 years, then we are ready to reprocess, to extract from it the valuable and long-lived heavy elements such as plutonium. These elements stick around for more than 1000 human generations, but we can burn them up in other reactors within a few years. We can reuse them and get rid of them. As to what remains, those elements are incorporated into an insoluble mass and buried two kilometres underground. They will never again be in close contact with anything that is alive.

PLAYBOY: What about reports that those waste products can contaminate the water table – and eventually our drinking water?

TELLER: You put the waste in a layer that is geologically stable, that has no water to carry away anything. And even if there were water, the material is not soluble. You then wait for the few hundred years that radioactivity keeps diffusing and by that time it will be less than the radioactivity found in any uranium mine.

PLAYBOY: You've written extensively about the uses of unusual energy sources such as wave energy. Can such forms as wave energy and solar energy fill major energy needs in advanced technological societies?

TELLER: We have to take them case by case. By solar energy people often mean a lot of different things: growing plants and using the plants for fuel; collecting solar heat for heating and even cooling houses. Many of these are feasible. In my latest book I tried to visualise what might happen in the year 2000 and I tried to be fairly optimistic. I made guesses: by the year 2000, 20 percent of our energy may come from nuclear sources, 12 percent from solar sources. I put those figures together on calculations which are in turn based on guesses.

"Nuclear weapons are not appropriate against guerillas. For us to have initiated nuclear war in Vietnam would have been madness."

PLAYBOY: The most spectacular of your scientific achievements has been the H-bomb. How do you feel about being called the "Father of the Hydrogen Bomb"?

TELLER: Well, it never sent me a Father's Day card. *(Laughs)*

PLAYBOY: Do you feel any pride in that accomplishment?

TELLER: You work on something because you feel it is the right thing to do, and pride is just not the word.

PLAYBOY: Then are you ashamed? Do you regret your work?

TELLER: Certainly not! I feel it was necessary to do.

PLAYBOY: Is that how you feel about the rest of your work, too? Or are there things you did because you really wanted to do them?

TELLER: When I first chose my work I decided not to go in for applying science but to work on understanding the meaning of the word. I did that for many years with great pleasure and even occasionally with some pride, not that I like the word in any sense. Then came World War Two and I became involved in weapons because of necessity, because it seemed that it was work that had to be done.

After the war, it seemed to me that the job was left unfinished. When I heard declarations by Stalin that he "had the atomic bomb and will have much more" – that's literally what Stalin said – there was even more reason for me to be interested. Yet I went back to theoretical physics and did nothing about it. But when the Russians exploded an atomic bomb I became uneasy. Moreover, several of my friends came to me and said that it was now absolutely necessary that we do something about the situation. Eventually it became clear that we and the Russians had discovered how to make thermonuclear explosions at nearly the same time. All this was connected with much more personal and professional controversy than I have ever experienced before or after.

When it became clear that we had to work on the hydrogen bomb, I went to see my friend Enrico Fermi and implored him to take over the job. I would have been glad to work for him. He said no. I went to another friend, Hans Bethe. He said yes; then a day or two later, he reneged. It's not that I wanted to do it – it had to be done.

The idea that any one person can accomplish a lot in a complicated field such as this one is quite misleading. Afterwards, I wrote an article about the development entitled *The Work of Many People*. And that is exactly what it was. Perhaps I worked on the problem somewhat longer than other people; perhaps I worked more consistently when the going, in a psychological sense, became quite difficult. In a way, I'm glad that we didn't fail. But all this has nothing to do with the concept of "pride".

Those words – the "Father of the Hydrogen Bomb" – are silly. I object to them mostly because they are in poor taste. I have *children*.

PLAYBOY: Did you advocate the use of nuclear weapons in Vietnam?

TELLER: I participated in the discussions about nuclear weapons in Vietnam and I opposed their use as completely and as forcefully as I have ever opposed anything. I had a simple reason for doing so. Nuclear weapons are not appropriate against guerillas. They can be used against a massive invading force, but that is not what we were dealing with in Vietnam. Our forces had extensive military bases which were vulnerable to nuclear weapons. The Viet Cong were not vulnerable. For us to have initiated nuclear warfare in Vietnam would have been not only inhuman but also, in every sense of the word, madness.

PLAYBOY: Why do you urge the development of more weapons? Don't we

already have the capacity to kill our enemies, indeed the whole world, several times over?

TELLER: The reason that we need more and different weapons is because this idea of overkill is, quite simply, not true. The one purpose that I have is to avoid the horrible event of a nuclear exchange with Russia. But if there should be one, the Russians have taken precautions so that in all probability the damage to human life in Russia would be considerably less than it was in World War Two. They probably would lose less than five percent of their population. Since the US has done virtually nothing about its civil defence, it would lose more than 50 percent of its population and would no longer exist as a power, a political entity, even as an idea.

PLAYBOY: Wait a minute. Less than five percent of the Soviet population would be affected? Most published figures show that an *80 percent* destruction of Russia is expected in case of such an attack by the US. Where do you get *your* figures?

TELLER: That 80 percent figure, to the best of my knowledge, is now out of date. The trouble is, all these discussions are carried out in secret and I don't even know how much information can be quoted. My figure, five percent or less, does come from non-government sources. It is compatible with a high degree of *property* damage, but I wouldn't say as high as 80 percent. However, the Russian *people* would survive. And the Russians have a superiority in nuclear explosives that might easily become so great after such an exchange that they would still have a terrific striking force to coerce any nation on earth to deliver to them whatever they wanted – food, machinery, labor – so that their property losses could be replaced in an exceedingly short time. Remember the economic miracles in Germany and Japan. Remember that the total national assets of the US equal about three years of the gross national product, which shows property can be replaced, and rapidly, even without outside help. Human beings cannot.

PLAYBOY: Going back to your earlier figures, what makes you sure that the Russian population is so much more secure than the American? Does their shelter program really make them more secure?

TELLER: Our information shows that great numbers of well-constructed shelters exist for those workers who would have to stay behind after an evacuation.

PLAYBOY: But wouldn't the radiation levels after nuclear attack make the shelter program useless?

TELLER: In a nuclear war, the so-called maximum permissible dose of nuclear radiation will be exceeded, perhaps for everybody in the whole world, but a radiation dose even 1000 times the so-called maximum permissible dose will still produce only limited damage. Damage, yes, but still limited. The direct effects of nuclear explosion – the shock, the heat, the fires – these are terrible. Because we have been over-sensitised to the effects of low-level radiation, we have lost all sense of proportion when discussing a situation as bad as war. Just as 100,000 people were killed at the end of World War Two by nuclear weapons and then one person died by fallout and got the public reaction, so in other cases where people talk about overkill they project a chance of something that is terrible but could still be avoided into a prediction of certainty.

PLAYBOY: Yet you advocate the neutron bomb, which would increase radiation effect on humans and decrease the kind of impact that destroys buildings. And you criticise President Carter's decision not to develop it.

TELLER: I have a bone to pick with Jimmy Carter because he made *no*

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decision about such an important issue. The neutron bomb happens to be a defensive weapon. It is a weapon that can be used against the enemy in the open, in tanks and in aircraft. If you get away from the conflict by as much as two kilometres or even one kilometre, you are safe. If you go into a deep cellar you are safe. Houses are safe. If you try to defend with the use of a neutron bomb you do less damage to the innocent bystander than if your defence is based on a conventional artillery barrage.

One of the most remarkable things about the neutron weapon was the Russians' statement: "If you do it, we'll do it, too." The one thing that I *wish* the Russians would work on is the neutron bomb.

It could be used if we were invading Russia. But since they know we have no such intention, the one thing that the Russians don't need to have is a neutron bomb.

As long as Western Europe is in danger – and it is, because of the enormous amount of armaments that the Russians are making available to their military forces – I am for the neutron bomb. But only for defensive purposes. What one should forbid is not the use of this or that kind of weapon, but the use of any weapon for aggression. And what one should always permit is the use of appropriate weapons for defence, particularly if weapons can be designed to do minimum harm.

PLAYBOY: Do the Russians, in fact, have an edge on the West in military and scientific capability?

TELLER: They have a proven edge in the *quantity* of weapons. But we like to claim that qualitatively we are ahead. Unfortunately, the statement about quantity can be proved, but that about quality is much less provable. In the West, military efforts are attacked from all sides, and scientists are discouraged from pursuing military projects. In Russia, work on weapons is encouraged to the limit.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't the ingenuity of our scientists make up for that – especially since Soviet scientists don't have much choice in the projects on which they may work?

TELLER: It may. The proverb, "You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink", is true, but it has its limits. Sooner or later all horses want to drink. In the end all scientists want to work on some technical problem. Any scientist, under most conditions, will try to do his best.

Consider a man like Andrei Sakharov. I don't know in any detail what is going on behind the Iron Curtain but it seems that he has made a great contribution to Russian military preparedness. He turned around politically and is now in the opposition. This took an incredible amount of courage. One person among thousands has that kind of courage.

From what we can find out, the Russian scientists are highly ingenious, just as ingenious as American scientists. I think it is highly likely that among these many ingenious people a much greater fraction works willingly on weapons than in the US. It is more than likely that the Russians today have not only a greater quantitative advantage but probably even a distinct qualitative edge.

PLAYBOY: You see no point to the SALT talks, then?

TELLER: It may make sense to negotiate with the Russians from a position of strength. But today we are negotiating from a position of weakness – and that makes less sense.

PLAYBOY: Is there an area in which you see the Western powers, and particularly the US, being at a definite military advantage?

TELLER: Yes. We're ahead in electronics, and particularly computers. And this brings us to one of my favorite hobby horses, secrecy. Let's contrast nuclear weapons and electronic computers. In nuclear weapons we had secrecy – now the Russians are ahead of us. In

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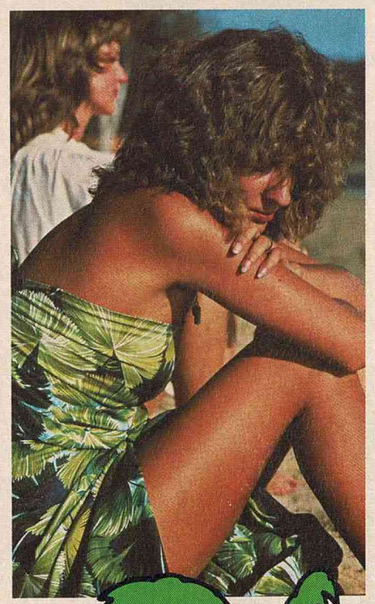

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electronics and computers we had practically no secrecy and we are way ahead of the Russians. That is not due to chance. Computers and other electronics in general, like television and those other remarkable things, are badly needed in a consumer society. Therefore, we are motivated toward the development of these instruments.

What we have not done but what we could and should do is to apply our advanced electronics, particularly miniaturised electronics, for the purpose of producing instruments of war, so that we can take people away from the scene of action. In other words, I want to see remotely-piloted aircraft, remotely-navigated ships, remotely-steered tanks.

PLAYBOY: What other measures of defence can you recommend, besides using weapons?

TELLER: The thing we must do, first of all, is establish civil defence, to make sure that in case of any disaster, earthquake or hurricane or war, we can save people. Do you know what China, Russia, Sweden and Switzerland have in common? They all have strong civil defence. And yet you would not call Sweden and Switzerland militaristic. There are many things we ought to do but among my priorities the highest is civil defence.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying we should get back to building bomb shelters, as many did in the '50s during the bomb-scare period?

TELLER: What we did was *talk* a lot about bomb shelters. The Russians today are *doing* a lot with bomb shelters. We know the Russians have a plan to evacuate their cities if they judge a conflict inevitable. We should take the easy, first step of arranging for evacuation.

PLAYBOY: Aren't civil defence measures pathetically ineffective in the face of awesome radiation?

TELLER: I remember what people were talking about before World War Two. They said that cities would be bombed and there would be no defence. But there was defence. The bombings were dreadful. They were also relatively ineffective in determining the outcome of the war. Measures taken – evacuation and going into cellars – turned out to be, in most cases, really effective.

The Russians have evacuation procedures and, if they do, it seems to make sense that we should, too. Furthermore, they have a system of inexpensive shelters which reduce radiation by 100-fold. They are supplied for two weeks. In almost all cases, radiation will have dropped to a tolerable level in two weeks. In the remaining cases, there would probably be decontamination crews coming around. Of course, some people would be caught in strong radiation. But the kind of calculations that we have done with nuclear explosives indicate that most of the damage would be done by shock and fire, relatively little by radiation. Once you have evacuated the population, very few should be susceptible and those who must stay should be properly sheltered.

This difference between nuclear reactors and nuclear bombs should be emphasised. In a nuclear reactor, material is produced that is radioactive, not indefinitely but for a long time. In a nuclear explosion the radioactivity that is produced lasts a very short time.

PLAYBOY: It seems that all sorts of countries are acquiring nuclear materials. Sometimes, as in the case of Pakistan, nuclear materials are acquired for supposedly peaceful purposes but actually with the intention of making weapons. How can we halt nuclear proliferation?

TELLER: The ban on reprocessing is supposed to help limit the spread of nuclear arms, but it does not. A ban is, however, a real impediment to the development of nuclear energy and, as a result, the energy crisis will become worse. More people will suffer and there will be violent fights over short supplies. The instruments of war will not have been diminished; the reasons for war will have increased. Instead of banning reprocessing, we should bring reprocessing under international control, so we have a strong hold over proliferation and also hold down the high costs of reprocessing for each single reactor. It makes sense for small countries to do their reprocessing together with others.

"The right weapon for a dictatorship is secrecy, the right weapon for a democracy is openness. Openness could make us strong."

If we could build an organisation that services many countries and is under thorough supervision this would create progress, not only toward more and cheaper energy but also toward more, and more peaceful, international co-operation.

PLAYBOY: What else can be done to increase our sense of security?

TELLER: Minimising secrecy as far as possible – which is to a very great extent. One of our main dangers is that we don't inform our public. We keep Russian secrets, in many cases, more carefully than we do our own. Our people are living in a fool's paradise. Perhaps a realistic information campaign is even more important than any physical act of defence.

What I am most afraid of is *secret* proliferation of weapons. The chance of a terrorist being able to make a nuclear bomb is very small. The chance that a government can make a nuclear weapon is considerable. And it can make them with such confidence that the weapons need never be tested.

Once these activities by other countries are known, we can apply persuasion to limit, to channel this process. The result would be that our alliances would be stabilised. After all, France loosened its ties with NATO precisely because we would not discuss nuclear technology with them. If we did that, of course, the Russians would not be open about their technology but they would be faced with co-operating allies. In the end even they may notice that secrecy does not pay under these conditions. We would have within Russia itself many allies.

Shortly after World War Two, Niels Bohr, that remarkable scientist who started modern atomic theory, said that in the Cold War one should expect that each side would use the weapon that it can handle in the best way. The right weapon for a dictatorship is secrecy, the right weapon for a democracy is openness. That sounds rather paradoxical. Openness does not seem to be a weapon but it could make us strong; it could be the instrument by which peace is made more secure.

PLAYBOY: Science has been the religion of our time. You have been present at some of its most spectacular moments. Is science the answer, or a major answer, to the world's problems?

TELLER: I have to say no. It was said about Gertrude Stein that she asked on her deathbed, "What is the answer?" and didn't get any answer. Then she asked, "What is the question?" and at that point she died. I believe that science not only lacks the answer, it even lacks the question.

PLAYBOY: Einstein, for one, suggested that there is a morality implicit in science. Do you agree?

TELLER: There are two moralities in science: one is conscious, the other unconscious. Consciously, science is the pursuit of truth and for a scientist to falsify a scientific truth is an unforgivable sin. Scientists outside their narrow field are probably no more truthful than other people. But in their narrow field they must be meticulously truthful; that is their very reason for existence.

The First Australians

new evidence suggests our aborigines are the survivors of the oldest continuous civilisation on earth

article By Russell Deiley

An artist's impression of how the archaic Australian may have looked.

Illustrations by Kristine Harriman

CRINGING in the dripping mangroves, his dark eyes darting nervously at every shadow in the monsoon gloom, the black, beetle-browed man gagged with fear. He had lived with terror through his 30 years but this was different. He was a stranger in a strange land and he was chilled with a new dread.

Huddling beside him, his mate whimpered. He reached out to touch her in a gesture of mutual comfort. She quieted, clutching at him as they shared their wretchedness. Their mind-clouding fright shut out the sounds of the birds, the scuttling crabs and the moans of pain coming from the bleeding woman on the beach below.

These were the first Australians, pitched on an alien shore millenia ago by a fluke current and the fresh winds which swept the summer rains on to the continental shelf of Arnhem Land. They had no inkling that, as the widest ranging mariners in their world, they were the seeds of what was destined to be the world's longest continuous civilisation.

But, before they could keep that appointment with destiny and colonise the only island continent on earth, they had to overcome a genetic fear of everything unknown. In fact 40 generations would pass before these first boat people would venture off the narrow coastal shelves of Arnhem Land to strike out for the heart of the vast land, rich in life and food. And on that first day, the dawn of the Dreamtime, the land, the sounds and the smells of Arnhem Land were both alien and hostile.

As history is our witness, the base instinct of survival – fuelled by the recognition of mangroves, shellfish, crabs and yams which had sustained them on the island where they were born – preserved them. The terror within the man and woman melted. They ate the oysters clinging to the roots of their mangrove haven. Their huge hands bled from tearing open the shells. The cries of the woman lying on the sand registered. They went to her, comforted and fed her and, dully, they began to remember . . .

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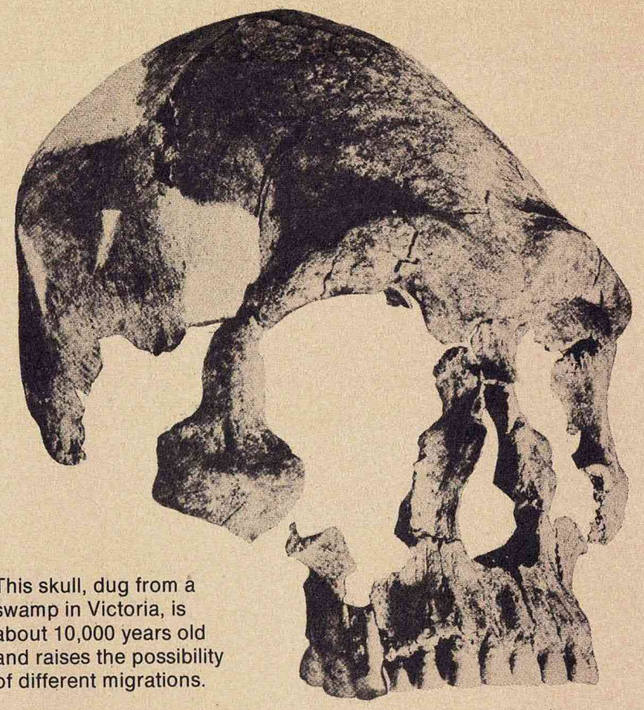
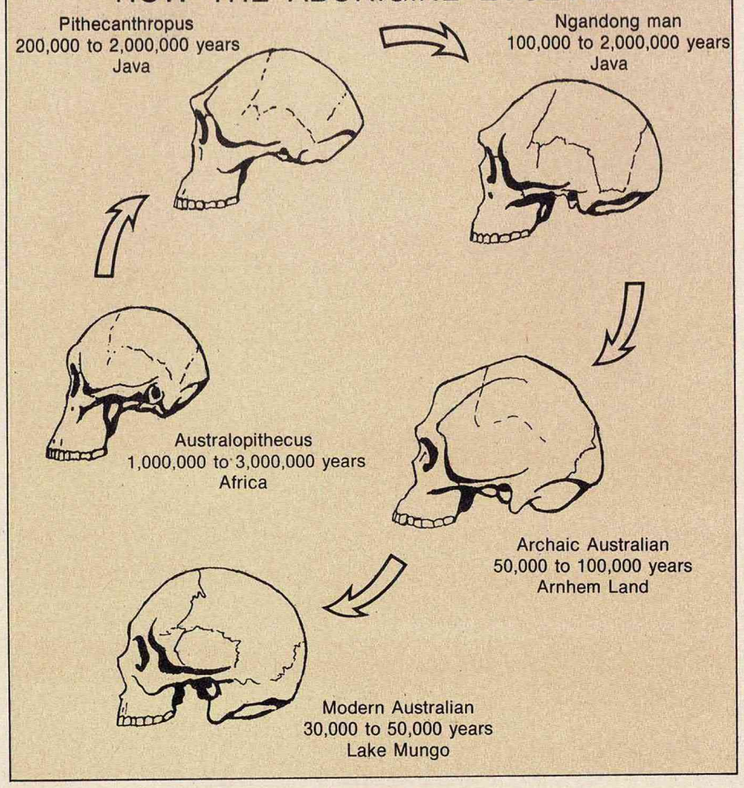
On a long-gone island in the Timor Sea, the primitive people gather like lemmings on the shoreline, trying to communicate their terror by grunts and body signs. For some reason, unaccountable to them, the island which has sustained them for so many generations is dying. They have no way

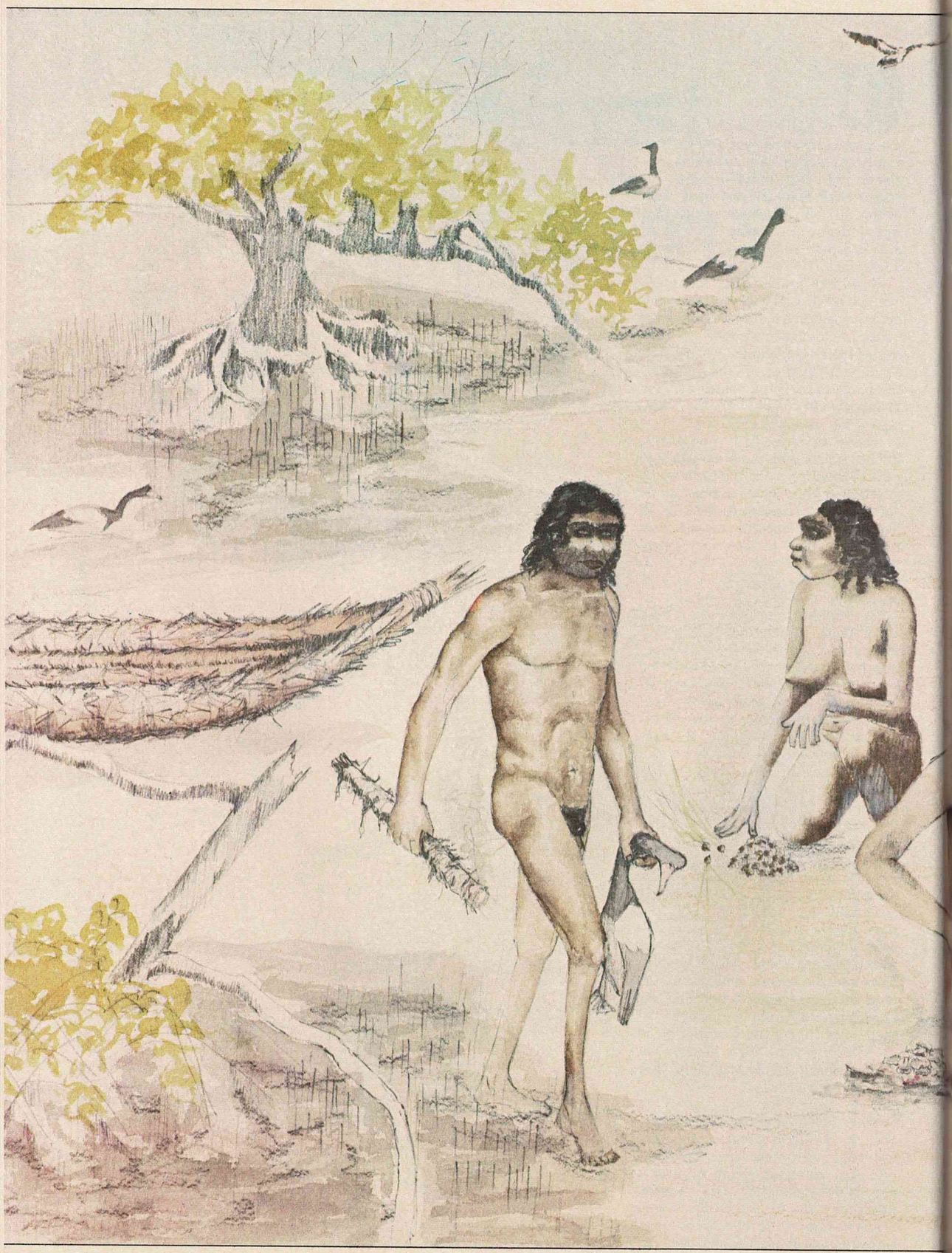
THE SAME — OR DIFFERENT?



This skull, dug from a swamp in Victoria, is about 10,000 years old and raises the possibility of different migrations.

HOW THE ABORIGINE EVOLVED





What life may have been like for an archaic Australian family. The man on the left has just caught a magpie goose. His firestick is in his right hand. At the rear a woman heaps water chestnuts she has gathered while, at right, a mother prepares to feed her family on rock oysters collected in the mangrove swamps.

of comprehending it, but their island home finally has surrendered to man's incessant demands; the life-supporting water of the lagoon and swamps is being drained into the falling sea. They only know, instinctively, that they are doomed. Already their numbers are dwindling. Only the shellfish keep the remainder alive, and each day they are harder to find.

The survivors start to shuffle. One man leads. He takes his woman and children to the bark shell that used to ferry him across the lagoon, and plunges into the sea. The shell twists in the surf, straining the two-ply cord the woman has made from dried strands of bark to lash it together. Time and again the man, woman and the two children are tossed off the craft by the breakers. But the water is shallow and they manage to scramble back on the primitive boat until they ride the calmer water beyond the surf. The others have watched in awe from the beach, but group by group they take their bark craft and follow until the island is left to itself.

Many are not as lucky as the first man and his family. They are pitched into the sea, their boats are swept away and they drown. Others are carried back to the island, too fearful and crushed to build new boats. Those who make it through the surf look back to the island, their only conception of life. They are fugitives bound for the unknown. They have a faint glimmer of understanding of another land because when the wind has blown on dry days they have smelt its smoke and tasted its dust.

But this is not a dry day of the past. The wind is blowing from another direction and it is raining. The sea and rain combine to quench their precious fire sticks. By nightfall they are drifting on the open sea that will be the last memory for many.

In time the four remaining boats are separated. But each is still being swept along on the same current toward the shelf that stretches out from Arnhem Land. One man, two women and a child are aboard the craft nearest the coast. As the first roller seizes the boat and its riders, the child, a six-year-old boy, is snatched and disappears beneath the foam. The man and the women burrow their hands into the outer strips of the sodden bark and ride the planing shell. Then the prow of the craft bites into a ridge hidden beneath the flattening water surface and all three are hurled headlong into the sea.

They thresh in panic, screaming as the shells on the muddy bottom tear into their feet and legs. They can see little in the rain-clouded half light of dawn. Then the realisation hits them – there is solid footing beneath their kicking feet. One by one they stand until all three are thigh-deep in the water. They sidle together, peering in one direction, then another.

The darting eyes of one of the two women fix on a shape through the grey murk. She raises her arm as a pointer and the eyes of the other two focus on what she has seen. The shape is formless in the early dawn but it seems vaguely familiar to the man and his women. The shape does not move and gradually their fear subsides. Almost as one, they begin to shuffle forward, dragging their feet and legs through the swirling water, oblivious to the pain of the shells needling into feet that have grown soft in the water.

Their legs and feet clear the water and they move stealthily, almost as if they are stalking the dark shape which draws them like a magnet. Without warning, one of the women cries out and stumbles ahead of the others. The shape has taken on meaning to her. Se has no name for it, but she has seen it before. It is land. Hers are the first human eyes to see the mangroves that divide Australia from the sea. The others sense her excitement and run to join her. One woman falls, gashing her leg. She lies, moaning.

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Over the next few days, the three other slender rafts and their refugees were hurled on to the same stretch of low-lying coast. One of the men and one of the women were drowned. But three men, five women and two young girls survived the first, 100-kilometre crossing from a dying island to Australia. They were alive but separate. The current which had preserved them had also divided them in a strange land. They huddled in pathetic little groups amid the mangroves. They were wretched. The rain which had slaked their thirst on the voyage continued to fall, drenching and chilling them. They pined for the fire they could not make. The days were bad, but the nights filled with weird noises were sheer terror. They touched one another – not in lust but for comfort.

Mosquitoes tormented them. The nights, when the winds drove the rain in from the sea, were also the worst for mosquitoes. They woke from fitful sleep to find their skins coated with congealed blood from hundreds of bites. Ironically, the mosquitoes were their salvation. Half crazed by the pain and irritation from the bites, they left the sanctuary of the familiar mangroves to seek relief in the cooling salve of the sea. There were fewer strange noises and fewer biting insects on the shoreline. Day by day their fears grew less as they ranged between the shore and the mangroves. The groups began to venture further and further

Why the world's scientists are looking to Australia

FOR SO LONG the dark and neglected continent of prehistory, Australia suddenly has become the centre of world attention among scientists striving to solve the final mysteries of man's evolution. Far-ranging anthropologists and archaeologists are homing in on Australia, convinced that the next critical pieces in the jigsaw of man's past will be found in and around this island continent.

There is proof that man lived, hunted and died in Australia at least 45,000 years ago. In fact the combined research of archaeologists, botanists, geologists and anthropologists now indicates that the ancestors of the modern Aborigines arrived between 60,000 and 100,000 or possibly 120,000 years ago. Whatever the ultimate date when the prehistoric curtain rose on the Dreamtime, the modern Aborigine stands as the survivor of the longest continuous society in the world.

In terms of the lifespan of the world itself, reaching back 4000 million years, even 120,000 years is a mere blink. But if the confidence of the scientists is vindicated, then the timing of the arrival of the first archaic humans in Australia has enormous significance in tracing the development of man. Eighteen years ago, the oldest human fossil found in Australia dated back 8000 years. But in the past few years, prehistorians have been steadily winding back the clock.

As long as scientists believed that man's colonisation of this land fell into the same 12,000-year time slot as North America, the Australian past was regarded as interesting but inconsequential in the grand, anthropological chart. But suddenly, with the recent discovery of 30,000-year-old human remains and artefacts dating back 45,000 years at Lake Mungo in the far west of NSW, and other finds in Western Australia, Victoria and Tasmania, the importance of Australia has become critical.

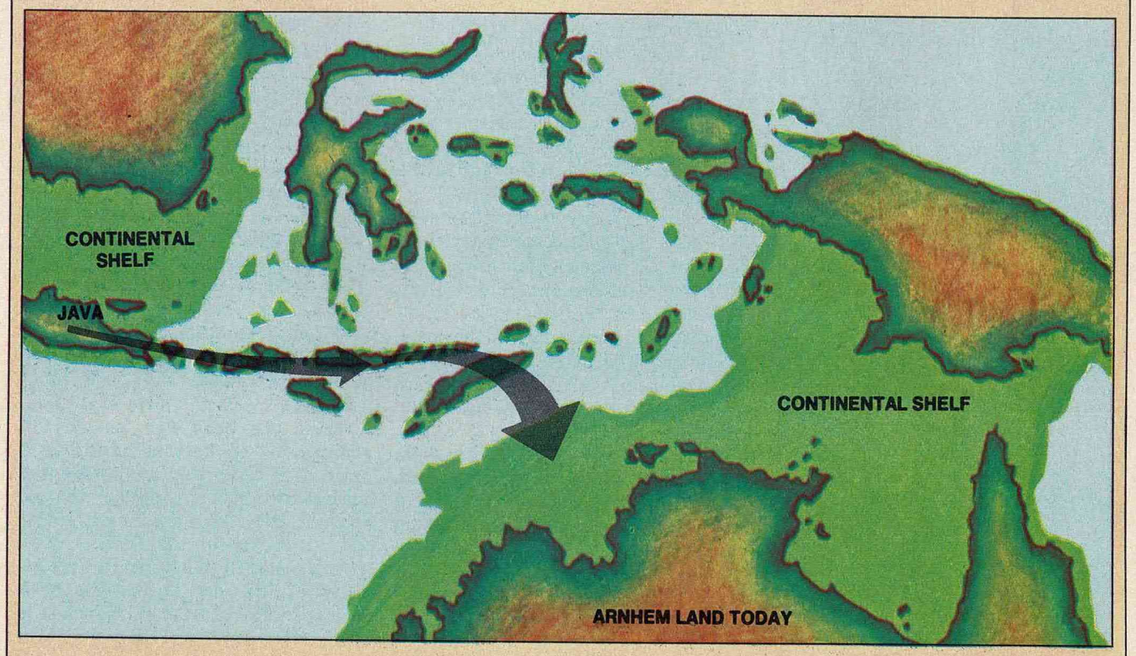
No matter whether man's colonisation of Australia goes back 45,000, 60,000 or even 100,000 years, the fact remains that the world's driest life-supportive continent was settled by the first long-distance mariners.

The final answers to when and whence man achieved the first successful crossing to Australia may not be known until scientists unlock the secrets of human fossils and artefacts buried in the shallow seabed of the Sahul Shelf to the north of the continent. Scientists regard the shelf as a timeless museum. It is submerged today, but at various times during recent prehistory, when the sea has been up to 150 metres below its present level, the shelf has extended the northern Australian coastline well into the Arafura and Timor Seas.

Although the skulls found at Lake Mungo 10 years ago suggested fine facial features and the situation of their skeletons indicated the sophisticated and complex burial customs of modern man, archaeologists, such as Dr Rhys Jones, from the Australian National University, are convinced that Mungo man was not the first Australian. More recent skulls found at other archaeological sites such as Kow Swamp in north Victoria are typical of archaic man — the Asian equivalent of Europe's Neanderthal man.

Physically, intellectually and technologically, archaic man predated Mungo man by at least 30,000 years. The school of prehistorians to which Dr Jones belongs believes he developed more than 2,000,000 years ago from the progenitor of all archaic Asian man, Java man. "Give us a few more years and we will uncover the proof that archaic Asian man was the first Australian. Maybe we will get lucky and find it next year, but find it we will. I am convinced of that," says Dr Jones.

PLAYBOY considers this too important and too fascinating a subject to wait. We pressed Dr Jones, the co-creator of the award-winning documentary film, *The Last Tasmanian*, to sit down with staff writer Russell Deiley to present a dramatic narrative of The First Australians, which begins this month.



One probable route for Australia's first archaic settlers from land near present day Java to the now-submerged continental shelf off Arnhem Land. Scientists say that the journey was extremely hazardous for the flimsy craft.

over the new land. And they began to discover more and more familiar sights.

They rediscovered common varieties of shellfish and crabs, yams, other tubers and water chestnuts in the swampy thickets. They grew stronger and more confident. The rains began to ease. Familiar patterns forged into their genetic instinct over thousands of years began to re-emerge. They found rocks from which to fashion new tools. On good days they would happen across a sick old wading bird in the swamps — a bird they could run down, kill and eat. And so, each in its own way, the four groups survived.

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Food is plentiful and they find bark to build crude shelters from the now fitful rain and warming sun and under which to huddle on the cool nights. It is almost as if they have gone to sleep on their island and woken from a nightmare in a new and replenished land. All that is missing from their old Dreamtime is fire.

But fire lives nearby. They sense it on odd days, after the thunder booms and the lightning flashes, when they see wisps of smoke in the sky. They roll their fire sticks and bind them with the new twine the women make by rolling dried rushes backward and forward between their hands and thighs. And they wait to capture the fire. Finally, lightning snakes out of a storm into a dry thicket and from the brief burst of flame a man snares the vital fire on his fire stick. From his stick he lights the first man-made fire on the island continent: the beacon on which the other three refugee groups home. He has created the hearth of the first human society in Australia.

Even more important, when the four groups unite, the sexual balance is poised delicately in favor of regeneration. Intuitively, the two strongest men each take two of the strongest women as their own. The smallest man takes the fifth woman to his bed. Each of the two young girls attaches herself to the hearth of one of the stronger women to learn the arts of hunting and preparing food and, when their times come, of mating. The group's luck holds through the first year. There are no deaths and three of the first four children born on the northernmost fringe of Arnhem Land are girls.

The group has struck the survival jackpot. Not only is the ratio of men to women correct, but the first boat people have happened on Australia at a time when lengthy river systems criss-cross the north and empty into a huge brackish lake the size of present-day Tasmania.

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The lake filled much of the shelf which now lies beneath the Gulf of Carpentaria. That water-abundant system which supported an immense range of animal and plant life remained stable for thousands of years and provided a bottomless reservoir of food and water for the first Australians and their successors.

Equally vast river and lake systems snaked through the centre of the continent, which is now desert or semi-desert. This inter-linked system of waterways was the main path by which the descendants of the first Australians and the succeeding waves of migrants would colonise the entire continent through a continuous racial mix of more than 240,000 generations from Java man.

But the first men and women had no inkling of the vastness of their new land. Their horizons were limited by their simple needs, their basic technology and intelligence. Although his powers of reasoning were developed to a level which enabled him to survive, early man was still a stranger in an alien land. He was not only the first man to reach Australia but also was the first placental mammal of any significance in a land dominated by marsupials, reptiles and the primitive egg-laying mammals, the platypus and echidna. The only animals to precede man which gave birth to fully developed young were the rats, mice and bats — placental mammals small enough to bridge the moat from Asia as stowaways on drifting logs.

The marsupials and the reptiles had had things very much their own way in Australia for about 190 million years. It was about then that schisms deep within the Earth's core shattered the plate binding Australia, South America, Africa and India to the ancient and immense southern land mass known as Gondwanaland. Almost imperceptibly, at a rate of between 1cm and 15cm a year, the four sub-continents began creeping northward from the anchored remnant of Gondwanaland, now called Antarctica. Over millions of years the drifting sections of Gondwanaland moved inexorably toward the existing land masses to the north.

Finally, the outstretched fingers from north and south touched, entwined and clenched in a geological fist to form the massive mountain ranges fanning out from the equator. And of the land drifting from the south, only Australia remained an island. While Africa and India nestled into Europe and Asia, and South America locked on to the narrow bridge to merge with North America, Australia still has not joined a northern continent.

Life in Australia, India, Africa and South America evolved when all were sections of Gondwanaland. When the breakaway occurred, all four were floating arks of marsupials, reptiles and monotremata (egg-laying mammals). But only in sea-locked Australia did evolution stand still. In the other

Primitive instruments were fashioned by chipping flakes from rocks.

three continents, the marsupials and monotremata could not compete with the more efficient placental mammals which evolved and culminated in man in the Afro-Asian land mass. The basic forms of mammals quickly became extinct in Africa and India and only one species of possum survived in South America. Until the arrival of man, only Australia remained the timeless ark.

Isolated from all the evolutionary processes developing in the north and protected from the carnivores which were part of that evolutionary chain, the uniquely Australian animals thrived and proliferated. A limited range of marsupial carnivores did develop in Australia, but they were overwhelmed by the herbivores. As testimony to the dominance of the grass and herb-eating marsupials, only the Tasmanian wolf and Tasmanian devil survived until modern times. Others such as the marsupial lion – a hippopotamus-sized animal with two 30-centimetre shearing teeth – died out shortly after man's arrival. Their extinction can be explained at least partly by the fact that the marsupial carnivores were not true hunters. They were carrion eaters.

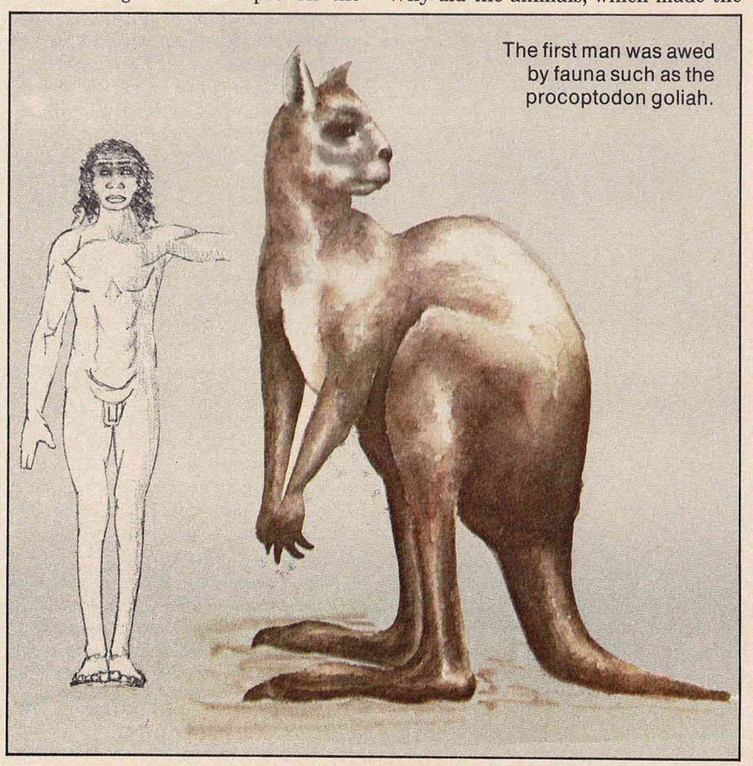
Checked, then, by little save the natural process of death, the marsupials evolved unhurriedly. They adapted perfectly to the climatic cycles and to the environment, radiating throughout the continent. While man was evolving from the apes on the equatorial fringes in Africa and Asia, the marsupials were secure in their Australian dominion. Time and natural selection made them sovereign. If there was a pecking order, then size alone gave lordship to the diprotodon – the ancestor of the wombat, which stood as high as a brown bear and had grazing teeth as large as a cow's – and to the procoptodon goliah and its fellow giant species of kangaroos, towering more than three metres.

But from the time the first emissaries of man established their precarious foothold in Arnhem Land, the balance of all life in the Australian cul-de-sac of evolution began to change. The boat people of at least 60,000 years ago and their inheritors confined themselves to a narrow corridor, but their influence set the pattern for that dramatic change.

Man's wand was the fire stick. From the day that the first-fleeter captured fire, he had absolute power over his environment.

The first sightings of the huge reptiles and marsupials terrified people accustomed to hunting animals much smaller than themselves. The nights were the worst. They could hear beasts crashing through the thickets and the mangroves, grunting and snuffling. They began to associate the deep prints left in the mud on the edges of the swamps every morning with the nocturnal visitors.

Gradually fear gave way to wonder. Why did the animals, which made the ground tremble when they walked, not devour them like the crocodile that tore apart the small boy wading in the swamp looking for chestnuts and freshwater mussels? They had reacted to the death of that boy with innate fatalism and they had learned from it: the crocodile was an enemy, an animal to be feared and avoided. But they sensed that these other giant animals were different.



The first man was awed by fauna such as the procoptodon goliah.

Experience, as in all things, gave them the answer. One morning while a group were hunting for food they saw a large wombat trapped in the mud. They felt that initial gut-rush of fear, but it was fleeting. They sensed no danger and approached the animal slowly. They prodded it with their stone-sharpened sticks and, when the animal only grunted, they became bolder, prodding harder until the blood ran. The water turned crimson and still the animal made no move to attack or defend itself; no move to eat them.

One of the men ran back to the camp, gesturing to the others to take their smashing rocks and follow him. In a frenzy, men, women and children attacked the bogged animal. They stopped only when the bloody flesh burst through the animal's torn fur, throwing down their rocks and spears to seize handfuls of meat. They smelled the meat, grunting and nodding to one another. And then they tasted it. The meat was good.

The women ran back to the camp to build up the fire and the men and boys dragged the carcass out of the swamp. It was hard work, for the animal was heavy, but they managed to get parts of it back to camp and hurl them on to the fire. The meat lasted the community for four days and introduced a valuable new food source. They soon learned they could use fire to flush the big animals out of the scrub land beyond the coastal dunes and into swamp traps, where they were helpless.

Of course there were deaths among them. Death from a pain-crazed giant kangaroo which disembowelled one hunter with its razor-sharp digging claws. Another man, his woman and his two children died from eating the nuts of the stunted palm tree, the cyad. There were deaths from the venom of the sea wasps and stonefish and from eating putrid meat.

By trial and death they learned, growing stronger, more numerous and more innovative. As the first thin line of man became too unwieldy and too demanding for the localised resources, parts of the group broke away. Generation by generation, they moved south, east and west from the first beachhead, forging their path with fire . . .

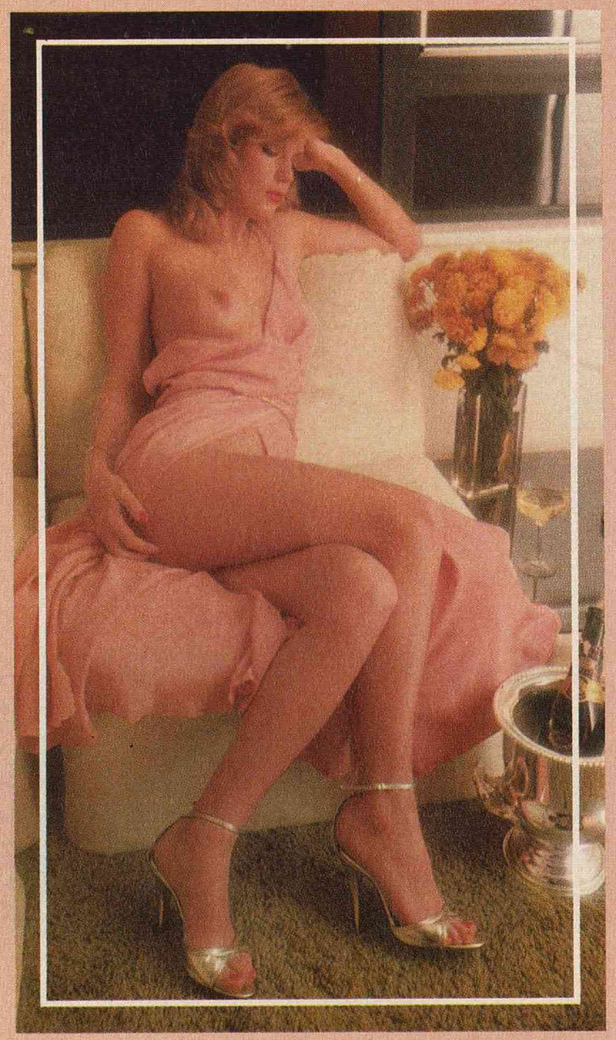
Lover, come back!

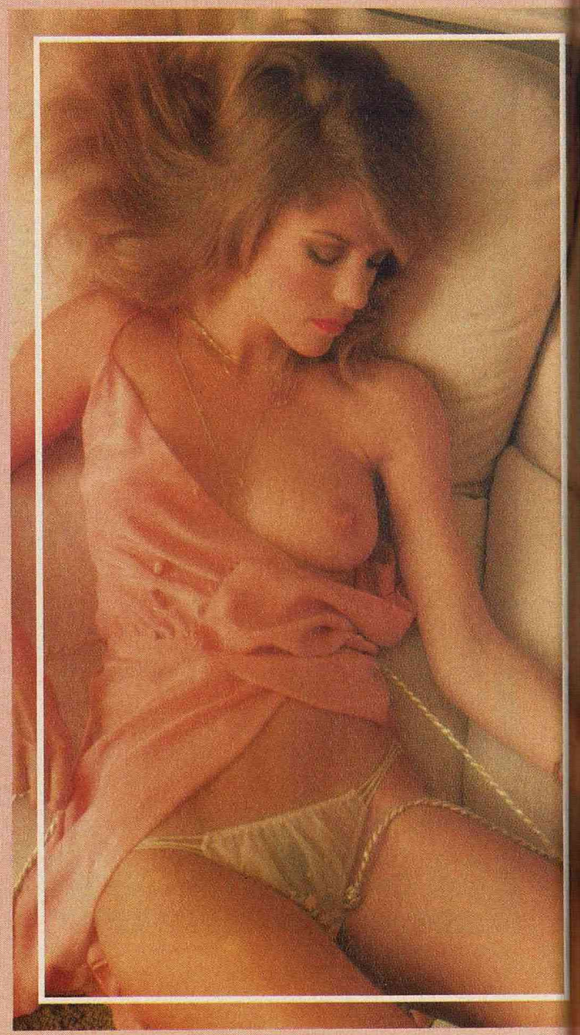
how a young lady feels when her date doesn't front – lyrics by oscar hammerstein

The sky was blue, and high above
The moon was new – and so was love.
This eager heart of mine was singing:
"Lover, where can you be?"

You came at last, love had its day;
That day is past, you've gone away.
This aching heart of mine is singing:
"Lover, come back to me!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY COLIN STEAD





When I remember every little thing you used to do,
I'm so lonely,
Every road I walk along I've walked before with you,
No wonder I am lonely.

The sky is blue, the night is cold,
The moon is new, but love is old;
And, while I'm waiting here, this heart of mine is singing
"Lover, come back to me!"

FIT FOR LOVING

in the cut and thrust of love, you will stand head and shoulders above the common herd with the new skills you can learn from our special fitness guide

article By MIKE AGOSTINI

ONE OF the funny things about sex is that while almost everybody agrees it's the world's most popular sport, no one yet has approached making love as a test of sporting ability.

Maybe religious, moral or social hangups have so far prevented this. But it is time we took a look at lovemaking, as it is called euphemistically, from the anatomical, physiological, kinesiological and even psychological aspects just as we would do with tennis, golf, squash or any other popular pastime.

After all, if we were discussing tennis we would look to John Newcombe for guidance about technical and competitive improvement; so, too, would we approach golf by seeking the help of a Jack Nicklaus. Joggers and fun runners have authors James Fixx and Dr Ken Cooper to help in improving their enjoyment and their participation in the activity.

Just about every sport has its gurus as well as its training and technique manuals, so why not lovemaking? I can see it now – being the leading authority on lovemaking from the physical and technical points of view just as Newcombe, Nicklaus and Fixx are in their areas. Maybe I could use a pseudonym – I'd love to be known as James Fuxx.

Dr David Reuben describes three types of lovemaking in his best-selling book *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (but were afraid to ask),* originally published about 10 years ago. He says there is sex for procreative reasons, sex as an expression of love and sex purely for fun, pleasure and enjoyment. It is this last kind of sex with which we are most concerned.

Sex as a fun sport needs to be examined and explored carefully if the participants are to reap the fullest benefits. The literature on this aspect of the subject is limited, yet it demands a lot more research, study, knowledge and application.

Illustration by Harm Wiemann

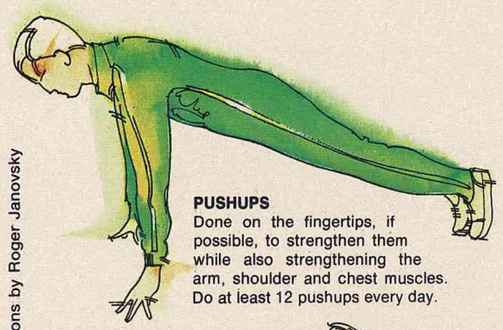
Sex as a sport, and as a means of getting fit and staying that way, demands the agility of the Olympic gymnast, the strength of the weightlifter, the stamina of the marathon runner and the cool control of the racing car driver who knows that one error can be disastrous. It demands the dietary know-how of the most serious of fitness addicts, as well as the subtleties of the acupuncturist and those who practise the secret arts of body stimulation and relaxation.

As you can see, it is a subject not to be regarded lightly. As with tennis, golf or jogging, almost anyone can and usually does try sex, but only the truly dedicated ever succeed in reaching that ultimate prolonged and repeated series of highs which come from really getting into your subject.

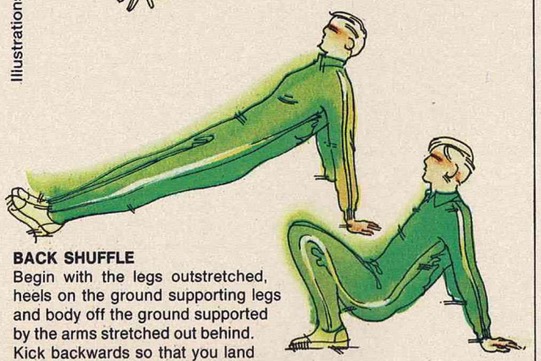
My article in March PLAYBOY dealt with lovemaking as a means of getting fit and staying that way. It could well have been sub-titled Screwing for Strength. This sequel could be sub-titled Strength for Screwing.

The earlier article told how making love five times a week and holding the climax or activity levels near the required peak for at least 12 minutes each session would generate enough heart-lung activity to insure against the risks of coronary heart disease. The main problem with the 12-minute requirement was that while most women seemed to think it the desirable and attainable minimum, most men blanched at the thought. Some men asked whether six two-minuters or perhaps four three-minuters would suffice. Reluctantly I had to point out that such efforts do not meet the criteria for minimum fitness standards. Hence this article: to help everyone, of all ages and both sexes, to work towards,

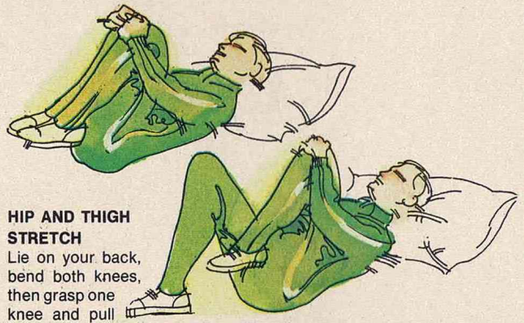
Illustrations by Roger Janovsky



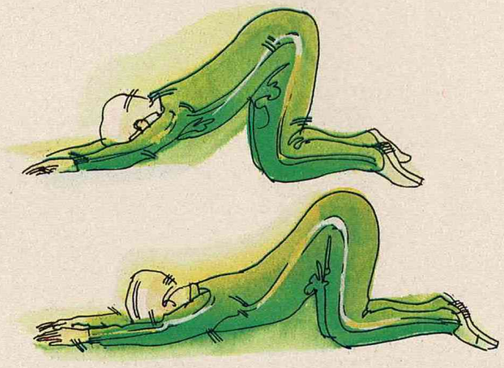
PUSHUPS
Done on the fingertips, if possible, to strengthen them while also strengthening the arm, shoulder and chest muscles. Do at least 12 pushups every day.



BACK SHUFFLE
Begin with the legs outstretched, heels on the ground supporting legs and body off the ground supported by the arms stretched out behind. Kick backwards so that you land on the soles of the feet; rest there momentarily and leap back to the starting position, ready to begin again.



HIP AND THIGH STRETCH
Lie on your back, bend both knees, then grasp one knee and pull toward the body as hard as possible, lifting the leg toward the chest at the same time. Do the same with the other leg. Repeat at least six times a day for each leg.



LOWER BODY STRETCH
Begin in a kneeling position with the body bent forward, head just touching the floor but still supported by the outstretched arms. Arch the mid-back downwards and at the same time reach forward with the neck, head and arms so you feel the muscles at the base of the spine and lower back stretching. Repeat four to six times.

and hopefully reach, that minimum level of 12-minute climaxes five times a week – or even more frequently, at your pleasure.

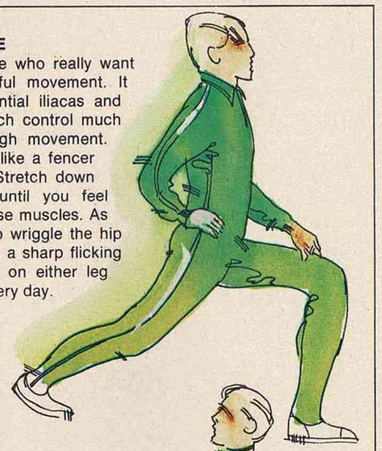
The one point which emerges immediately is that making love is perhaps the most complete exercise you can indulge in if it is taken seriously enough from the training and fitness points of view. The opportunity exists to exercise every muscle, limb and organ in the body simultaneously

But the old slap-and-tickle, missionary-position sex will do no longer. Not if you're trying to get fit. Every part of the body needs to be involved and every sporting technique must be employed for the fullest benefits and results. So, if you want to get fit, stay fit and do so in the most pleasurable and enjoyable way through the sport of lovemaking, you'll have to train as you would do to attain excellence of performance in any other sport or game or pastime.

Since the rules and techniques for making love are limited only by physical capacity, mental creativity and the release of inhibitions along with energy potential, the following training concepts will provide the basis of success.

First, fitness is defined as having the ability to meet all the mental and physical requirements of your lifestyle, environment, habits and desires without undue fatigue or stress. Basic fitness starts with heart-lung fitness. The heart and lungs are the power sources of the body. The more they are able to take in air with vital oxygen, and pump this through the bloodstream into the muscles and organs to produce energy from the foods you eat, the fitter you become. And the fitter you are in the heart-lung sense, the greater your capacity to perform physically and mentally.

Olympic athletes, along with professional sportsmen and women, are the horniest and most capable lovemakers. The



FENCING POSTURE
Mandatory for those who really want control and powerful movement. It exercises the essential iliacas and psoas muscles which control much of the hip and thigh movement. Assume a position like a fencer thrusting forward. Stretch down gently but firmly until you feel some pulling of these muscles. As you progress, try to wriggle the hip back and forth with a sharp flicking movement. Do this on either leg at least six times every day.

HIP RAISING
Start in the initial position, then quickly elevate the hips using all the thigh and hip muscles as well as those of the arms and shoulders for support. Repeat at least seven times.

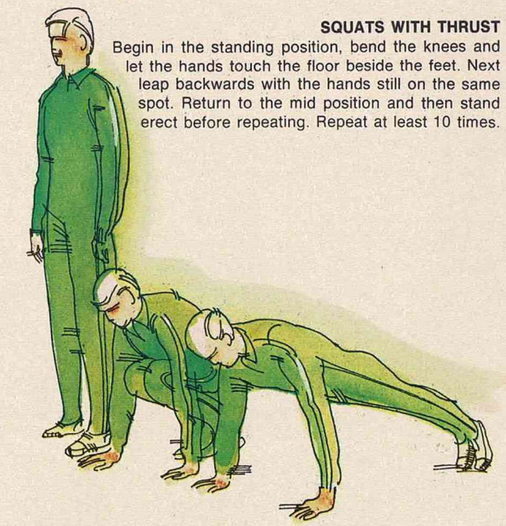
Olympic Village during the Games, and more so after the Games, is a haven of good living with plenty of liquor, food, parties and sex. And why not? The athletes have an abundance of physical health and energy and need to release the tensions of competition as well as the stress of success or failure in the most pleasant way possible – and that is undoubtedly by making love.

To get the heart-lung system fit, you have to do aerobic exercises. An aerobic exercise is simply one which makes you breathe hard, taking in more air to provide more oxygen and create more energy in the system. To be aerobic an exercise must increase the heart rate to between 65 and 85 percent of your age-predicted maximum (which is the constant figure 220 minus your current age, less a further 10 percent for females). Find your predicted maximum and you should then train at between 65 and 85 percent of that.

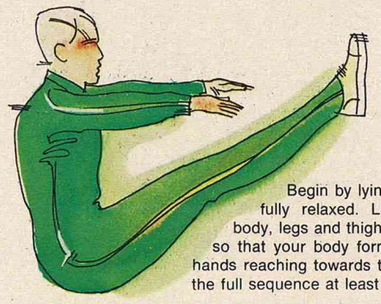
Walking, jogging, running, cycling, tennis or squash, swimming – anything that makes you work hard, breathe hard and causes your heart rate to rise to the necessary level would be aerobic.

Yes, sex qualifies. But as I said before, usually only when you are approaching the climax, unless you're a super performer who is active so constantly throughout the performance that you get your aerobic training anyway. However, to do this usually requires getting aerobically fit first by other means and then transferring it to the boudoir while avoiding premature ejaculation (before the required 12-minute training period, that is).

So walking, jogging, running, cycling and swimming are essential, at least in the early stages of developing basic aerobic fitness for long-lasting, high-level lovemaking. Once you're fit enough to perform actively enough for long enough

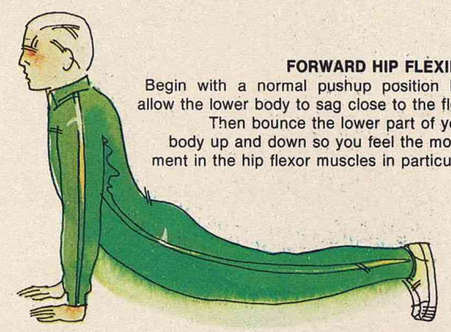


SQUATS WITH THRUST
Begin in the standing position, bend the knees and let the hands touch the floor beside the feet. Next leap backwards with the hands still on the same spot. Return to the mid position and then stand erect before repeating. Repeat at least 10 times.

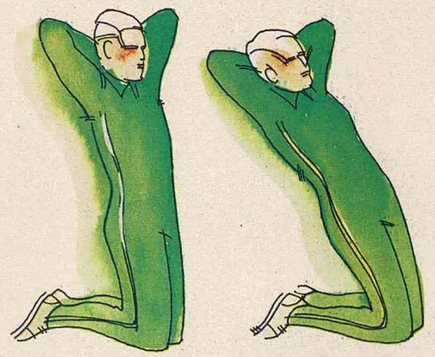


POSTURE SIT
Begin by lying on your back, fully relaxed. Lift arms, upper body, legs and thighs off the ground so that your body forms a V with the hands reaching towards the toes. Repeat the full sequence at least six times a day.

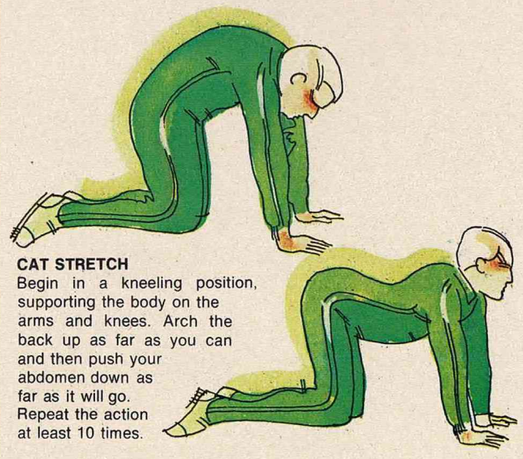
LATERAL LEG RAISING
Lie on your side and lift the upper leg as high as you can. Do it slowly, keeping the leg extended at all times. Repeat on the other side, doing six movements with each leg every day.



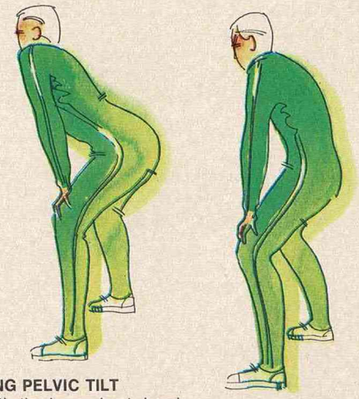
FORWARD HIP FLEXING
Begin with a normal pushup position but allow the lower body to sag close to the floor. Then bounce the lower part of your body up and down so you feel the movement in the hip flexor muscles in particular.



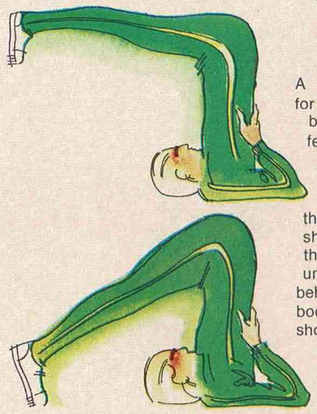
FRONT THIGH STRETCH
Begin in a kneeling position with a pillow under your knees for comfort if required. Lean backward as far as you can, feeling the pull and stretch along the muscles at the fronts of the thighs. Move your pelvis backward and forward as often as you can up to 20 times. Rest and then repeat up to a dozen times each day.



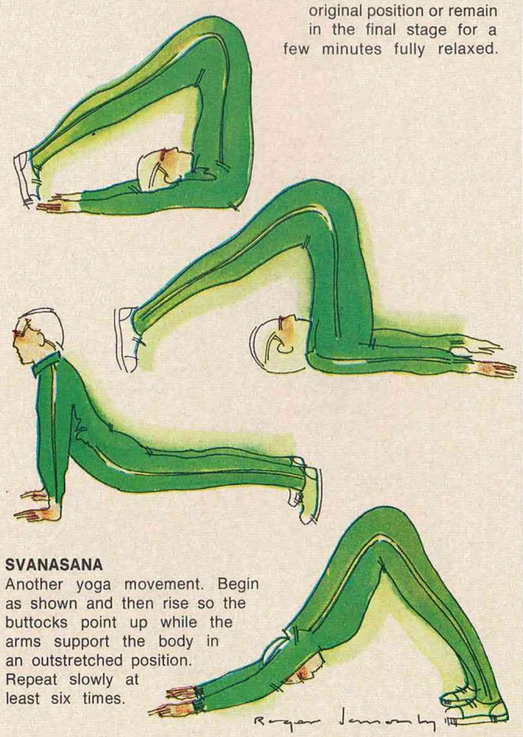
CAT STRETCH
Begin in a kneeling position, supporting the body on the arms and knees. Arch the back up as far as you can and then push your abdomen down as far as it will go. Repeat the action at least 10 times.



STANDING PELVIC TILT
Begin with the knees bent, hands resting above the knees and the body leaning slightly forward, sticking out your bottom. Thrust the bottom and hips forward while arching the back out at the same time. Do this in sequence at least 12 times each day.



HALASANA
A yoga exercise, excellent for both men and women but more so for the agile female. Begin from a lying position, with the hips and legs raised above the body, supported on the elbows, upper arms and shoulders. Slowly drop both the legs together overhead until they touch the ground behind you. Next take your body weight on neck and shoulders, allowing the arms to be stretched to touch the toes. Then bring the arms back again as shown. Return to the original position or remain in the final stage for a few minutes fully relaxed.



SVANASANA
Another yoga movement. Begin as shown and then rise so the buttocks point up while the arms support the body in an outstretched position. Repeat slowly at least six times.

you can almost forget about the other forms of aerobics as long as you do your lovemaking exercises at least five times a week – and that means five separate days.

It takes about six to 12 weeks to get basically fit in the aerobic sense and a similar period of possibly harder exercise to get into the super-fit class necessary for the serious lovemaker who aims to make sex his main sport.

If heart-lung fitness is basic fitness, then muscular fitness is specific fitness. It is specific to the act being performed. The skeletal muscles involved in the physical movements need to be strong, agile and enduring if the performance is to be of a high quality. Specific muscular fitness requires training routines in which the movements most commonly involved in the sport are performed.

The muscles of the lower abdomen, the hip and thigh joints are crucial in the lovemaking act. Full penetration by the penis must be accompanied by complementary movements of the female pelvis and both are difficult without having strength, endurance and control of the muscles involved. Even before the act itself begins, the period of foreplay requires specific strength and control in the muscles of the fingers, the hands and the mouth.

Other aspects of specific fitness include such qualities as agility, flexibility, power, speed and co-ordination. Each of these requires knowledge of the muscles, bones, limbs and joints involved in various actions and movements, and then the application of specific training.

Obviously, most people would receive and give greater satisfaction if they applied themselves to the technical and physiological aspects and requirements of lovemaking as much as they do with other sports and games. The range of exercises available to the potential super lover encompasses all systems. Aerobics, isotonics, isometrics, plyometrics, weight training, resistance exercises, gymnastics, yoga, meditation, Swedish exercises, isokinetics – you name it; any and all could help you to improve your performance consistently.

But before you start exercising, what about diet and nutrition? Diet is what you eat and nutrition is the nourishment you obtain from the food you consume. The two are closely related and some knowledge and a sensible approach is essential for success as a top lovemaker. There are few, if any, real sex-boosting foods.

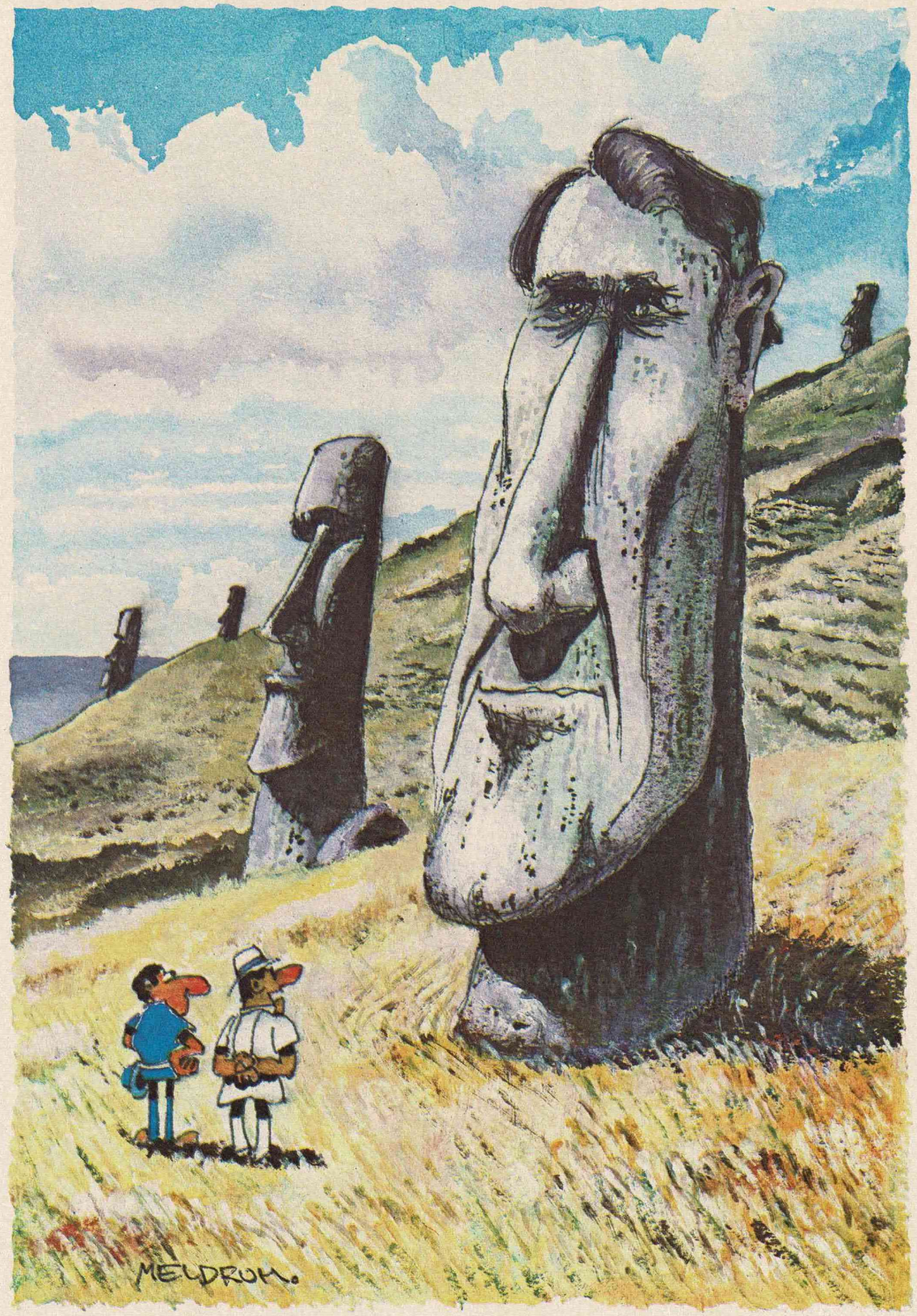
However, if your diet contains ample amounts of the right foods for correct nutrition, this will be reflected in your physical performances. The same basic rules of diet apply for the super lover and the Olympic athlete – plenty of fresh, wholesome foods with a wide selection from animal and vegetable proteins through to mainly vegetable carbohydrates. Processed foods are out.

Tobacco is the greatest detriment of all. Cigarettes affect the lungs, the heart, the blood vessels and just about every organ in the body when they are smoked regularly.

Alcohol is great in small doses and even tolerable in moderation. But consistent imbibing of large amounts of alcohol has been proven detrimental to top physical performances, no matter how fit and well trained you are.

Alcohol is an excellent source of immediately available energy, provided it is taken with some vitamins and minerals and a minimum of food. Thus wine and beer are by far the best pre-performance diet, while hard alcohol is bad for both technique and capacity. As one girl said: "What I like best is the Martini before and the sleep afterwards."

So there you have it – the ways and means of improving your lovemaking performances. If you work at it, you can become a truly distinguished lovemaker – even if the world never realises it because your best performances are carried out in privacy. But at least the recipient of your arduous training and discipline will appreciate your best efforts.



"Didn't I tell you? He's a born-again leader."

FRENZY of the GREAT WHITE SHARK

it's the most terrifying creature in the oceans; it has no fear of man – and if shark movies scare you, imagine facing the great white when it smells blood

adventure **by Hugh Edwards**

CARCHARODON CARCHARIAS. Better known as the great white shark. The most feared creature in the seas. The monster which has made the hair prickle on countless scalps, has made cinemagoers scream, has made millions throughout the world aware that beneath benign seas lurks instant, horrible, sinew-tearing death.

The great white shark, the horror I faced from only a metre away – and survived. All because I needed a boosted wallet.

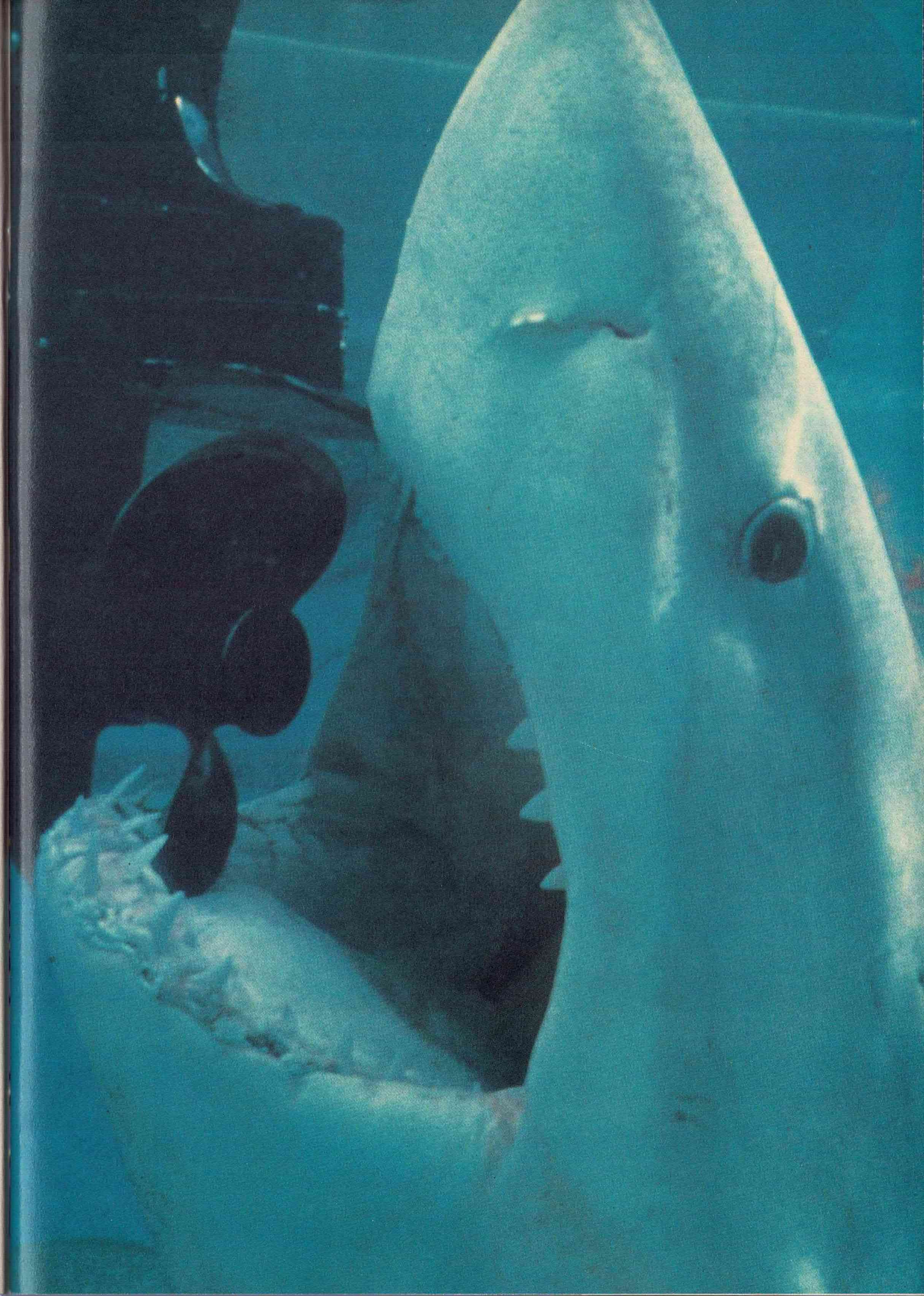
But first let me explain about carcharodon carcharias. The scientific name means "rough teeth" or "ragged teeth". It is also called the white pointer, from the torpedo shape of its streamlined nose, or the white death, because of its dreaded carnivore habits. Of all the sharks in the sea, it is the one man fears the most. By any of its names it is fearsome and impressive; a restless and relentless predator which is by far the biggest of the man-eaters, the requiem sharks.

It was a great white shark which achieved world-wide notoriety as the fictional villain of the films *Jaws I* and *II,* and though the real-life carcharias does not go around sinking Coast Guard helicopters and biting through power cables, it does devour maidens and divers on occasions and is scarcely less fearsome than the rubber-and-fibreglass monsters of the films.

Exceptional great whites may exceed six metres in length and specimens of around five metres are not uncommon along the Southern Australian coasts. These large ones weigh as much as two tonnes – twice the weight of a Volkswagen Kombi van – with power and weight to spare for breaking underwater diving cages.

As its scientific name implies, the great white has the longest and sharpest teeth of all sharks. A single tooth can shave the hairs off a man's arm. Set in serrated rows like knives they can chop a 250 kilo sea lion in half in a slashing, twisting bite that severs bone and muscle with the ease of a butcher's bandsaw.

A great white can cruise along at 25 km/h with effortless strokes of its



A great white shark attacks an outboard motor. All photography by Hugh Edwards.

caudal tail, or exceed 60km/h in bursts. It can also stop or turn in its own length. Physically, it is one of the most perfectly-evolved and adapted creatures in nature's armory. The great white shark has changed little in 30 million years, while our own ancestors came out of the caves only about a million years ago.

Apart from its speed and strength, there is one further attribute which makes carcharodon carcharias remarkable among sharks – its intelligence. A great white, confronted by a new situation, appears to apply thought and reasoning, whereas tigers, hammerheads, grey nurses and their widely dispersed and varied relatives appear to act in a manner which is mainly instinctive.

Certainly the great white is the only shark completely fearless of man. It is the only one which will put its head out of the water to survey the occupants of a boat with a huge black eye, and great whites have a dark record for attacking small boats and sometimes sinking them. The size does not deter them. Ocean-going yachts up to 15 metres long have come back to port with fragments of carcharodon carcharias teeth embedded in their planking. Whether the sharks mistake the boats for whales or are just in a mean mood never has been explained satisfactorily.

But certainly great white sharks have been responsible for many fatal attacks on humans. Divers, who for a time imagined themselves immune to shark attack, were shocked into reality in the 1960s when three divers were taken in three years off the South Australian coast. Rodney Fox and Brian Rodger were near death but recovered. Geoffrey Corner died in the water. A year later Henri Bource lost a leg to a great white shark off Lady Julia Percy Island in Victoria. And in 1967 Bob Bartle was killed under the eyes of a horrified companion while spearfishing off Jurien Bay, Western Australia. Since then, there has been a lengthening list of commercial and sport divers, surfers and swimmers taken by great whites.

Their pattern of attack is quite different from that of the other sharks. While whalers and tigers circle intended prey, giving some chance of defence, great whites charge straight in. Few of its victims even see the monster before they feel the awful impact and the wicked teeth.

By any standards the great white shark, in a hunting mood, is bad news for divers. There is only one redeeming feature – great whites are rare visitors to the shallow coastal waters where homo sapiens, the man creature, likes to disport himself. Carcharias usually hunts out at sea along the continental shelf where the great whales, the tuna schools and the giant squid are found – fitting company for the undisputed king of the sharks.

. . . great whites charge straight in. Few of its victims even see the monster before they feel the awful impact and the wicked teeth.

The only in-shore areas where great whites are likely to show up are around seal colonies such as Lady Julia Percy Island, where Henri Bource left his left leg. But these are usually rocky outcrops in cold water where few people except nature photographers and the occasional scuba diving enthusiasts are likely to go.

In fact when the Americans wanted to film the great white shark they had the devil of a job finding their subject. Peter Gimbel, a New York entrepreneur, spent more than $1 million and many months camera-hunting around the world without seeing even the disappearing tail fin of a great white. Finally, he abandoned the Atlantic, Sri Lankan and South African waters and, on the advice of Ron Taylor, Australia's most experienced shark photographer, found his quarry at Dangerous Reef in South Australia. The result was a superb feature film, *Blue Water, White Death.*

A few years ago, Brisbane wildlife film producer and financier Vic Martin approached me and asked if I would be in a film about great white sharks. Not as bait, I hoped, although I had said "Yes" before I had thought about it. Vic stipulated he wanted "close-ups – really close. You know what I mean?"

I knew what he meant. Teeth marks on the camera. We would use a cage, of course. But great white sharks had smashed through many a cage. The thought of a tangled steel mesh tomb made my stomach lurch. Yet I couldn't back off. It was a challenge beyond the ordinary diving assignment and one I'd have to face or walk away from sooner or later.

Vic did not have Peter Gimbel's money and neither of us had a year to spend away from home. But we did know where the sharks were. There was no question that the biggest great white sharks were to be found off Albany, the southernmost port in Western Australia and the base of the then-still-operating Cheynes Beach Whaling Company.

The flensing deck of the whaling station was on a natural sloping granite rock just inside Limestone Head at the opening to King George Sound. The three whale-chasers worked out from the port each day along the continental shelf 50 kilometres out to sea, where pods of whales moved on their annual migrations. The chasers hunted sperm whales – black-backed monsters up to 17 metres in length and the largest of the toothed whales. The sperms could handle a giant squid but were no match for modern harpoon guns. Dead whales were towed in each day when the weather was fine and, in the slick of blood and oil in the wake of the chasers, the shark fins cruised. For nothing in this world attracts sharks – especially carcharodon carcharias – like the scent of a newly-dead whale.

The air-filled carcasses of the captured whales would be tethered to a buoy off the station overnight while the sharks circled and tore at the heavy blubber on the dead leviathans. Often great whites would leap half their length out of the water to get a better purchase, sometimes slithering right over the backs of the whales. When the whales were hauled up and butchered on the flensing deck the water was red with blood for hundreds of metres out to sea. Where the tethered whales floated there was also a welling red cloud in the green water – a blood-stained sea.

In the frenzy engendered by the blood and floating flesh, the great whites sometimes swam around biting and striking at anything. Boats, buoys, anchor chains, propellers; all got their share of toothmarks along with the dead whales.

This was where Vic wanted me to film the great white shark.

It was, we agreed, a magnificent location. The whaling provided a dramatic background. No color photographs better than the crimson red of blood, as Vic pointed out. ("Okay," I thought. "As long as it's not mine!") We wouldn't have to chase the sharks. If our cages were alongside the whales, the sharks would come to us. There would be no shortage of action. With the sharks biting, threshing, gouging, it was all there.

There were two problems. The first was dirty water. Winter seas kept a lot of sediment in the water and there was the effluent from the whaling station less than a kilometre away. But using wide angle lenses and having the sharks right on top of us would help. The second problem was survival. It was obvious that the trick in filming carcharodon carcharias successfully was to stay alive.

With this very much in mind we gathered our gear. Western Australia is a remote part of the world and we had to design and build a lot of the equipment ourselves. The most important items were the shark cages. The only other cameraman in the world filming great white sharks at that time was Ron Taylor. Since underwater filming is a highly competitive business I felt I couldn't ask Ron for design information, though he is such a good bloke he probably would have given it. Our cages had to be light enough to handle on and off my seven-metre fibreglass boat, *Beachcomber II.* This meant they were primary protection only and wouldn't stand a full head-on charge by a great white. To prevent crushing they were dangled from the end of a boom some distance from the boat. At times those few metres from safety seemed the longest distance in the world.

Vic was very pleased about the gap because it would give one of the shots he wanted – a shark with its head in the cage.

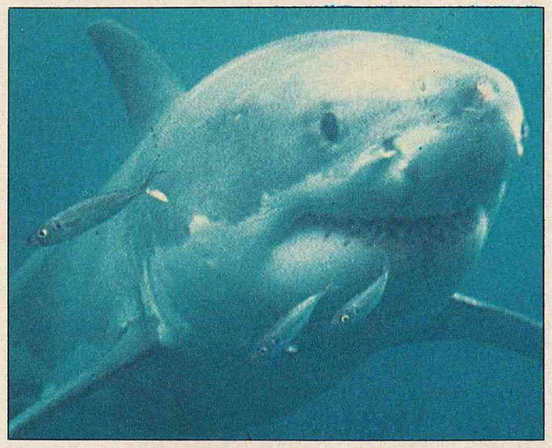
There was also a camera gap of 40cm running all the way around the cage. This was necessary to give the cameras an uninterrupted view of the sharks. Interested bystanders were very quick to point out (as if we hadn't thought of it) that quite a large shark would be able to get its head through the gap.

"We know," we replied. There was not much else we could say. Vic was very pleased about the gap because it would give one of the shots he wanted – a shark with its head in the cage. Always provided, of course, that I, as the cameraman, remained cool enough to keep pressing the button. I wasn't sure about that and I didn't feel like talking about it.

It was our recurrent nightmare that a great white, snouting through the bars after us like a dog with its nose down a rabbit burrow, would get stuck. In the ensuing panic it could easily rip the cage to pieces. In that event we would be tumbled into 18 metres of open water among the other sharks with 4kg of lead around each ankle, 7kg around our waists and no fins – we used boots in the cage. Getting back to the boat, Peter Newstead, my cage companion, pointed out, would be "like running across a ploughed field in lead boots with a tiger after you". The other alternative was to go down, down to the bottom trapped in the wreckage of the cage, maybe permanently. We tried not to think about it.

The first filming day was a golden morning in July. The sun glinted on the wet slopes of the granite mountain above the whaling station, on the silver oil storage tanks, on the hissing steam rising from the winches and on the blue-and-white fibreglass deck of my boat. Peter and I pulled on our Seabee cold water wetsuits thoughtfully, looking at the huge bites scalloped out of the dead whales alongside. Waiting had been the hardest part and neither of us had slept well the previous few nights. "Cage is ready!" someone shouted. "First victims up!"

Silently we cursed their bloody cheerfulness. Going into the cage was a shock. It always was, even after weeks of it. From the world of men and the bright morning we plunged suddenly



Blood from dead whales attracts sharks as the boat is made ready. Then it's into the cage and in no time the sharks are on the attack. Close up they are magnificent, but the divers are feeling cold and tense.

into cold, sepulchral gloom. A red, blood-murked world full of distorted shapes and stretched-out shadows.

The sun was still too low in the sky to send its slanting beams below the surface. We were still in the shadow of the boat and the dead whales. The blood came down from blow-holes and gaping harpoon wounds in crimson puffs and clouds. It was unnerving. Humans and animals react emotionally to blood and we were no exceptions. It coated our wetsuits, the cameras, the gear. Would it make us smell like whales to those questing nostrils out in the gloom? Of course it would.

Suddenly I felt Peter stiffen and, swinging around, I saw a spectre that sent me rigid in my turn. Just outside the bars of the cage a great white shark was hovering, suspended on pectoral fins that looked like the wings of an aeroplane. He swayed on the current momentarily, regarding us critically with a great black eye and opening and closing his mouth a little. Then muscles rippled down his flank, there was a flick of the enormous tail and he was gone.

We breathed in quickly, looked at each other and went back to checking out the cameras, the light meter readings, the air in the tanks. We had done it all before but we had to keep doing it to maintain mind-discipline and stay with it. Human instincts stem from milleniums of our ancestors being chased and occasionally caught by sabre-toothed tigers and other hunting animals. Instinct's inclination, when faced by a predator of that size and scale, a known man-eater, was to head shrieking for the surface. We fought instinct and kept our feet firmly in the cage and fiddled with the cameras, waiting for him to come back. It was an enormous strain.

I was working the big 16mm movie camera in a red aluminium case. Peter had the still camera. He was also riding shotgun, his most important role. He carried two bang sticks — explosive-headed spears — and his job was to protect me while I was going for those close shots of Vic's.

We both hoped the bang sticks would work. Sometimes they got water in them and failed to detonate. Also we hoped they would not be necessary. Though theoretically they could kill a shark with a shot in the right spot, directly on top of the head, it was unreachable in any frontal attack. A shot in the wrong area might merely enrage the creature and rouse it to greater efforts of destruction, which we could do without.

While these thoughts were running through my head the shark was suddenly back, looming through the blood like the devil appearing from behind a crimson curtain. From side on, the black eye was wicked and bright as it surveyed us and in the jaw I could see the glint of white spears of teeth. There was a strange sound, like a diesel motor far off, and for a moment I could not recognise it. Then I realised it was the thud of my own heartbeat.

The shark heard it too and cocked his grim head inquiringly. Carcharias feeds on mammals, seals, dolphins and whales and to him that noise meant we were edible. The nostrils in the pointed nose contracted delicately, inhaling our scent in the water, separating it from the all-pervading odor of whale, trying to work out what manner of creature we were. In the shark's world there were really only two aspects to consider — were we prey, or predators likely to eat him?

Waiting for the clamp of jaws, the agony of teeth . . .what would life be like without an arm? What would life be like . . . terminated?

There wasn't much doubt about our category as he swam backwards and forwards making up his mind whether to attack. He was a young male, by his trailing members (sharks have two, which always seemed to me to be an unfair advantage bestowed by nature). He was about four metres long and weighed maybe half a tonne; not big in comparison to great whites we would see later, but on that first day he looked enormous. At the same time he was beautiful, moving with a fluid grace that took my breath away. But there was no doubt he was a killer; professional, ruthless, competent. And all the time he watched us with those huge, intelligent dark eyes.

A crack of the tail and he was gone again to be replaced by another much larger shark — a female with mating scars on her back and gills, and a sullen expression that brooked no nonsense. This was an older, more experienced and more frightening shark.

"Christ!" The expression, an explosion of bubbles inside my mouthpiece, was involuntary. I had seen what she was going to do. The female rolled sluggishly, almost in slow motion, in a figure eight at the end of her pass at us, and then she came straight back at the camera gap. "To hell with you, Vic!" I thought as I pressed the button on the camera. There was a crash and a sound like sand-papering as the shark's head hit the cage and the nose came through the gap on cue. Teeth tinkled metallically against steel and I kept filming, hoping that if the shark got us they would at least get the camera back so the supreme human sacrifice wouldn't be entirely wasted.

The cage lurched and I fell over backwards, putting out an arm blindly and instinctively to save myself. It missed the cage and went out through the gap. The bar caught me on the short ribs, knocking all the breath out of me. This was bad enough, but there was worse to come.

Sucking in hard with pain, I tried to regain my feet while still watching the dreaded shape gnawing at the opposite side of the cage where Peter crouched like a boxer evading punches.

"Peter!" I was caught. Somehow, part of my tank or its harness had hooked in the cage mesh. Unable to drop the camera or reach my harness quick-release buckles, I was jammed with an arm, shoulder, head — maybe a third of my body — sticking out through the cage gap for any interested shark. While clear speech is impossible underwater, you can make certain sounds if the need is great. And, in this case, it certainly was.

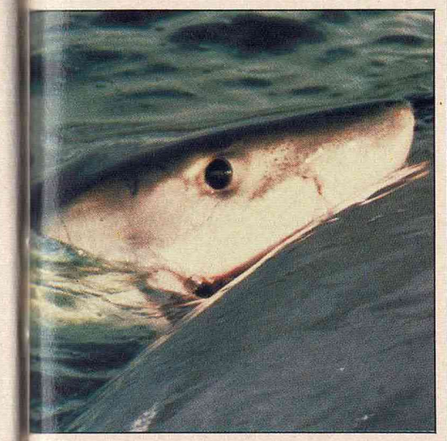
"Peter!" An explosion of panic bubbles. Peter understandably was concerned with the shark, which was methodically trying to get in through his side of the cage. He heard the noise but thought I was trying to film and ducked his head to be out of shot.

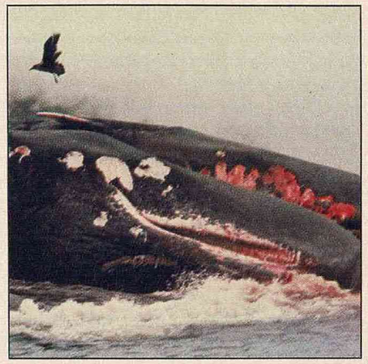
"Peter, for Christ's sake!" The shark was starting to circle the cage now. It passed out of sight on my blind side. I tensed, waiting for the clamp of jaws, the agony of teeth ... what would life be like without an arm? ... What would life be like ... terminated?

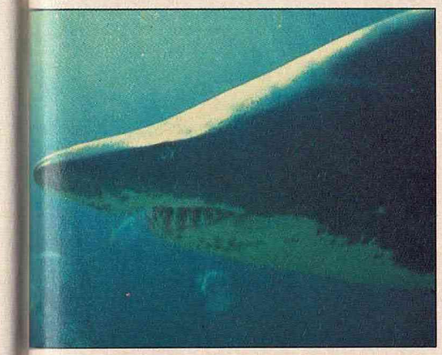
"Peter!" A final desperate trumpet. He turned as if seeing me for the first time and, realising at last what was wrong, slowly and carefully unhooked the tank from the wire mesh. I straightened, to see the shark disappearing in the distance with a capricious flick of its tail. "Oh boy!" I thought. "This is shark filming!"

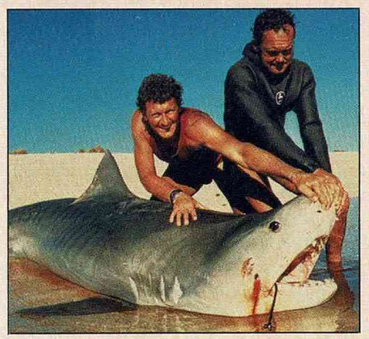
Peter watched the shark go, then turned to me and pointed upwards. I looked down at the film counter on the camera and saw I had shot the lot. I nodded, gave the diver's okay signal, finger and thumb in a circle, and we rose slowly through the metal hatch of the cage to emerge blinking into the sunlight, back into the world of men.

It was the same on that first day as it always was when we came out. A circle of eager faces on the boat. "What was it like down there? ... What happened? ... We saw that big one hit the cage ... Did he give you a hard time? ... Did you get it all on film, mate? ..." A barrage of questions. But we could only shake our heads. "It was all right," we said, and remained silent for those first minutes out of the cage. We were too cold for one thing, blue and numbed. But also our minds had to adjust from dealing with the darkness and the primeval. It took a while.









One eye cocked on the camera, a shark tears into a whale with devastating results. Close up, a grey nurse looks fierce, but author Edwards says: "They're nice to work with." Most people would probably prefer them on land, dead, like this big one on the Monte Bellos, off the north-western coast of WA.

Later in the day, warm and dry, we were conversational and by the evening we were making jokes about it all. Next morning, all too soon after dawn, climbing into clammy wetsuits and facing the moment of truth at the hatch of the cage, the seriousness started again.

I shot 1000 metres of film of great white sharks and we had some bad moments. More by good luck than good management we didn't get eaten and survived the experience to put it all in a film, *Quest For The Shark,* which rated well as documentaries go. I guess the film will be forgotten soon enough. But the image of that red world through the cage bars will always remain branded on my soul; perhaps the most significant experience of my diving life.

It was by no means the end of my association with great white sharks. I filmed for another two years. One of the most memorable periods was getting the opening sequence for Dino de Laurentiis' killer whale film, *Orca.* Ron and Val Taylor came over to do the filming and we needed a dead shark for a sequence where the shark was (supposedly) thrown high out of the water by an enraged killer whale. Ron said a small shark would do — say three or four metres. But you don't always get a choice and when we threw the harpoon we wound up with an enraged five metre monster weighing probably a tonne, gnashing and threshing on the end of the line.

There was a battle royal for more than four hours. At times it wasn't clear who was hunting whom. The shark continually charged the boat. He wiped off my stainless steel stern ladder, bit the tripe out of the Volvo stern drive and left a huge set of teeth marks on the side of the boat below where I was sitting. The teeth went through the outer jel-coat almost a centimetre into solid fibreglass. You couldn't make the same mark in one hit with a hammer and chisel. It would have sunk a bondwood boat or ordinary fibreglass pleasure craft. My boat's hull was double strength — and I was glad of it.

The shark, in the end, was so full of lead from a Winchester rifle plus several more harpoons that it was surprising he didn't sink from sheer weight of metal. Like Ned Kelly, he died game. Val Taylor had tears in her eyes when we finally won and when we photographed the shark in the water I thought she was going to try to revive it with mouth-to-mouth.

In fact the shark fought such a good fight that the victors, Ron, myself and Brian Greenhalgh, had no cheers, only a feeling of sadness.

Getting the *Orca* film was an episode in itself. Obviously there was no way we could throw a tonne of great white shark out of the water. The alternative was to lift it, drop it from 10 metres and reverse some of the shots to get the "up" effect.

This was easier said than done. We got Albany's biggest truck-crane perched precariously on the edge of the Emu Point channel. The shark was lifted in a cradle Ron and I made from the sand mats on my Landcruiser and when we pulled a greased pin the whole lot opened and the shark fell with a mighty splash. Magnificent!

There followed an embarrassing half hour while we searched for the shark. Finally I donned an aqualung and went on an extended search. I found him 60 metres away in 20 metres of water at the bottom of the channel. Even in death he did not give in. When his body hit the water he had planed away on his huge pectoral fins like an enormous dart. Ron got the film, but looking at the dead shark afterwards we felt criminal.

I have caught other great whites since for my own Shark World Exhibition. One weighed two tonnes and was more than six metres long. "Big Mama" we called her, and I didn't feel any better about her demise. After the time in the cages, awed by the beauty and majestic power of the great whites, I have never wanted to see them any way but alive. If they put their heads in our cage — as they did often enough — rattled the bars, bit at the camera and the steel and frightened the hell out of us more often than we cared to admit, that was okay. It was their world, and we were intruders at our own risk. To my mind the risk was worth the privilege of seeing one of the world's great creatures in its own element in a truly wild and free state.

Now the chance has gone. Australian whaling has finished and the station at Limestone Head has closed down. The red waters have reverted to clear green and the great sperm whales off Albany swim unmolested — until they reach the zones hunted by the Russians and Japanese, who know neither moratorium nor mercy.

The sharks we saw and swam with are back in their deep water off the continental shelf. I have some battered cages, a lot of film and memories which will live with me the rest of my life.

Making a pig of yourself

if the world's so desperate for food, why don't we do something about all those protein-packed pets lying lazily around the house?

humor by Don Hewett

Illustrations by Victoria Roberts

TIMES are tough. And it was in such inauspicious fiscal moments that the Spaniards fell on their sparrows, the French on their frogs and snails. No doubt these forays into the food chain were initially greeted with derision; today, of course, they are haute cuisine or, at the very least, trendy.

One can argue that only the well fed have time to refine techniques but it is the hungry man who provides the ingredients. Experimentation in this noble cause has its hazards and many a poor citizen has not lived to tell the tale of an ill-starred culinary expedition. Even today the odd diner does his dash on inexpertly prepared blowfish. But gradually we have sorted out the edible from the inedible and the whole inexorable advance has been underpinned by a single observed truth – eat or be eaten.

Until now, when it seems there is little left with which to experiment. The pioneers are long gone. There is, on the face of it, only one class of creature left off the larder list, as the saga of our neighbor's guinea pigs will reveal.

There were, of course, only two guinea pigs to begin with, the legacy of a grand-daughter who had rescued them from a pet food shop and tired of them overnight. Clearly our neighbor should have been dry-eyed about the whole matter and separated them or done for them straight off, but it never crossed her mind. They were pets. She soon became quite fond of them and was pleased in a perverse sort of way to have some reason to scythe the grass.

Naturally the guinea pigs responded with the awesome fecundity for which they are noted and in a matter of months she was scything grass for an hour a day, and each day there were more mouths to feed. About the same time she confirmed what she had always suspected: that while others sold such things as guinea pigs, you yourself couldn't give them away. Sheer weight of numbers presumably would have told in the end, but it was a particular incident that restored her perspective or, more accurately, demoted her pets to pigs again – a fatal reduction to food chain status.

She had just struggled up to the run with an armful of fresh grass and had paused to contemplate her cute, proliferating charges. Indeed, a litter was being born that very instant. No sooner was the miracle of birth complete than the indifferent bucks were on the doe again, jabbing away.

Our neighbor is a fierce matriarch who can dispatch cockerels without a qualm and who regularly beats back the rooster while her hens lead a quiet life. As far as she's concerned, it's war between the sexes. And the female of the species needs all the help she can get, wherever she is.

Thus, she was so incensed by this male behaviour that she clambered into the pen and for the next two hours chased nimble bucks, scraping her shins and knocking her knees in the cramped confines. One even bit her. But by the end she had bagged six bucks – six sexual conspirators in the anti-female plot, six low-down dirty males. She was going to drown them.

When we heard they were going to be killed, something clicked into place. Right under our noses, a completely unexploited resource, the answer to mince on toast – or perhaps no mince on toast – for the half a million unemployed and the poor who are always with us. A new gastronomic experience at last: guinea pig.

The subject of what people eat or have eaten crops up at various times, and just about everything seems grist to the mill – as long as you don't let it become the family pet.

A few days prior to this episode we had been talking to a builder, a huge man who worked like it was going out of style (which it is) and ate just as prodigiously. During his time in the bush, fishing and shooting, he had eaten just about anything that moved. He had tried kangaroo and emu, of course, and said they were good but a bit tough. He had tried snake and said it was beaut, a bit like eel. He had even given wombat a go, in a crisis, and said it wasn't too bad at all. But he would never think of roasting the kids' pet sheep, which would probably be nothing but a toilet untrained nuisance until the day it died.

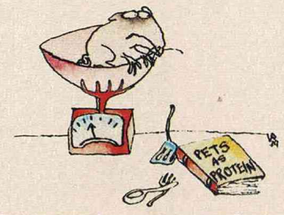
People have even eaten people. There was that Andean episode when the survivors of a plane crash, faced with the grisly choice of cannibalism or not eating at all, began carving limbs off fellow passengers conveniently kept in cold storage by Mother Nature. And there was an even more recent example in the United States. But mention pets and people become outraged at the suggestion. Pets, it seems, have worked their way into psyches and out of the food chain.

The ultimate pet story concerns the Swiss couple who took their beloved poodle, Fifi, with them on a world tour. The couple were so besotted with Fifi that they sought out restaurants where she could be fed as well, an eccentricity that confined them largely to America. Journeying home, they stopped off in Hong Kong and tried one of the grander restaurants. The language barrier reduced them to mere gesticulation but they intimated to the waiter, by snapping their teeth and pointing to Fifi, that they wanted the dog fed.

The waiter gave a sign of instant understanding and disappeared into the kitchen with the dog. Finally, after an interminable wait, he reappeared bearing a large silver platter, whipped off the cover – and there was Fifi, done to a turn, with the Chinese equivalent of a sprig of parsley and other appropriate trimmings. The Swiss woman reportedly fainted.

So mention guinea pigs as a food source and there are bound to be a few complications, because just about everybody has come to regard them as pets. And we are not suggesting that anybody sneak out to the hutch and do for little Billy's pet pig. It was just that our neighbor was disposing of hers anyway, and it seemed such a waste. Death comes to us all sooner or later, they say, so why not be a little use on the way out?

How to do it



Brochettes des Jambes des Cochons de Guinea (serves 4):
Take eight pigs. Skin, gut and remove hind legs. Marinate back legs overnight in olive oil, white wine, lemon juice, bay leaves and cracked pepper. Thread on skewers and intersperse with onion, bay leaves and bacon. Grill gently, preferably over charcoal fire with marinade. Serve on bed of wild rice. Affect gruff hunter ambience and wash down with robust Red Ned.

After all, didn't the world need an answer? A cheap (free from our neighbor) source of protein that didn't take up much room and bred like rabbits? Weren't we just taking the place of some other predator or culling agent? Indeed, wasn't this process necessary to the survival of the species itself? After all, when they shot out the mountain lion to give the deer a chance, the deer did what the mountain lion had never achieved – ate themselves out of food.

By this time we had been emboldened by the discovery that guinea pigs had enjoyed a great culinary heyday in Europe in the 16th century. The Spaniards brought them back from South America, where they had long been domesticated by the Indians of Peru, Ecuador and Colombia, who kept them for meat. Cochon d'Inde was prized as a delicacy by anybody who was anybody in 16th century Europe.

As soon as we saw the carcass, or what there was of it after it had been gutted, we knew why it had gone out of fashion. What's more, it is a devil to skin (you have to cut it off; you can't peel it like a rabbit). Leaving aside the traditional method (wrapped in mud and baked whole in a hot pit), we could see only three realistic alternatives: sautéed, charcoal broiled or stewed. Not that you would call it stewed guinea pig. It would have to be cassoulet de Cochon d'Inde before the young marrieds would come at it.

The Spaniards could spit them in place of their sparrows, which would no doubt benefit from the reprieve. The French could have a specialty on legs, Les Jambes des Cochons de Guinea or some such. The Americans could make up in marketing what they lack in cuisine with Guinea Pig To Go. If it became popular, a bean substitute could be devised for vegetarians.

The same reasoning could be applied to a host of other creatures that hitherto have been considered exempt from the cookpot. Goldfish Mornay could be a saver if you missed the supermarket. Drover's Dog Pie could be Australia's entry in the international potted pets competition. Academics could then write weighty tomes about Harvesting Pets, A Third World Imperative (although there probably aren't any pets to harvest; protein has been short in the Third World for some time).

Ah, there's the rub. The only people who have pets to harvest are those who have more than enough food for themselves already, and who can afford the luxury of a bond which transcends hunger. People have preferred death in the outback rather than eat their dog or horse. And how many times have you heard of families fattening a turkey for Christmas only to silently, even tearfully, push their plates away, stricken by the memory of a companion they had betrayed? Perhaps there isn't a big future for pets in the food chain after all.

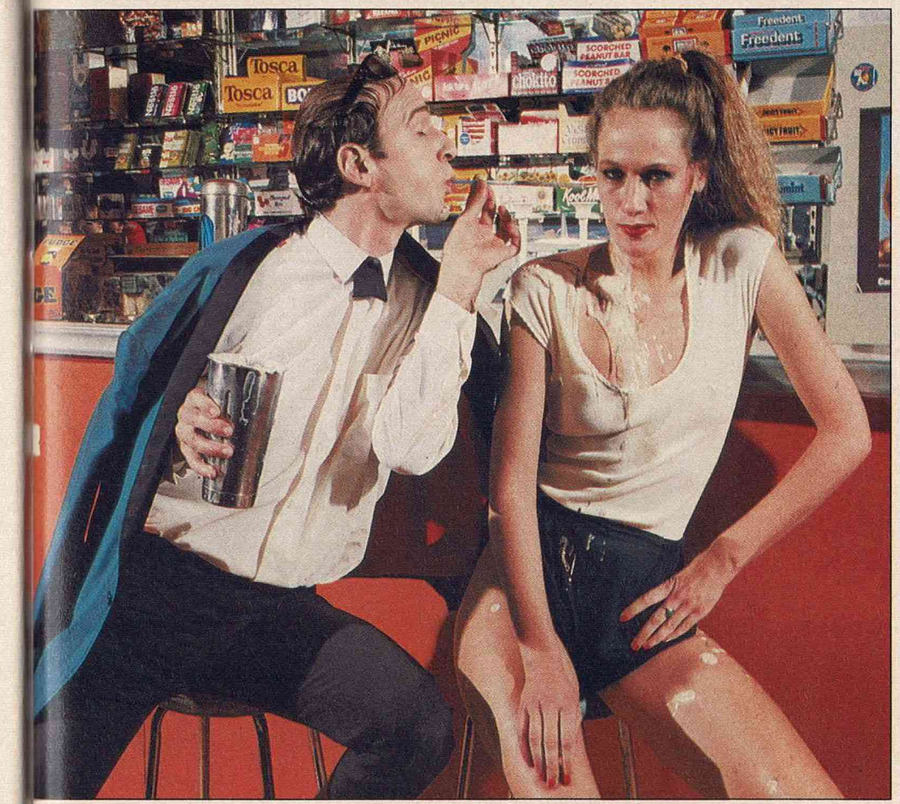
But if you're curious about guinea pig, or if you're desperate, get one you've never met before, preferably minus its overcoat and innards so you don't get all choked up. You'll find it tastes like, er . . . guinea pig.

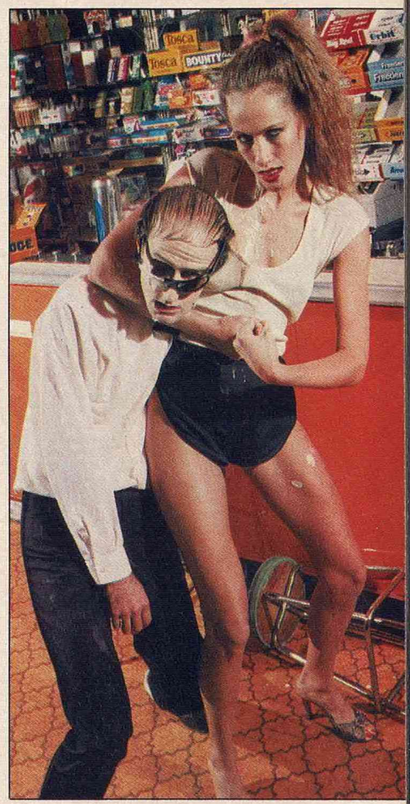
HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE WHO AREN'T MEN

Isn't it exciting? I've never been in a rude magazine before but PLAYBOY asked me to give you a few tips on how to be irresistible to women. Of course, the easiest way is to be a boyishly handsome international multi-media star with a magnetic on-screen presence and a train set with real tunnels. Either that or read an article or book written by one.

Nothing turns a woman off quicker than a man who smells like last Tuesday's cheese and cream of onion soup sandwiches. Unless she's hungry and he's still got them in his pocket. And I never face my lady fans without having a really good scrape first.

Written by Morris Gleitzman. Photography by Colin Stead





I reckon singles bars are great. They're much cheaper than the ones that serve only double flavoring. And they're ideal for practising blowing in ladies' ears 'cause they've got wipe-down tables. Women are always picking me up in bars.

We were going to paint the town red but creosote only comes in brown and Mrs Lewis said if I didn't stay and finish the back fence she would ruin my married life.

Women admire a man who can stand up for himself in a restaurant. I'll show that smarty-pants waiter I can use chopsticks. And us international playboys know what playing footsies under a candlelit table can lead to. A case of the cramps.

She's got a lot to learn if she wants to be a Playmate. I can see her cards and everything. What's the fun in playing strip Happy Families with someone who has got nothing much to take off except for her brown brushed nylon underpants?

If you want sophisticated women to fall all over you like dandruff you've got to be able to mix drinks, you know, outside your stomach. Mr Hugh Hefner's not the only one who works in bed. At the Gunston Mansion (South) I'm always doing it.

When you're a suave man of the world you develop a sixth sense about when to get your gear off. I usually do it just before I put the soap powder in. This is awful. I'm not used to being separated from my underwear even when it goes into the wash.

THE ROCKBIRDS

australians are drinking alcohol in ever-greater quantities, and turning more and more to pills, drugs—and even suicide

article
By JOHN HAMPSHIRE

EVERY AUSTRALIAN dreams of being rich, of being a millionaire. It is a dream powerful enough to make people overcome enormous obstacles to make it come true. It is a dream powerful enough to become a nightmare ending in self-destruction.

One victim was a 15-year-old boy, who decided to kill himself when he felt he could no longer achieve his ambition of making his first million by the time he was 30. Society, our apparently healthy and wealthy society, could offer him no other prospects for a fulfilled and happy life.

Patently, somehow, our society also failed a 16-year-old girl who ended her life when her 18-year-old boyfriend dumped her. She took an overdose of a powerful anti-depressant and anti-anxiety drug. Ironically enough, the drug often is prescribed for potential suicides. The tragedy is that she could not see any happiness ahead of her.

Do we offer some young people nothing to live for beyond their immediate problems? Why are the figures for rape, divorce and the consumption of alcohol rising? Is a society, where in one year seven children between 10 and 14 take their own lives, in a state of decay?

If the accent in this article is on young people, that is not the intention. It is meant to be a look at the significance of the daily burden of urban horror stories served up to us by the media; the stories that make us wonder where it's all going to end – the violence, the actions of people whose murky motivations are almost impossible to perceive, let alone comprehend, and the apparent inability of orthodox authority to come to grips with the problems. Yet every way you turn, the accent on youth is tragically inescapable. For instance, the comparable figures for suicide – that is, the number for each 100,000 of the population – have remained virtually unchanged for many years. The significance lies in the ugly fact that people are committing suicide at an ever-reducing age.

A study of suicide in Western Australia by the director of the Australian Institute of Criminology, Mr W. Clifford, and Mr J. Marjoram, research assistant to Mr Clifford, shows that the proportion of suicides by people under 40 has doubled in little more than a decade. In his reply to a question in Parliament from Senator Don Chipp, the Federal Minister for Health, Mr Hunt, had to agree that suicide is now the second most common form of death for late teenagers and young adults. Only road accidents kill more in this group.

Caution is imperative in trying to understand the figures. As Benjamin Disraeli said: "There are three kinds of lies: lies, damned lies and statistics." In spite of this rather extreme view, at issue and dependent on our understanding are the future of our society and the values of everyone in it.

First, we all have to decide whether our society has a future, or at least one worth preserving – a question which, according to Ms Glenda Levy, a consultant psychologist at Melbourne's Cairn Miller Institute, is not taken lightly by younger people today. "I have seen men in their 40s, middle-class men who, although they have jobs, are disillusioned that they are not able to get better jobs. The same feeling, even more seriously, applies to younger people – the feeling that society is not giving them what they are entitled to, because they can't get jobs. These are the people who can turn to alcohol or other drugs and, as they get more desperate, suicide."

Gauging the extent of such disaffection is the tricky part. For instance, Dr Frank Knopfelmacher, a lecturer in psychology at Melbourne University, says: "There is no evidence whatsoever from figures for drug addiction, suicide, alcoholism and divorce that our society is in any way decadent, for one very simple reason. We have no comparative statistics on how people drugged themselves in the 18th century. Figures over 20 years are not enough.

"There is an argument from various religious groups that our society is becoming more and more decadent – marriages breaking up, children turning to drugs, alcoholism, more suicide. The man who wrote the first significant work on suicide (published in 1897), sociologist Emil Durkheim, was under the false impression suicide was increasing rapidly.

"What was happening was that collection of suicide statistics was improving and people were living longer as a result of improved hygiene and improved medicine, so they reached the maximum suicide range, which is late middle age to early old age. In fact, there is no evidence that people now are less happy than those who lived in the 18th century."

Certainly, not everyone agrees with Dr Knopfelmacher, but he does bring home the crucial importance of a careful assessment of the figures. This importance is reinforced by Mr Clifford's explanation of what can sometimes seem the disproportionate attention paid to the problems of the young: "There is a preoccupation with the problems of our youth because these problems are very much emphasised in our time by the baby boom which occurred after World War Two.

"For instance, we find the 'best' criminals – that is, the most successful by virtue of their greater daring and willingness to accept greater risks – come from the 16 to 24 age group. Obviously, with a greater proportion of the population falling in this bracket, we get an apparent jump in the crimes committed by young people, even though the rate for each 100,000 of population might remain constant.

"So we see that the great influence of young people on society is the result, at least to some degree, of demographic change. As this bulk in the population gets older, we can expect a

"Herbie, just for once could we not do it on your surfboard?"

large part of the problems faced by society to change – particularly in relation to crime, where offenders are less likely to commit crimes as they grow older."

Harking back to Ms Levy's warning on the desperation of our jobless youth, we can see that the last thing this country needs to have at the moment is an unusually large population of young people.

Unemployment among the young is also nominated as a key stress factor by a consultant psychiatrist at a Sydney hospital. More counselling services are available today, which means it is hard to compare numbers of people treated, but he does point to a link between increases in treatment of psychiatric complaints and periods of economic stress.

Unfortunately, many people see alcohol as a way of getting through times of increased stress. Drink is a dubious crutch, even in the short term. When prolonged periods of stress lead to prolonged drinking patterns, the potential for harm to the individual and society increases enormously.

There's no doubt that consumption of alcohol is a basic element in any consideration of the well-being and future of our society. Measured in litres of pure alcohol (ethanol) – to avoid distinction between wine, beer and spirits – consumption in this country rose from about six litres a person in 1950 to 8.3 litres in 1970 and 9.9 litres in 1975. That's about 1000 285ml glasses of beer for every man, woman and child in the country in a year; in imperial measures, the figure is 62.5 gallons.

Don't be tempted to take some consolation from the fact that, internationally, we aren't top of the booze parade. Some of the latest figures available show that, in one year, the cost to the nation of alcohol abuse was $1200 million. Since revenue from excise and other taxes on alcohol in the same year was only $620 million, it can be seen that the community paid heavily to look after the victims so the rest of us could continue to have "a few beers after work".

The importance of alcohol cannot be looked at either with figures alone, or in isolation. Its influence is all-pervasive, particularly in a society which applauds, however subtly, people who can hold their drink – in other words, drink to the limit before they become "offensive" as defined by their peer group.

Remember how suicide is second only to road accidents in killing our young people? The part drinking plays in road deaths doesn't need to be restated here. Suicide itself is another area. Many people who kill themselves are shown to have had a lot to drink, before or during the act, presumably to bolster their resolve. But there is a grey area where the authorities sometimes fail to determine if a person committed suicide or was too drunk to know what he was doing. On the other side of this grey area are the deaths by drowning and other accidents attributable directly to alcohol – or, rather, the lethally defective judgments made by people while drunk.

Alcohol also is related strongly to crime, certainly to rape and other types of violence, and to divorce. It is reasonable to assume that the increased consumption is spreading through the community – rather than being a result of polarisation, with heavy drinkers drinking more and light drinkers taking less – because figures on mental institution admissions for alcohol-related psychoses and neuroses are fairly constant. This means all of us can expect to feel the effects of any increase in alcohol abuse.

It might be sobering to consider the statement of Professor Sir Macfarlane Burnet: "Alcoholism has genetic facets. Studies have shown that severe forms of alcoholism have a large genetic component, while heavy drinking per se is mainly social in origin." The sins of the fathers don't stop at passing along tendencies to alcoholism: a recent NSW survey showed drinking played a part in 60 percent of violence in the home, including attacks on children.

Of course the most topical, if not widely-accepted, drugs of abuse are the opiates, in particular heroin and cocaine. Again the reason for worry is not only that there is a steady rise in their use, but also in the nature of the people who use them. Dr Judianne Densen-Gerber, the American expert on rehabilitation and founder of the Odyssey approach to drug therapy, explains: "Eighteen percent of the intake at Odyssey House in Sydney have IQs of 120 and above. This is more than three times the proportion of people in the community with this level of intelligence. There is a brain drain into narcotism instead of the effort going into building the country."

Given that recourse to drugs and alcohol is an escape, what are they running from? Do young people, many of whom might be expected to lead society in the future, despair of changing the defects they see in this society, or are they escaping more personal problems?

Mr Clifford, for one, sees a good part of the problem as personal. He blames the media and others for raising the aspirations of our youth to unrealistic levels, and parents and others for the lack of guidance – not control, but guidance – offered to young people. He says: "People in western societies are adulators of extreme individualism. We all have a picture of the ideal person as competent, self-sufficient, able to make his own way. There is no group orientation, as in many Asian cultures.

"When education and the media teach people that they should expect to achieve almost impossible aims – in sex, business and particularly in regard to money – it's very much a personal failure when they don't. The fact that a very visible minority does make it only worsens the problem for the inevitable majority who don't. Of course, everyone needs goals and most people realise 'Okay, I've got so far in this area and I'm not going to get any further'. But a considerable number are not able to make that type of balanced judgment."

Mr B. A. Santamaria, president of the National Civic Council, is equally convinced that society is at risk from a lack of guidance, in particular moral guidance. In a statement warning against any relaxation of the laws applying to euthanasia, he said: "Whether it relates to pornography, abortion, sterilisation or divorce on request, the revolutionaries have in every case changed the law, less by due legal process than by first intimidating juries and immobilising the police largely through the manipulation of the media. The consequent dehumanisation of our society in little more than a decade is visible to all."

Mr Santamaria and Senator Chipp wouldn't be expected to agree on many things but they do share a sense of the social potency of the media. Senator Chipp is incensed that alcohol can still be advertised in the electronic and print media: "We persist with the insanity of knowing that alcohol is now the third-largest killer of the human species – those are World Health Organisation figures – and allowing alcohol to be advertised freely. The whole thrust of that advertising is that you'll have a better chance of bedding down your woman for the evening, or a better chance of being socially acceptable, if you're half pissed."

While he feels this way, Senator Chipp believes there is a need for social lubricants and accepts that people are going to continue using alcohol. The object is to keep it within bounds. "One of the things about which I'm very critical is the education system, which I think is the only way abuse of alcohol can be resisted. What our education system does is something quite crazy; it waits until kids are 14 or 15, then says 'Ah, we must teach them now about sex, alcohol, road safety, drugs and whatever, by which time the kids

know a lot more about those subjects than the adult teachers.

"I believe very strongly there should be a subject called health education, embracing sex, alcohol, drugs, the whole thing. The point is, as soon as you suggest that you have groups such as the Festival of Light saying 'You must not sully our innocent little children by talking about sex', as if sex were dirty. They are the ones who make it dirty."

There are two areas of broad agreement on the problem: that the speed of change in society, rather than the type of change, is the cause of a great deal of personality stress – a concept popularised by Alvin Toffler in his book, *Future Shock;* and that unemployment provides a more specific kind of stress and, since the young are most affected, such stress is likely to make itself felt in escapist or violent behavior.

Another type of social strain was outlined by Dr Knopfelmacher: "We are now living in a society in which there are no strong compulsory beliefs, such as in sin and an afterlife. As a result, people have to organise their own happiness and their own life, and this is very difficult. In the old days religions provided a very restrictive system of social regulations that more or less told people how they had to live, and what they were allowed to do."

This religious aspect, according to Dr Knopfelmacher, is also an important part of the stresses caused by unemployment: "We are supposed to be in the throes of what is known, quite falsely, as the 'Protestant work ethic'. There is no such thing. The expression is based on a misunderstanding of the work of a German sociologist, Max Weber. There is, however, an industrial ethic which makes people feel miserable if they don't work, based on a feeling of inadequacy. It is extremely strong in America, and has religious roots. The religious roots disappeared 150 years ago, but the psychological implications are still there.

"What is happening now is that completely unskilled jobs are being taken over by machines and by computers. The big problem is the growing uselessness of people with low IQs, since it looks as if only very intelligent people will be required as human units of production in the future. There is a serious problem there, and I don't know how it is going to be resolved."

Part of the "speed of change" problem is the impact of technology, which Senator Chipp chose to illustrate with television: "What was the average family doing 25 years ago during the 22 hours a week that they now watch television? I'll tell you what they were doing. They were talking to their kids and their kids were talking to them. There was more intercourse around the family unit. Television has taken 22 hours a week out of that communication – not just 22 hours out of a total week, but 22 hours out of that time when parents and children are in the house together. If you work on breakfasts, weekends and evenings and take 22 hours out of that, it is probably about half of the time a family is together. They are now divorced from each other in all forms of communication."

On that basis it's not hard to blame that familiar old culprit, affluence, since the widespread ability to buy such consumer items as TV is a fairly recent event. Yet it's too easy simply to blame affluence. It's not hard to find people to say we would be better off if we could not afford the large amounts of alcohol and tobacco we consume; citing the moderation of our fathers who might take a glass of sherry before dinner and a port after, and take a week to smoke 10 cigarettes. It's not that simple. It can be shown that it takes more hours of work now than it did 40 or 50 years ago to buy an equivalent amount of alcohol.

And Maurice Whitta, a consulting psychologist with 17 years in practice, suggests that since we have to live with the effects of affluence, it might be valuable to consider the benefits – drugs which stop people from dying of septicemia and being crippled by polio, diets with adequate protein, the ability of parents to provide school-books for their children, not to mention suitable shoes in which to walk to school.

On a more serious note, he also advises us to consider the voices of doom rather than the messages: "I feel very strongly that these outcries about society falling apart, about future shock and so on, can be seen as the outcries of stressed individuals. One stressed man writes a book and what he's really saying is 'I find it irksome to have to change my ways. I find it irksome that people drive faster than me, so society is in disintegration'."

If stress is the key, the one word to which we can attribute all the things that make us uneasy about the future of our society, the thing that triggers suicide, murder, violence in our youth and in the home, alcoholism and drug addiction, what is the nature of this frightening beast?

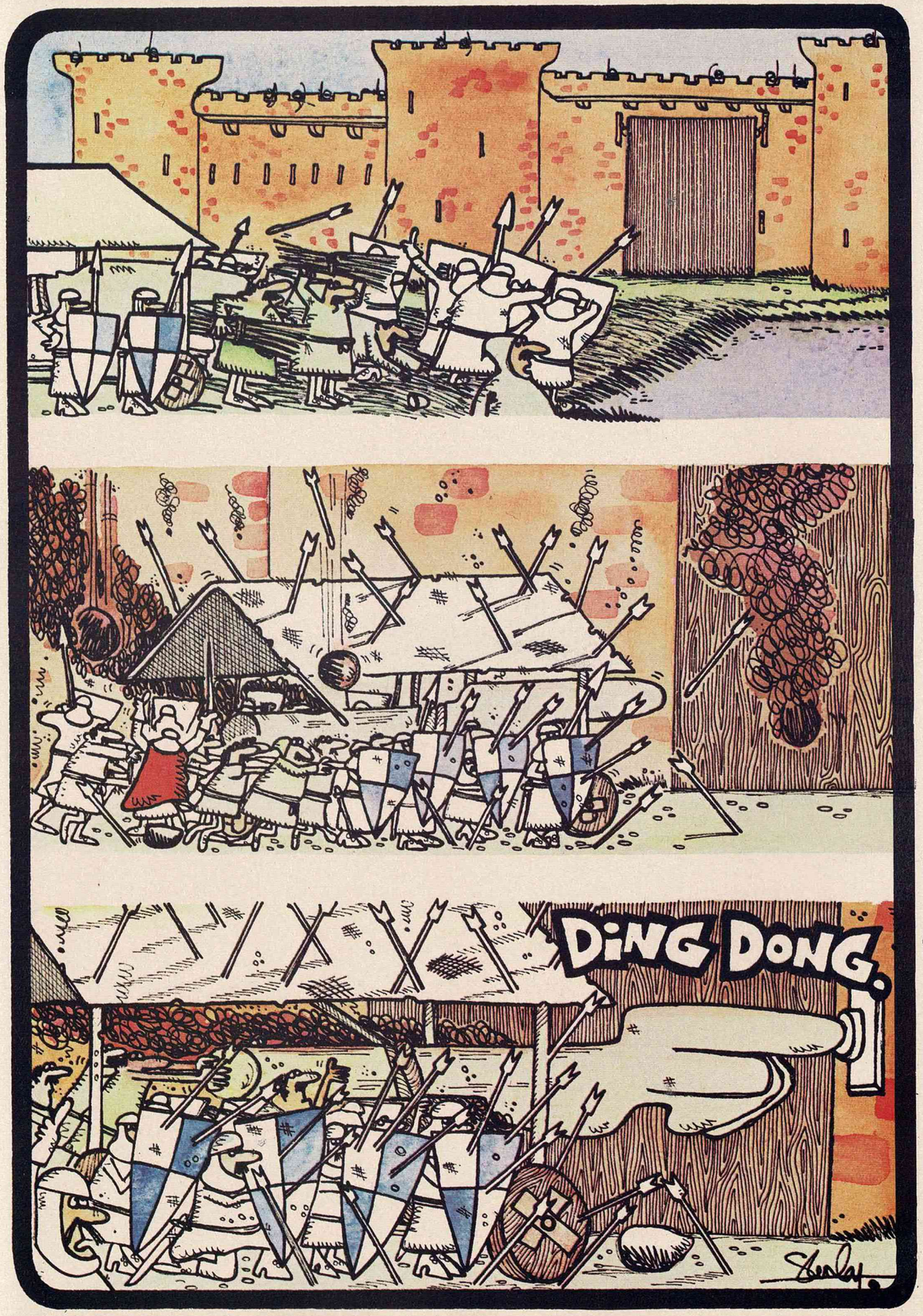
Probably its prime characteristic is diversity. It tends to be used by GPs and other doctors as a convenient umbrella for a wide range of symptoms, including some astonishingly powerful afflictions of the body which might appear to have nothing to do with mental states. Yet it is unfair to criticise a hard-pressed GP for prescribing Valium, or the new favorite, Serepax, to alleviate the symptoms when he might be striking at the root causes.

In fact a new breed of doctor, at this stage usually with a grounding in some other field, has emerged with the counselling and diagnostic skills needed to delve into a patient's background. He is a specialist, a sort of halfway point between a GP and a psychiatrist, someone with the time to define properly where a person is under stress and, hopefully, to teach him how to cope without drugs of any kind. One such doctor, a Sydney company medical consultant with many years in a practice dealing with stress among executives, chose a mechanical analogy: "Stress is an external force which tends to disrupt, disorganise and disturb equilibrium, and the effect of that disruption is strain. As human beings, we need stress to live. But when the level of strain exceeds our tolerances, our ability to cope, it becomes a medical problem."

If we recognise that stress is an unfortunate but integral part of modern life, particularly within urban and industrial environments, what are the prospects of individuals learning how to cope without translating the problem into despair, alcohol, violence or suicide?

Senator Chipp: "It has to come from a change of attitude. There are so many good citizens around who go spouting off about how we have to return to the family unit. But how can you do that if the family unit, because of our affluence, has changed direction and has settled on a course where it determines it can buy pleasure rather than create it itself? One of the things that I've been saying to parents in literally hundreds of speeches on drugs is that television and other entertainments are here to stay, but why not set aside at least one night for a family discussion?"

A more positive view of our future comes from Mr Clifford who, in spite of his observations about a lack of purpose in society and the apparent growth of the philosophy that heedless enjoyment is the only thing that matters, finds much cause for hope: "There is an astonishing extent to which normal people live normal lives without bringing harm to others. They might appear to do so by habit, but I'm much more impressed by the way people perform successfully in society when so many of the incentives are to go the other way."



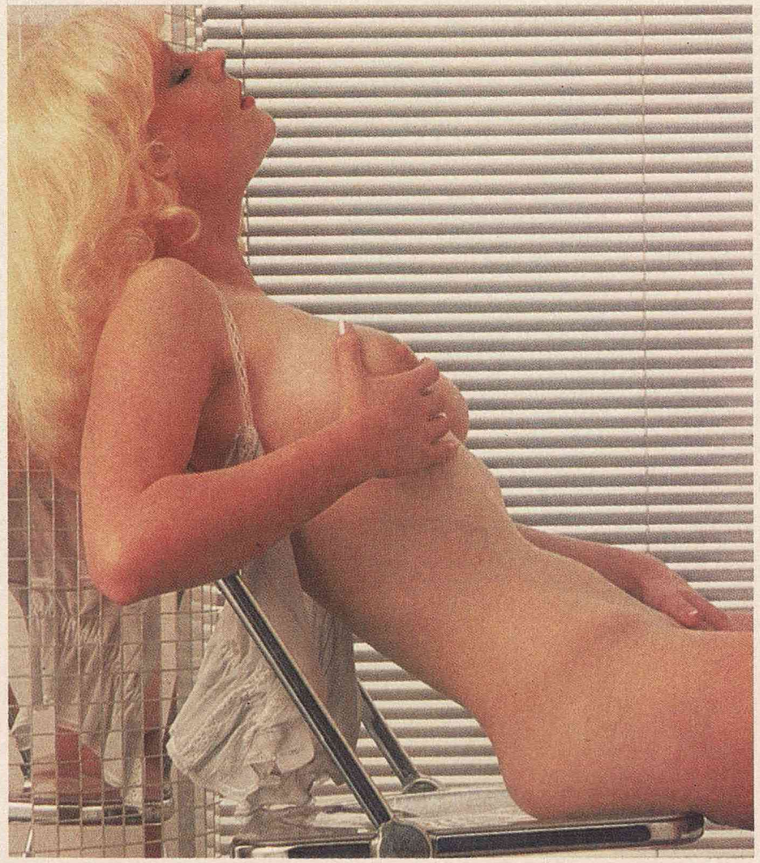
A NICE DROP OF FOSTER

no dreary guys for her: our kylie loves to boogie the nights away, then gallop her horse to freedom

BLONDE, blue-eyed and beautiful, Kylie Foster doesn't have a lot in common with black author Alex Haley, but her roots are just as interesting. Great-grandmother Esther Rose posed nude for Norman Lindsay at the beginning of the century, grandmother Marjorie Pearl was a burlesque star of the '20s and '30s. And now, Kylie. Just 18 and all curls and curves.

"Please don't call me cute," says the girl in the Fanta commercial (her biggest modelling break to

Photography by Denis Scott



date). "I've had it up to here with cute. The 'bubsy-wubsy' routine was okay for a while but it's all over now." And over it surely is. After two years in the big city Kylie has grown up and she's ready to tackle life on her own terms — terms which include acceptance as an adult who knows her own mind. Smart and street-wise, Kylie learned the ropes as one of four girls at a boys' grammar school in Katoomba, west of Sydney. "We were sent there when our convent school closed down and for

"I have to be free to lead my own life. Guys who are possessive don't stand a chance. More than anything else in life I want to love someone and to be loved by them in return."

little girls in pigtails it was a pretty frightening experience."

But Kylie learned to cope. So well, in fact, that within weeks she had snared the only boy in 200 with pierced ears and a predilection for punk rock. Kylie blossomed overnight and her parents suggested she head off to the big city to pursue a modelling career. The June Dally-Watkins agency took one look at her baby blues and snapped her up as a child star.

While Kylie batted her eyelids for the cameras by day, by night she was out raging. Born and raised in the placid Blue Mountains, she found the Sydney nightlife irresistible. "I boogie

"Nude modelling runs in the family. Of course I feel natural about doing it. But most times I'm a little shy until I've had time to assess the situation. Then I let loose."

all night and sleep all day," she says. "I know I shouldn't, but what can a girl do? I love the nightlife and I love the New Wave music."

But Kylie, high-powered as she is, has an escape valve. "I go home to the mountains and ride my two horses." She has a mare called Dame and a pony called Ziggy (named after David Bowie's Ziggy Stardust persona). And Kylie likes nothing better than sending her curls into a frenzy with a hard gallop across the paddocks.

A Pisces lady, Kylie is not given much to speculation about her future. "All I know is that marriage and family are a long way off. I just want to have fun until I'm old and haggard." And that, as Playboy readers can judge, is an unlikely development this century.

"What bugs me? Ego trips, spiders and men who don't know how to treat a lady. And being reminded about my 'bubsy-wubsy' past. After all, I am a big girl now."

MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Kylie Foster

BUST: 36 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'4 WEIGHT: 8st SIGN: Pisces

BIRTH DATE: 3/3/61 BIRTHPLACE: Katoomba, NSW

GOALS: To get as much out of life as I can without hurting others.

TURN-ONS: Being loved, new wave music travel, genuine people, sleeping in.

TURN-OFFS: Hairy men, conceited people unoriginal music, alarm clocks

FAVORITE MOVIES: Man Who Fell to Earth, Cuckoo's Nest, Midnight Express, Clockwork Orange

FAVORITE BOOKS: 1984, Animal Farm (I like George Orwell) Lord of the Rings.

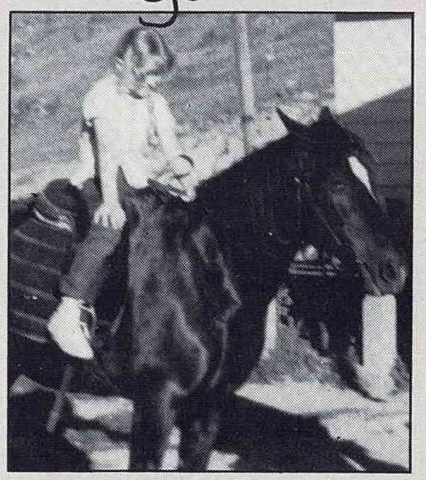
FAVORITE MUSICIANS: David Bowie, Split Enz, The Boys next door, Blondie, Modern Lovers

RELAXING: Horseriding, being with friends, cosy nights with a special guy, music

Age 1½

Thumbs up!

Age 7



Gee up!

Age 13

I'm going to be a model

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Anne, a diminutive purveyor of fresh-grown herbs, had a problem. She had always dispensed her produce in imperial measures but, when legislation was passed decreeing metrics, she found herself in breach of the law. In desperation, she raced to her hardware store to buy some new gram weights. "Sorry," said the proprietor, "we haven't got any."

But when he was told of her predicament, he promised to order them express delivery, and wrote a note to ensure he wouldn't forget: "Thyme weights for gnome Anne."

Sign in a popular massage parlor: "Our motto – the customer always comes first."

The two old timers were doddering back through the bush from their favorite lakeside fishing haunt when they happened on a naked young couple entwined in a passionate embrace.

"How come we never hook anything like that?" one old boy whispered as his eyes feasted on the ripe curves of the young lady.

"It would be no good if we did," sighed his companion. "Our rods just wouldn't be able to take the strain."

A dozen oysters, please," said the customer in the topless restaurant to the generously endowed waitress. "And I'll have them served one at a time, if you don't mind."

The eyes of the homesick Queenslander were caught by the succulent pineapple, displayed attractively in the window of the London department store. "Oh, God, it's been three years," he sobbed as he darted into the store. "How much is the pineapple, pal?"

"Nine pounds, 50 pence, sir."

The Queenslander whipped down a 10-pound note in disgust, tucked the pineapple under his arm and swept out of the store with the assistant in hot pursuit, crying: "Sir, your 50 pence change."

The Queenslander stopped: "You can keep it, mate. I stood on a grape on the way in."

An optimist is a man who thinks his wife has given up smoking cigarettes because he finds cigar butts around the house.

Our resident zoologist informs us that the main difference between a goldfish and a mountain goat is that one mucks around fountains.

The loneliness that had brought the widow and the widower together blossomed into love and eventually marriage. But the wedding night turned out to be a real disaster.

"You simply didn't fulfill my sexual expectations, Ted," the bride commented next morning.

"You're dead right about that," replied Ted. "But when I offered to fill the void in your life, Doris, I had no idea it would be so large."

There was a young girl from Balmain
Whose desires were completely insane.
So inordinately lewd
Was this miss that she screwed,
Again and again and again.

At the orgy," the girl confided to her flatmate, "this fellow told me how beautiful, how intelligent, how shapely, how desirable I was . . . and then he started to butter me up."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *frigidity* as a frozen waste.

Just what do you mean, your wife treats you like a dog?" asked the psychiatrist of the frustrated patient.

"Well," he replied, "every time I get into bed with her, she rolls over and plays dead."

The golf pro, after receiving a letter from a man who threatened to shoot him unless he stayed away from his wife, sought the advice of his caddy.

"I suppose you will just have to stop seeing her," said the caddy.

"But there's one problem," said the pro. "He didn't sign his name!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*

"Hello, mission control – there's some good news and some bad news."

The ARTIST who painted his way into a corner

perth was shocked when friendly little bob ledwij finished up in court after nearly pulling off a $60 million art venture

article

By George Williams

BEFORE long Bob Ledwij will be leaving his cold, claustrophobic cell at Fremantle Jail and moving to the sylvan setting of the Wooroloo Training Centre, an open prison farm snuggling into the hills east of Perth.

There, the little Ukrainian will become artist in residence and settle down to counting off the four years he must spend as guest of the government. It will be a time to ponder the sweet, shrewd, $60 million venture he nearly brought off. And, to ease the burden of his confinement, Ledwij also will have time to give some thought to about $80,000 missing from a Swiss bank account, paid out to a person or persons unknown.

It's a great story, the story of Bohdan ("call me Bob") Ledwij, the bloke who extracted a small fortune from a rich country doctor and was lining up the biggest deal in Australian art history when he was arrested. It's the story of a bloke who, in three years, went from small-time gallery proprietorship to multi-million dollar wheeling and dealing and, in the process, sent the art world reeling.

During a run which ended abruptly at the hands of the Perth CIB on June 1, 1978, Ledwij was involved in the importation of 10 forged Jackson Pollocks, the attempted sale of a "$1 million" suspected forgery to the West Australian Art Gallery, a property deal on the side and the setting up of a master tax evasion scheme involving the donation to public art galleries of inflated-value works of art. From the time he turned up originally in Perth in

1975 with an idea for artists, musicians and journalists to join a club he was starting on rented premises, there had been suspicion about Ledwij's fast-buck schemes. But he was so likeable, such a kid-eager, that he made friends who stuck. Traditionally spendthrift journalists couldn't really see why they should abandon their familiar waterholes to pay a membership fee for what at best appeared to be a club for poseurs. A few asked: "Who is this Ledwij?" Then he was forgotten.

Over the next year or two the young and versatile Ledwij worked his way into the Perth art world, enthusing energetically through clouds of cigarette smoke about the role of art in the world. He dashed off an exhibition of his own work and held a grand opening at the flashy Parmelia Hotel, with proceeds to go to the Civilian Maimed and Limbless Association, declaring that his purpose in life was to better this beautiful world. He said he had chucked in a career as a methods engineer with a Melbourne textile firm to become a painter. And so he continued, building rapid bona fides.

Ledwij, his dark-eyed schoolteacher wife, Tatyana, and her brother, Sergei Tereshienko, took a lease from the Commonwealth Bank on premises at 252 Adelaide terrace, which they named the Fine Arts Gallery. Fellow gallery owners and dealers were impressed with Ledwij's amazing energy. A dealer who eventually turned up in court as a character witness said: "Bob leaves me for dead with his art knowledge, but I think he got in a bit deep with the big league. He has done no worse than a lot of businessmen. Ask the painters. He's always done right by them, loaned money without any questions asked."

Ledwij the entrepreneur was certainly impressive. He was on first name terms with politicians and revelled in the praise he got from some of Australia's most influential art dealers. The impression he gave of a grateful, hard-working migrant with visions of world peace and love for all men led him into a brief but flattering association with Georgi Ermolenko, the dazzling young Russian violinist who had defected to Australia dramatically in 1974. The two "new Australians" teamed in October, 1977, to perform *Musart* – a mixture of Ermolenko music and Ledwij paintings in the Perth Concert Hall. The Ledwij enthusiasm was evident in his publicity blurbs . . . "a mind-blowing audio-visual experience". It didn't blow too many minds, but it linked the Ukrainian with a respected cultural name.

Ledwij was gearing up for the first of several trips to the United States and he paid for some big names in the art world to visit his gallery. In spite of their knowledge of art and business acumen, they were being used. They were vital pieces in an elaborate tax evasion jigsaw. Simplified, the idea was to buy significant works of art cheaply overseas, shunt them around the world in a series of business transactions which each increased the value of the works and, finally, to land them in Australia at their new inflated values where they would be donated to State galleries. These donations would qualify the donors to claim their value as taxation deductions. And it all had to be done quickly because the Fraser government was changing the tax legislation.

The final take was to be a cool $60 million, though Ledwij claims he was only in it for a $900,000 art dealer's commission. The big winners would be shrewd, unnamed businessmen. These quiet investors are still prospering happily in Melbourne and Perth. One other investor in Bob Ledwij's schemes was a Dr Peter Frederick George Pratten, a 38-year-old radiologist from Bunbury, on the south-west coast of WA. Pratten says he became interested in art investment as a way to beat the effects of inflation on an inheritance. In just nine months the little art dealer showed him how easily $400,000 could slip away.

"He was talking about putting up a gallery prize to encourage artists. It seemed like a good, fresh idea."

Between August 15, 1977, and February 8, 1978, Pratten paid $205,603 for paintings from Ledwij's gallery. These were genuine works by Arthur Boyd, Sidney Nolan, Fred Williams, Len French and Clifton Pugh. Pratten's idea was quick turnover: a 20 percent profit within three months. In November, 1977, he went to Ledwij's office to work out sale prices on his paintings but Ledwij had another idea. He said he could get 10 paintings by Jackson Pollock, whose name had been magic in Australia since the National Gallery had made the controversial purchase of *Blue Poles* in 1973 for $1.3 million. Ledwij said the paintings were going cheap and he was prepared to let another party buy a half interest.

Dr Pratten said later: "I understood he was to pay $300,000 and I was to pay a similar amount if I was interested. He put forward the idea that the paintings would come to him with valuations by impeccable art valuers at their present world prices. The paintings would in fact be bought well below these prices and would be sold to a syndicate of businessmen. I was interested because it meant I could resell over a short period in much the same way as my other art transactions." Dr Pratten's outlay would be offset by the profits accrued from his earlier sales – a total of $100,700.

Mr Elwynn Lynn, highly regarded in Sydney art circles and chairman of the Commonwealth Visual Art Board, came to Perth at Ledwij's expense for the opening of the "Pollock" show. He was followed by James Mollison, director of the National Gallery, who had bought *Blue Poles*. (Both men later gave character references in court for Ledwij.) Lynn gave the opening speech at the show. He said later of Ledwij: "I like Bob. I met him in Perth with Rudy Komon (another Sydney dealer) and though his ignorance was apparent he showed great enthusiasm. He had ideas and energy. He was talking about putting up a gallery prize to encourage artists. It seemed like a good, fresh idea."

It was a grand opening. The cream of society was there, along with a few plain folk just interested in art. George Mulgrue, a Perth writer, puts himself in this latter category. He drifted along to have a look for a small magazine called *Artlook*. "I noticed some strange things," he recalls. "One painting was named *Number 12*. Now I happened to remember that when I had been in New York several years earlier, Nelson Rockefeller and the New York Museum of Modern Art both had Pollock paintings by this name. I knew the museum's was a huge work and that Rockefeller's had been destroyed in a fire. I couldn't believe that there was another *Number 12*."

His suspicions aroused, Mulgrue swapped notes with some art students at the opening who had noticed that some of the paintings seemed very new, though Pollock had died in 1956. Finally, the catalogue listed several "sketches" and Mulgrue knew Pollock had never done sketches – his style was to get drunk and chuck pots of paint over a canvas, not the sort of thing that required sketches. Mulgrue expressed his doubts in the article he wrote for *Artlook* but, more important, he tipped off interstate friends to take a close look when the exhibition went east. They did and the popular press published their opinions.

Page one of *The Australian* on May 1, 1978, contained a nasty surprise for Dr Pratten as he sipped his morning coffee. He rushed to Ledwij to ask if

WHAT A CORKER!

RIGHT: Swiss-made bench-mounted *Rapid Opener* – great if you have dozens to open. Around $75. BELOW (from left): *Cork-jet* uses air to pop the cork but has limitations. Sells for $4.50. *Ah-So* utilises two prongs to pry out stopper. Won't damage cork. About $4.20. *Westminster* works like a medieval thumbscrew. Retails at $3.50. *Il Sultano* from Italy – an effortless opener which will crack a beer as well. Retails for about $3.05.

***Beverage Boy* from England. A favorite in the home with its can opener. Around $2.75. *Waiter's Friend,* as the name implies, ideal for commercial use. Has a knife, lever and crown seal remover. Sells for $2.50. *Prestige hand corkscrew,* the most basic of the openers. Wooden handle, okay for home use. Usually sells for $1.65. Openers supplied by J. McCarthy Hotel Ware Pty Ltd, Sydney. Available nationally from retail outlets.**

she'll just adore your élan and your opening line if you use the correct corkscrew for the job in hand

Photography by Denis Scott

the paintings were genuine. "I believe they are," said Ledwij. "But the only way to verify this is to send them back to the US." Pratten said he wanted his money back if they weren't authentic. Ledwij said he could get back $100,000 by telegraph, but a week later the money had not arrived and Ledwij told the doctor it had been reduced to $US100,000 and 20 percent of that would go in legal fees. Finally the sum fell to $US60,000. Pratten is still shy $200,000 on the deal and the paintings – which Ledwij's lawyer conceded were false – seem to be somewhere in the United States.

While all the ducking and weaving over the "Pollocks" continued, Ledwij arranged a minor showing by David Mabbutt, a Perth water colorist. All 20 paintings were sold for between $250 and $700, but on May 9 questions were raised in the WA Parliament about notes in the catalogue Ledwij had prepared. According to the catalogue, Mabbutt's works were in several major collections, including the National Gallery, London, the Tate Gallery, London, and the Queen's collection. None of these auspicious organisations had heard of Mr Mabbutt. Furthermore, questions were asked about the letters "FRS" after Mabbutt's name on the catalogue. One MP noted that the letters usually meant Fellow of the Royal Society, a body of scientists, not a body of artists.

The very next day *Sleeping Diana* entered the fray. With bombs exploding all around him, Bob Ledwij offered the WA Gallery a giant 17th century Van Dyck nude, valued at $1 million. There being something of a cloud around Ledwij by this time, the gallery said it could not accept until authenticity was proven. Perth CIB took the old lady into custody and began inquiries. On May 13 a woman who answered the phone at the Joseph M. B. Guttman Gallery in Los Angeles (at 1am local time) told the police: "Yes, Dr Guttman did supply that painting. The value can be confirmed from records kept over the years. It is in the million dollar range. Dr Guttman is away. I don't wish to extend this conversation." Click.

Over the next fortnight Detective Sergeant Les Ayton from the CIB company squad spent much of his time questioning Ledwij. He found an unusual business style at the Fine Arts Gallery – no books or records. On June 1 he formally charged Ledwij with stealing $70,909.14 from Dr Pratten. (By September 14, 1978, the amount involved in charges of stealing, false pretences and perjury had stacked up to $548,138.70.)

As it turned out, *Sleeping Diana* was just a sample of what had been planned. Ledwij had lined up 30 works in the US. They were to be bought for $4.5 million but their value would jump to $60 million by the time they reached Australia. Commission was payable to Ledwij or companies he had set up in Asia. It is interesting to note Ledwij's footwork in financing these companies. He told one finance company he had borrowed $80,000 from his father-in-law to put the deposit on *Sleeping Diana* and needed money to pay him back. George Tereshienko turned out to be an honest toiler, a penniless railway ganger who had never seen that kind of money. However, a lower court hearing ruled that Ledwij had no case to answer on a charge of false pretences arising from a $100,000 finance company loan. The court ruled that the loan had been made on the understanding that Ledwij was wealthy and would have no trouble paying it back.

In fact, according to district court evidence, *Sleeping Diana* had been

"Dr Guttman did supply that painting. The value can be confirmed from records kept over the years. It is in the million dollar range."

imported with some of Dr Pratten's money – $80,000 sent to a Swiss bank to be held in trust until the deal was completed. But a bank telegram apparently left out this vital detail and the bank has since confirmed that the money was taken out of the account without Ledwij's authority. Ledwij's lawyer said more money – including about $100,000 for the "Pollocks" – had been paid to a dealer in the US and had never been recovered.

Out on bail, Bob Ledwij hustled for cash. He sold the lease on the Fine Arts Gallery and held an exhibition of his own paintings, selling some of his impressionist works for as much as $800. "Bob should have stuck to his painting," one dealer commented.

But Ledwij's troubles continued to mount. His brother-in-law, Sergei, was charged with stealing $396,688.70. He died, aged 21, in Royal Perth Hospital in October, 1978. The city coroner has not yet ruled whether an inquest will be held. Around the same time, more of Ledwij's dealings with the unfortunate Dr Pratten were revealed. On February 3, 1977, Ledwij had offered Pratten a chance to diversify, as they say in the finance world. The deal involved the purchase of the then struggling Perth Tattersalls Club, which Ledwij reckoned would make a profitable operation. He told Dr Pratten in September that year that one of his companies, Sauk Holdings Pty Ltd, was negotiating to buy the club and that the doctor could become joint owner for a mere $250,000. "I regarded this as a good investment in bricks and mortar," Dr Pratten said later. "It was to be entirely separate from my art transactions and the building was to be owned jointly by me and Sauk Holdings."

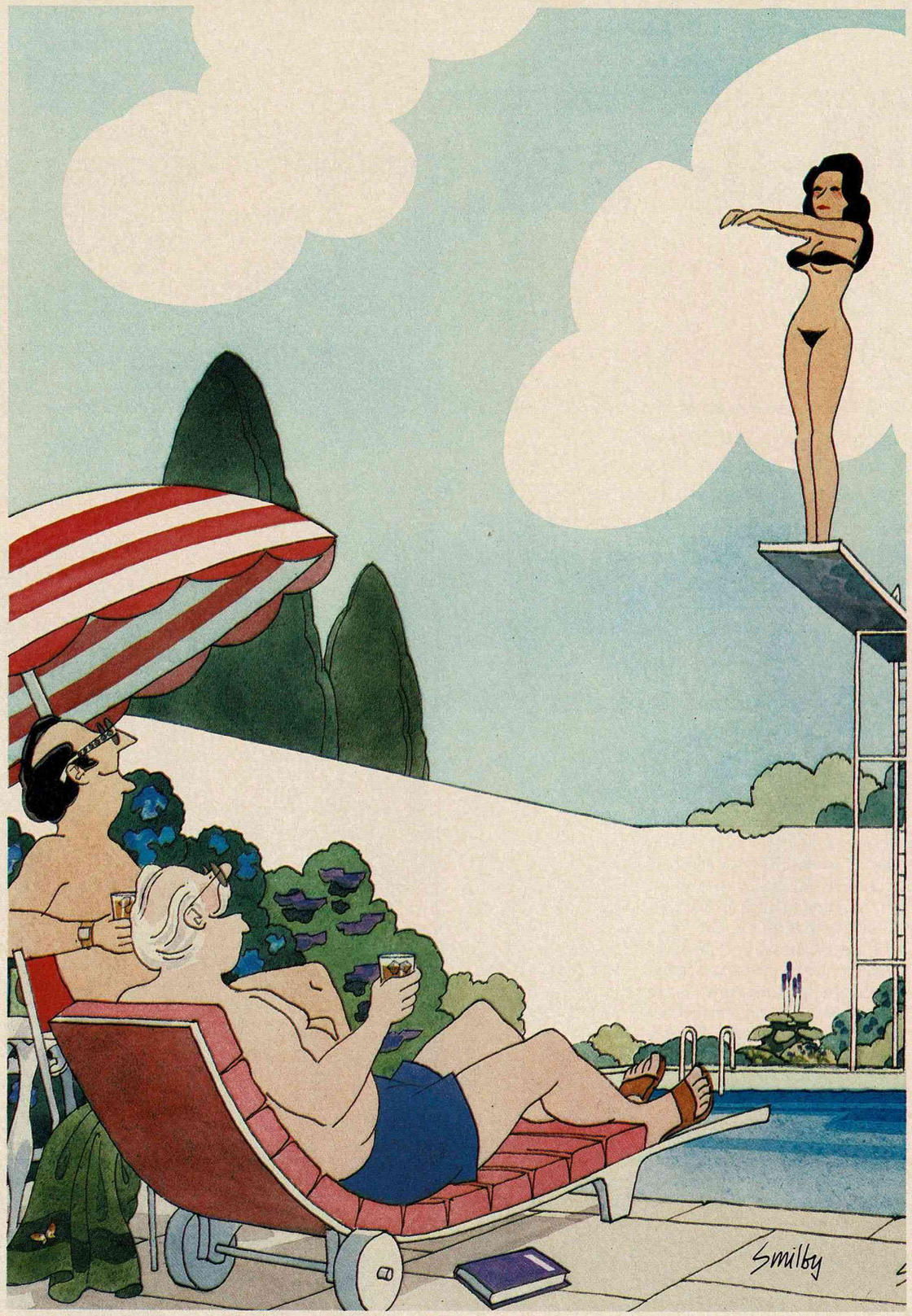
The final price on Tatts Club was $514,500 and Dr Pratten made out a cheque for $26,000 on February 24, 1978, for his share of the deposit. But Ledwij then claimed to be short of liquid funds and extracted another $25,500 from the doctor, who at this stage still hadn't seen any paperwork on the purchase. Ledwij explained that he had signed the necessary papers on behalf of Sauk Holdings. The deal fell through finally and Dr Pratten is still chasing his money.

•

As the Ledwij case made its way through the judicial process to the inevitable showdown in the WA Supreme Court, the Crown built a mountain of evidence against the little Ukrainian. But Ledwij was sure to have a joker – if not an ace – hidden somewhere in his well-tailored sleeve. And on April 2, 1979, he put Perth in shock again. He pleaded guilty to seven charges of stealing from Dr Pratten. His lawyer, Terry Walsh, told the court Ledwij had stolen because he was naive and obsessed with furthering his position in the art world. "He was a rather small-time businessman who tried to dabble in the alien, ruthless world of high finance," Walsh said.

Before handing down sentence, Judge Gunning commented on Ledwij's resilience. His inability to accept guilt was evidenced by his failure to remember he had done time in Victoria in 1971 on 27 charges of false pretences, the judge said. "I am left with no sympathy whatsoever," Judge Gunning concluded, before he put Bob Ledwij away for six years, with a minimum of four to be served.

So Ledwij has gone to jail, with visits promised by some of the most respectable citizens of Perth. *Sleeping Diana* slumbers on in a bank vault, although an unnamed American art dealer (Dr Guttman?) has claimed her. In any case the Perth CIB is not handing her over until her authenticity has been established. Poor old Diana is something of an embarrassment, but then Bob Ledwij has embarrassed quite a few people since he hit town.

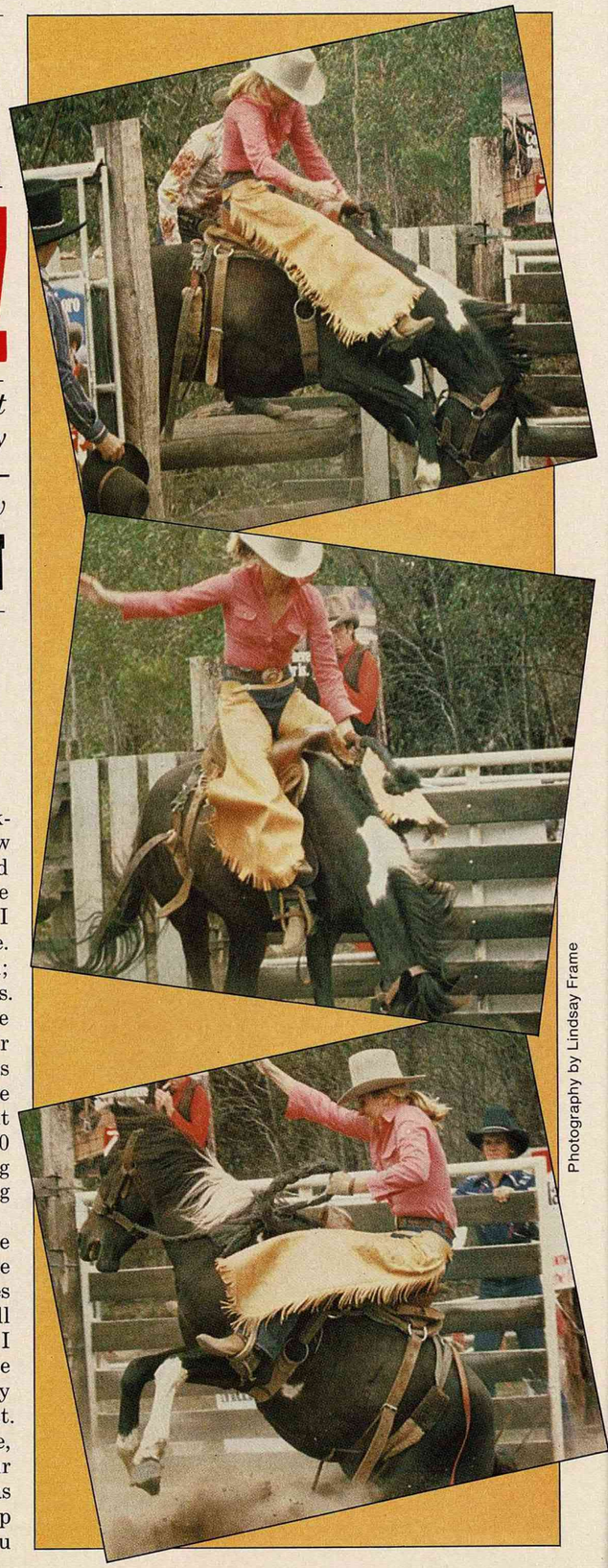


"That's the smallest bikini I've ever seen – at least I *think* that's the smallest bikini I've ever seen."

RIDE 'EM, COWGIRL!

rodeo is supposed to be all about rugged men, sweating horses, angry bulls, the ultimate in macho kicks— but now we give you a bird's eye view

discovery **By HEATHER BROWN**



Photography by Lindsay Frame

THE HEARTBEAT quickens first. I suck in a bellyful of air and try to swallow the fear inside me. The blood is pounding in my head and there is a dull sense of disbelief. This can't be happening to me. I edge down into the chute and as I ease my weight into the saddle I feel the big horse tense. He is ready for me. It hits me with a charge of adrenalin; I am putting my life on the line for the next 10 seconds.

Garney hands me the bucking rein. "Ready?" he asks. Ready for what? Eternity? I have no answer. Fear dulls the mind. I force my body into the position he has taught me, grit my teeth — and nod. The chute gate swings back and suddenly there's nobody else in that arena except the horse, the good Lord and me. My 60 kilos gut-jarring and shock-absorbing the pounding power of 450 kilos of skewbald, jumping and kicking and free-for-all-ing. This is rodeo.

Freeze. The horse is raging beneath me and I've gone numb. Two seconds lost. I start to ride. The horse explodes into a half-twist. Then it happens. He loses balance, stumbles and flips sideways. Split seconds roll by in slow motion. The survival instinct takes over. I kick free before we hit the ground and then the horse crushes down on my body and grinds the air from my lungs and I am rolling and clawing and blinded by dust.

Freeze. Look above me. Cowboys jumping across me, holding the horse down until I am free. A dull blur against the sunlight. I get to my feet at the same time as the horse and fill my lungs. The air is dust but it's sharp and sweet. Then I'm spitting dirt and yelling: "Do you

want me to do it again?" The adrenalin has made a liar out of me. And I have discovered the dream.

The heartbeat is racing and the chest is still heaving. I am high on adrenalin, high on fear, high on excitement. There is a fine line in rodeo between exhilaration and injury, even death. Every cowboy walks that line each time he bucks into an arena. I know. I just looked the devil in the face. We missed being introduced.

I dust my hands and walk back to Garney. I trust this gentle man with the lopsided grin and the quiet manner. I have seen him explode into pure dynamite on a bronc and I know he is regarded as one of the all-time greats of Australian rodeo. That's good enough for me.

He looks at me, cocks an eyebrow and nods. They run a baldy-faced roan into the chute. He starts rearing and squealing and frightening the life out of me. Then I'm back in the saddle again and my breath is rattling. I nod my head and the roan hurtles out across the arena. I feel my grip loosen and when he explodes my timing is out. I find rhythm for an instant, then he feels me falter and makes no mistake with a solid jarring jump and kick.

I know I'm going this time. Kick free, relax. I plough shoulder first into the dirt with a thump and roll and hit my feet. I jam hands on hips, indignant. The score, ladies and gentlemen, is two-nil. Nil walks back across the arena. I ask Garney if I can have another go. All the cocksure bravado has been knocked out of me now and I don't dream of the perfect ride any more. I just want to stay there long enough to see what it feels like. Garney nods again. After lunch, he says. It seems a terribly mortal thing to have to do.

I'm too sore to think about anything much over a sandwich. Somebody tells a joke I've heard at least three times and I laugh as if I'm going crazy. Maybe I am. And if I didn't have the bruises to prove it, those five days would seem like a dream. The kind you wish you could wake from and say no. But the time I've spent as a pupil at Garney Beresford's rodeo school near Fernvale, Queensland, has been real. What it hasn't been is easy and I've yet to see if it was worth it.

Perfection in rodeo is the result of years of concentrated training and practice and I'd seen something pretty close to it at the Kooralbyn World Titles rodeo. I knew I'd never reach that stage, but at least I wanted the chance to put theory into practice. I had always enjoyed the sheer excitement of rodeo from the prim distance of a grandstand, but for anyone to suggest that I actually climb aboard a bronc and stay there for 10 seconds made me find lawn bowls irresistible.

Still, I guess there's a bit of cowboy in us all. I jogged my way fit and was supple enough, but I lacked the physical strength so vital in this sport. So I had to make up for it with determination and plenty of hope. Half the cowboys I knew said: "Good on you. Get in there and try." The other half told me I was crazy. However, Garney Beresford, the master, was prepared to accept me as a student to teach me the fundamentals of saddle bronc riding, the founding and classic event of rodeo. We made an odd couple but rodeo, after all, is a different kind of dare.

Rodeo has finally come of age in Australia. It's fast, pacy and professional, with enough promotion and money to attract the world rodeo stars from the lucrative North American circuit. It is the second biggest spectator sport in America. There is no reason why it cannot achieve the same prominence here. Rodeo is tight jeans, hard bodies and people who are individuals. It's man against time against animal for dollars and cents. It's not a team sport. It's whipcrack fast; 10 seconds up, next chute please.

A cowboy is part truth and part fiction, both an athlete and an actor, and he walks the stage alone. He's running from the devil and reaching for the stars and sometimes he's traded in tomorrow for today. His first mistake can be his last. So a rodeo cowboy has to be a great athlete. He travels without a team, manager or doctor and his life is motivated by necessity.

Rodeo is not just a sport: it's a lifestyle. Cowboys are a close-knit group, individuals in the arena but a team when it comes to trouble and the good times. It's common to see a competitor helping his opponent five minutes before going out against him. Rodeo riders strive to win a national title, a buckle, a trophy saddle — and one day to make a living out of their sport.

Professional cowboys follow a national circuit in Australia, which means that most of their life is spent travelling. They average 100,000 kilometres a year on the road and fly another 15,000. Though the professional ranks are limited to 30 full-timers, there are about 900 weekend cowboys — from psychologists to plumbers, vets to bank clerks — getting a slice of the action. Some amateurs had never sat on a horse before they attended a rodeo school, but the sport — and the rewards — continue to draw them. Last year's prizemoney was $417,000, with the top all-round cowboy earning more than $16,000. And it continues to soar.

Professional rodeo is not hard on horses. They are respected for their ability, kept in peak condition and may buck for 10 seconds every two weeks. No device can make a horse buck against its will, and although many of the horses will tolerate hand feeding and leading, the limit is reached when man steps into the saddle. Spurs are a tradition of rodeo, but they have been modified so as not to cause injury. However, I was dubious about using them until I had a close look. They are hardly sharper than a finger. I jabbed them into my belly several times until I was satisfied they did not leave a mark. The Australian Rough Riders' Association, the national body of professional cowboys, maintains strict rules that any ill-treatment of stock immediately disqualifies a competitor.

Rodeo is not an easy sport. It's a hard and painful slog to the top. Sometimes you're not sure if the going up was worth the coming down. And the going up hurts as well. The first day I worked under Garney I learned safety and technique. Every aspect had to be perfect. Gear that fitted. Powder in the boots so they slipped off if you were dragged. And on and on, because perfection is safety and that's about the only insurance you're going to get. I learned that part of the lesson well. Then I distinguished myself by almost falling off the student buster, a mechanical horse that bucks to prepare you for the real thing.

It was not an encouraging start. But then the pain started. Gripping, balancing, trying to spur. And do the whole damned lot in rhythm. I started laughing. It was the only thing I could do properly. After the first day my thighs and shins were a flattering mauve where they hadn't rubbed raw. Not to mention the rest of me. I rubbed methylated spirits on to the chafing and went as close as I'll ever get to leaping buildings in a single bound.

By the second day I was numb. Every muscle was burning, so I took painkillers. They worked wonders, and I stayed on them until I rode my last bronc. I tried hard on the student buster and discovered rhythm, spurring in a sort of way. I was gritting my teeth and screwing up my face and Garney laughed. "Well," he said, "you have the right look on your face, anyway!" On the third day the chafing on my legs was oozing and angry-looking and my shins were bruised to the bone. I placed cardboard inside my chaps and boots to reduce friction.

The day before I rode the real thing my shins were full of fluid and I was using a second layer of cardboard. But I knew what to expect now and there was no going back. What's more, I could just about ride the student buster to hell and back. When it ground to a halt for the last time, Garney grinned and winked. The master approved; I was almost there.

But I still had to prove a lot of things: that I had learned something and could ride a bronc and that Garney hadn't wasted his time taking me on. And I still had to see what the exhilaration of rodeo felt like. I knew plenty about the pain and the taste of dirt.

So I lined up after lunch for my third ride with one sandwich and twice the determination inside me. Because I knew this would be my last chance. They ran the skewbald back into the chute and I could feel the dull hurt of my body as I eased down into the saddle. I felt the horse tensing, but this time he seemed more like an old friend. I was relaxed, or perhaps I was too sore to care. Last chance. I nod my head and mean it. The gate swings back and the horse explodes. And then it happens. He's firing and I'm in time, rocking and rolling, spurring higher and higher.

And then I hear them. Every cowboy in the arena is cheering. Try, they're screaming, and dear God, I am, and dear God, I've ridden time. The pickup man gallops in beside me and I'm grabbing him and swinging off and landing on my feet and I'm standing tall. Cowboys are slapping me on the back and somebody's shaking my hand.

I'm covered in dirt and I've never felt better. I'm laughing and dancing and I want to pat the horse but he's already unsaddled and back in the paddock. Then Garney is beside me and he's grinning and telling me very quietly he's proud of me. That is the ultimate high. I think I'd like to burst, now, quickly, while I remember.

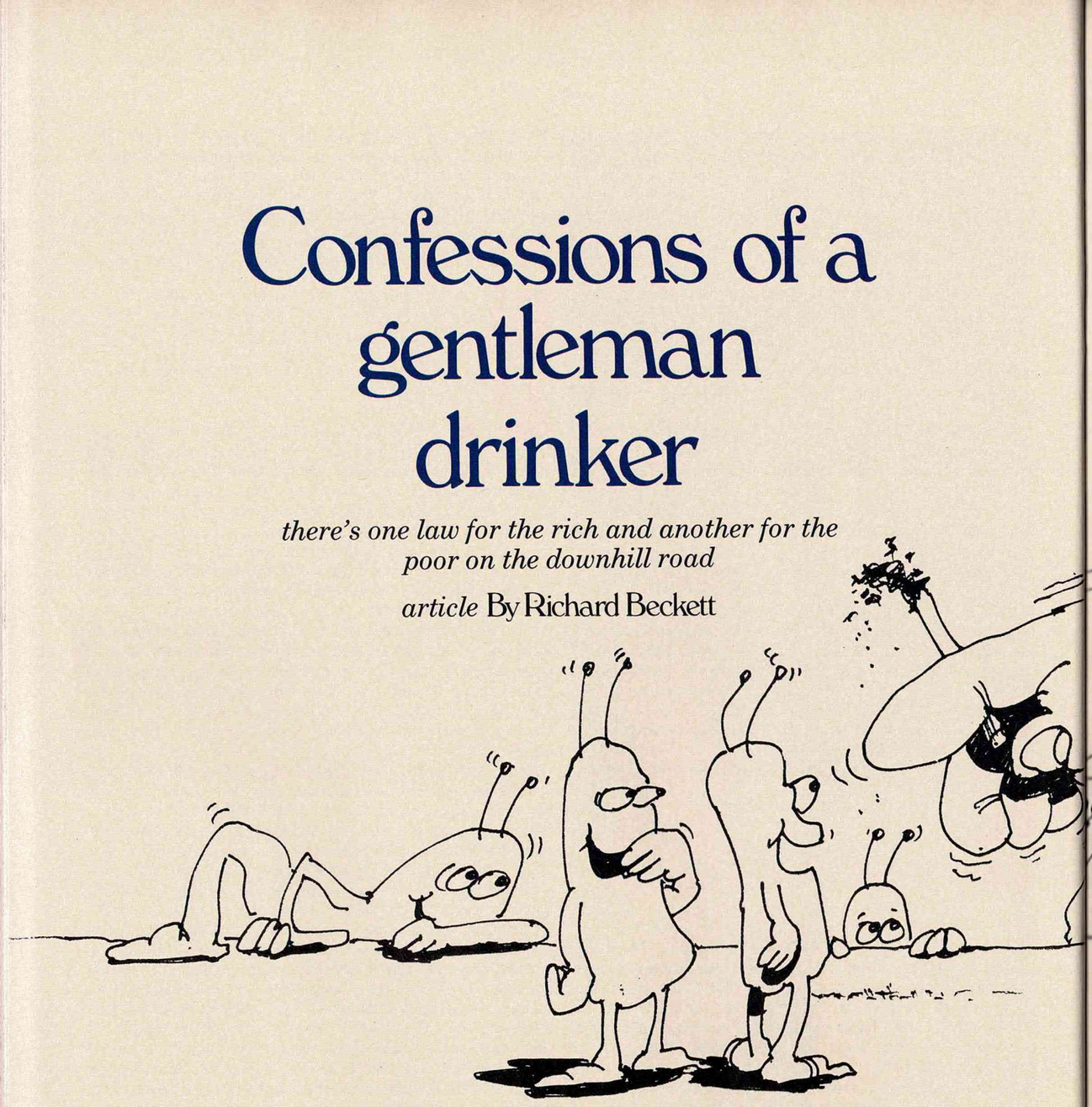
So that's it. That's rodeo. Was it worth it? I believe it was. I have walked the line and shared the dream. Nothing will ever be quite the same again.

If you are interested in rodeo, either as a spectator or as a competitor, contact: The Australian Rough Riders' Association, Inc., PO Box 264, Warwick, Qld, 4370. Phone (076) 612457. They can advise you of suitable rodeo schools and forthcoming rodeo dates in your State.

Confessions of a gentleman drinker

there's one law for the rich and another for the poor on the downhill road

article By Richard Beckett



I must confess I could use some rest
I can't go at this pace for too long
You know it hurts my brain and I go insane
But it clears me out and then I can go on

Trying to Reason with the Hurricane Season, Jimmy Buffet

© Printed with permission of Leeds Music Pty Ltd

Illustration by Peter Meldrum

THE THING about booze is this: it is all right and amusing if you are rich but morally degrading if you are poor. The gentleman who breaks his neck after a bottle of gin is said to have died an unfortunate death. But the non-gentleman who does exactly the same after an equally stupid, but not necessarily worse, night on invalid port and cheap muscat is said to be a wino. Thus the world's drinking status is maintained.

Somehow it is terribly immoral for those on the dole to touch a drop. One assumes that they should be at home furiously boiling sheeps' heads for

nutritious broth and rendering any fat into tallow to make soap. No one thinks to ask how, with all that boiling, they might pay their gas bills. By the same token it is accepted that any person wearing a suit and tie can blow the equivalent of the dole every night of the week on two bottles of five star French cognac with a mate.

Or, as a recent book on British gentlemen stated: if it is a gentleman's habit to get drunk every night on vintage port he will do exactly that, whether it is his house or yours. No blame, you see, because it is the gentleman's right.

A few years back I came upon the gentleman's right syndrome in Hong Kong after I had managed to get myself caught up with a muscular bar girl/prostitute. Such was her reputation that the prettier bar girls were afraid to even look at me. (Well, that's my story.) One night, out of sheer frustration, I made a violent and determined assault on a quart of whisky. It did me little good. But my female companion decided that the evening had only just begun to swing. She insisted on a sports car ride to Repulse Bay, bullied a mate of mine into driving and perched me on the back for all her friends to see. Oddly enough, I fell out.

But when she came to visit me in hospital she insisted that I had not been sloshed out of my mind. There was a ghost at the point where I had taken a tumble, she explained. The demon had dragged me from the car and it had not been my fault. After all, I was white. And a gentleman.

If I had been a British sailor from a coalburner she would have kicked me in the slats as I lay on the road and demanded a double fee. Instead she brought me expensive imported grapes and entertained me with photographs of her million and one children (sent back to China) whom she had borne by other gentlemen.

My sanity was saved only by a large, sweaty English nurse, who warned off Ms Black Belt of Kowloon and said in one refreshing sentence: "Doctor says it's all right. I bet you would like a beer." Two weeks later, when I was about to creep out the back way, evading yet another gift of grapes, I asked the nurse about the beer. I received the reply due to a gentleman: "Oh, people like you in the private wards are all right. But you couldn't give beer to those in public!"

In later years I discovered that alcohol was just not on for patients with severe head wounds like mine – which made me wonder about the abilities of the hospital staff. Still, even later, I caught a doctor examining my second wife's breasts for cancer when she actually had a broken leg. The medical profession must know best.

In spite of this idiocy, there is joy in alcohol, even though it is a somewhat awesome drug which can destroy lives and turn both sexes into monsters. Alcoholism has been called the writers' disease (inasmuch as writers, not to mention artists and musicians, regularly drink themselves to death), but at worst booze is a crutch, giving you the ability to face one more day, and at best it gives you a feeling of total happiness. Alcohol, whether it comes in the form of palm toddy or neat drinking meths, gets you out of the daily grind that even white laboratory rats cannot stand. If, as Jimmy Buffet states, it is like attempting to reason with the hurricane season, at least you get the strength to go on.

I speak from experience. I have managed to score the full bottle in every popular newspaper or magazine's "Answer the Following 20 Questions about Drinking in Your Family" since

In Australia at present, because of the rush to table-wine drinking, there is great cachet in having wine with dinner.

I was 18. This is neither a boast nor an obscene finger cocked at Alcoholics Anonymous. I just happen to like the stuff. I like the taste of beer, wine, rum and vodka (which is said to have no taste but does). Or as Laurie Lee, the English author of *Cider with Rosie,* once said: "I happen to write all my books out of England because I happen to like writing on red wine."

There are many forms of boozing, each with its own particular interest. In Australia at present, because of the rush to table-wine drinking, there is great cachet in having wine with dinner. Now I know that the Australian Wine Board won't like this, but it must be understood that wine isn't very good for seduction. But it is perhaps the most pleasant way to go at dinner, mainly because it marries so well with food. Spirits, including the dreaded American double dry martini, do not have this attribute.

I had a mate who drank expensive French vintages from his girlfriend's navel. He claimed it kept him sober and her happy. I've found that a bottle of true champagne – drunk from glasses, not navels or slippers – is somewhat better, mainly because true champagne makes the room spin. One of my more happy experiences was sitting up in one of those old Edwardian baths (in which you can easily drown) with a bird and a bottle of France's chilled finest. I hate to tell the end of this romantic story because it was awful. We became so sloshed that we got hopelessly tangled. Nothing worked, she almost drowned and I got a bad attack of cramp. We finally untangled ourselves, staggered soaked into bed – and caught flu.

It wasn't until the end of the following day that we had revived enough, with the help of coffee and brandy, to complete the coupling – and to hell with the flu. We've never taken a champagne bath together since, though we did risk two bottles of Hunter River chablis in the bath of a fascist fool who once entertained me. After sitting through an hour-long lecture on the evils of Marxists in our midst, my lady mentioned to me in the privacy of the back garden: "Stuff him, let's go and have a left-wing root in his bath." Needless to say, she almost drowned again.

There are other and more determined drinking memories, the classic of which is the lost weekend. A lost weekend need not be a weekend at all. One of the finest from another era was described to me by Angus Gordon who, when I met him in 1957, was the news editor of Ontario's *Timmins Daily Press* – the first paper ever bought by Lord Thompson of Fleet. Angus was a Scot. I was an Australian. And because of this he told me the story of being a lowly reporter in Henry Lawson's country and of setting fire to his mattress in a drunken fury in some godforsaken West Australian town. He threw the burning mattress over the second-storey iron lace balcony and was, a few minutes later, ejected himself. Mustering his dignity, but refusing to get dressed, he marched the length of that town to the other pub, two kilometres away. In spite of his nakedness, no copper touched him.

Shortly after telling me this story Angus was confronted by Canada's Finest. In those days in Ontario you had to have a book limiting the amount of booze you could buy. Angus had filled his book (a month's supply) in one day. The coppers accused him of bootlegging. Drawing himself up to his full 146cm, Angus replied proudly: "I drank it."

Canada at the time was one place where you drank to get drunk, in spite of protests by the puritans and the United Church, who maintained that you could not have a civilised drink in any fashion. Decent women didn't drink. Nasty women were confined to vile parlors in the beer halls. At home

"Help me, miss! I've just been thrown overboard from a singles cruise and I'm in desperate need of affection."

the nasty women drank a thing they called dry and dry, a mixture of two locally produced Canadian vermouths and ginger ale. Years later, a lady attached to the Australian pop group Skyhooks caused little things to trample all over my grave when she asked for the same drink in the venerable Windsor hotel in Melbourne.

When I was there the province of Ontario was the subject of a great advertising campaign which went roughly: "Hey, Mabel, give us the Black Label." Apart from obvious sniggering asides it was quickly translated into: "Hey, Mabel, get off the table, the money's for the beer."

Droll tales of journalistic self-destruction aside, there is enormous joy in alcohol. Apart from the discovery of banana gin in Uganda during the presidency of Milton Apollo Obote there also was the discovery in the islands of pink gin (which I always had regarded as a colonial joke). If you have to take gin at all, it is much better with bitters than with a drop of French vermouth and a dreadfully dour green olive. In other words, if the Americans want to drink chilled gin why don't they just do it and stop stuffing around with all those strange additives?

Perhaps my most civilised discovery was the old-fashioned Planter's Punch in Papua New Guinea: two rums, white and dark, two limes, sugar, ice and soda with just a touch of bitters. One spot of it on the nose of my cocker spaniel and he would fall off the colonial verandah.

Another memory is of nightclub drinking. To those under 30 this particular form of Australian barbarism may seem hard to credit. The image here was somewhat different to that portrayed by Hollywood, where nightclubs were seen as glamorous places in which young and beautiful blondes were handsomely liquored, suppered and groped by greying, handsome old men.

First, at least one of the girls in the average Australian cabaret had a rip in her net stockings. Second, she bulged in the wrong places. Third, the drinks were not those exotic cocktails of the time, such as the Manhattan and the Stinger, nor even the humble Highball. They were large and uncouth bottles of Resch's Pilsener slammed at £1 a throw into tin ice buckets ... and if you wanted to drink until 3am you had to have one dozen lined up (three to a bucket) to keep within the law. Patrons were very formal in those days – and very quiet. The whole point of the evening, if you were attempting to impress your woman, was that you were *actually drinking* after midnight.

God knows how many of those stupid Sydney nightclub beer nights I endured before even my feeble brain worked out that it might be more sensible to take the bird home to a bottle of something a little less gaseous rather than remain in those musty confines with the hovering manager inquiring if you were "having a nice time, boys" and suggesting that you "drink up, eh? Lots more where that came from".

It was in those nightclub days that I found out nice girls (in Sydney at least) did not drink decent white wine or even an honest gin. They were addicted to a thing concocted of advokaat, cherry brandy and soda water. It looked like fizzy blood. Even in those somewhat ingenuous days I didn't dare taste the damned stuff. I drank sauternes. What sophistication! My mates, when they were feeling sophisticated, all drank boilermakers – in other words, beer and Australian whisky mixed. Looking back, I wonder how we all managed to stay reasonably healthy, let alone alive. Now if you take out a bird you still wince, but not about the glass of bubbling blood. You wince because she will order (if she is not severely punched in the mouth first) a bottle of Moët et Chandon for starters, followed by a sweet, fruity German riesling, followed by a bottle of Grange, followed by at least six glasses of 1934 vintage Para port, followed by a couple of expensive cognacs.

Groping and drinking somehow seem to go together when you are comfortable and warm. There are, however, disadvantages.

In fact, dinner-party drinking by females is now completely out of hand. Quite recently at a Greek restaurant a lovely young giggly blonde, after starting with campari, ploughed her way through the better portion of three bottles of retsina (which is okay if you like drinking pine trees), finished up with a couple of thoughtful Metaxa brandies, demanded a glass of that odious port that comes from Cyprus and then announced to the horrified waiters: "A cigarette's better than a screw any day." Where have the white gloves and the demure little veil gone?

However, I might say that in this same establishment the waiters used to take regular bets on amounts consumed whenever I appeared with a particular mate. We topped the list one day with six bottles of retsina, two of Cyprus port and one of Metaxa brandy. The next time we appeared my mate was off the booze. The waiters were disgusted because quite obviously a lot of money had changed hands in the kitchen about the setting of a possible new record.

Looking back, it appears that all I have managed to say about the demon drink is a smaller version of *My Disgusting Life*. In other words, magnificent ammunition for the forces of mineral water and tea. But this is not quite true. There have been some pleasant times on the booze; times that I remember because booze has been an aid, rather than a hindrance.

I remember wonderful nights by the sea with a bottle of champagne and something warm and furry (a cocker spaniel, actually; his name was Toby, he was a blue roan and you could get him drunk by spotting his nose with a finger dipped in brandy). There have been other days with a coal fire burning in the bedroom and a bottle of the best beside the bed. Groping and drinking somehow seem to go together when you are comfortable and warm. There are, however, disadvantages.

I had a friend who used this seduction technique regularly. And he always seemed to be dressed in new clothes. When I asked him about this he explained that, having drunk deeply and had his grope, he used to lose his sense of direction. To be brutally frank, he used to rise from his love bed, walk to his wardrobe and give it a showering. The next morning, the love of the moment had to be sent to the nearest men's clothing store to buy some un-urinated-on clothing, because everything invariably was drenched.

"I'm very particular, so I am told," my friend said. "I open both doors and every drawer and I have a particularly large bladder."

The secret of it all, I suppose, is to try to stay off the hard stuff. That old saying "candy is dandy, but liquor is quicker" has more than one meaning. It applies not only to the gentle art of seduction (yet who seduces whom in these days of liberation?) but also to the loss of limbs due to the onset of diabetes, which most of the booze sellers do not like to talk about.

Still, there's a lot of fun on the downhill road. Quite often I feel like Winnie the Pooh with his honey pot. Because every day around 11am I feel like a little something – just a *very little* something, mind you. Because it keeps the blondes in the head and the feet on the ground.

Booze might be like trying to reason with the hurricane season – but who the hell cares?

MONTH OF ANNIVERSARY OF FALL OF GANG OF FOUR
PLAYBOY
ENLIGHTENMENT FOR MEN WORKERS
HOT STUFF:
GIRLS OF SZECHWAN
PLAYBOY TESTS TURBO-POWER RICKSHA
HOW TO THROW RICE PADDY PARTY
NEW CHINESE EDITION!

PLAYBOY ADVISER SAY

My friend say it is proper to eat lark soup with chopsticks. I say it is impossible to eat soup with chopsticks. Who is correct? – S.Y., Chowdown.

Playboy Adviser say: Man who ask stupid question really in soup.

My girlfriend is Mongolian. At night, she says: "Chang, please put reproductive baton in spring well." What does she mean by this? – C.K.F., Sinkiang.

Playboy Adviser say: Simple, man – girlfriend want spring roll!

My mistress prefers autoeroticism to sexplay with me. How should I interpret this? – L.F., Canton Province.

Playboy Adviser say: Man whose mistress prefers sexplay with auto should have battery checked.

My wife is extremely beautiful. She have very large sumptuous breasts, lovely backside area, legs as smooth as duck's ear and scent of jasmine. Problem is, all men consistently flirt with her and attempt to drive her into unfaithfulness. What to do, please? – R.K., Tientsin.

Playboy Adviser say: Man who offer wife to Adviser get free subscription.

Playboy Adviser say: Girl who ride bicycle upside down have accident.

My honorable wife always takes bowl of rice to bed and puts it on her private parts. Then she asks me to eat rice. My problem is that I do not like rice. What shall I do? – H.K.F., Manchuria.

Playboy Adviser say: Man who do not like to eat his rice at home should eat out.

WHAT SORT OF MAN READ PLAYBOY, PLEASE?

Is hard-working honorable fellow whose name is Chang or Chung, possibly Ching or even Chang. He drink large quantities of rice wine, own bicycle plus umbrella and have 6785 honorable relatives.

PARTY LINE JOKES

Riddle: Why did Ching Wang wear red suspenders? Answer: Because he was honorable member of Chinese Communist Party.

Our Inscrutable Dictionary define *69* as average number of children fathered by average Chinese man.

A fisherman from Tientsin had been walking all day long and was lost when he came to farmhouse of Mr Chang.

"Honorable farmer," he said. "I have walked all day and I am weary. Can you spare a bed for me?"

"I don't know," said Mr Chang. "You see, I have 678 children and only two beds. Already it is crowded in my humble farmhouse."

"Perhaps I can sleep in your bed with your wife," said fisherman, "and you can sleep in barn."

"How will that benefit me?" asked Mr Chang.

"I will tell you how in morning," fisherman said.

So Mr Chang agreed and slept in barn, while his visitor slept in his bed with his wife. Next morning, Mr Chang asked: "So, honorable fisherman, how did it benefit me?"

Humble fisherman replied with honesty: "It didn't."

Our Inscrutable Dictionary define *Hong Kong* as gorilla with large private parts.

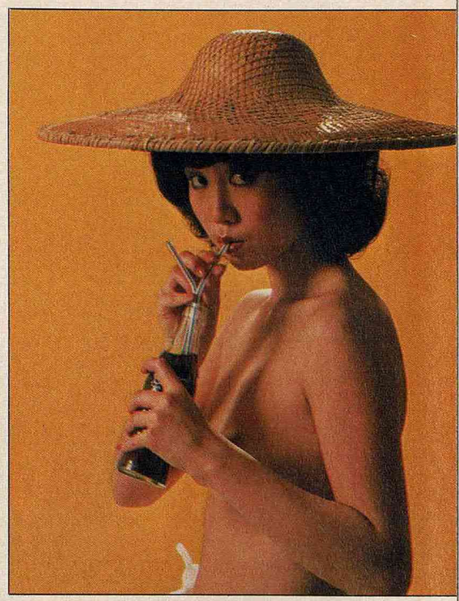
Our Inscrutable Dictionary define *inscrutable* as describing woman so ugly no man is able to have sex on her.

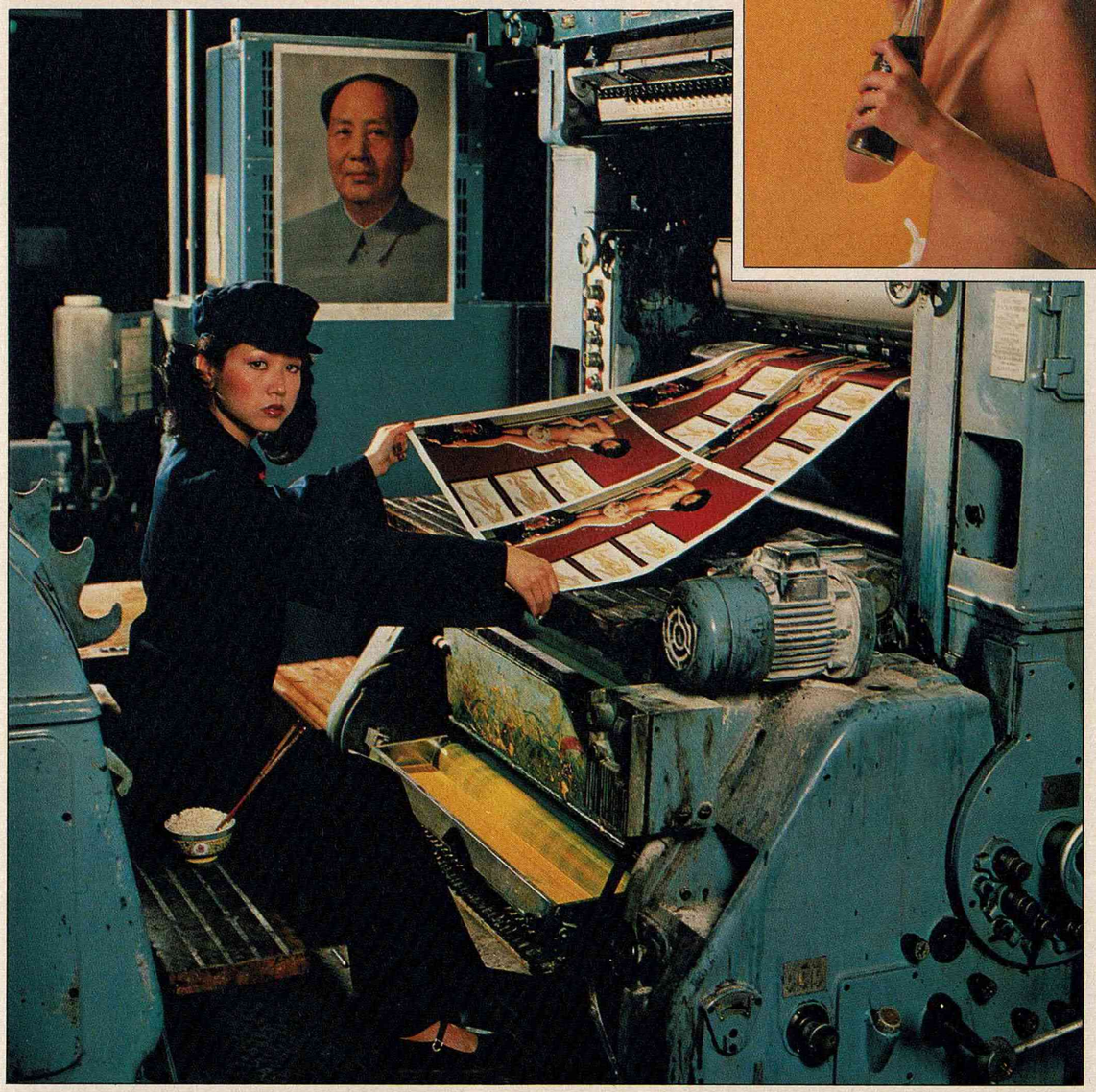
PARTY GIRL

Hey, swinging Chinese guys, here is first PLAYBOY pinup girl for you! She is hardworking girl who like to drink Coca-Cola and go to disco to shake her boots! She want to be successful actress and happy, too, she say. How about that? "For pastime, I make hats from rice," she is telling us. "Also, rice sculptures of Chairman Mao and others. I use soy sauce for eyes and seaweed for hair." What else does Wing Ding like to do? We blush to guess!

PLAYBOY *pinup Wing Ding work on press (below) that prints centrefold. "Printing is big turn-on for me," she say. Sure thing, Wing Ding.*

honorable playmate worker wing ding in top physical shape for making quota and pinning up!





PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

PLAYBOY'S PRICELESS PINUP OF THE MONTH

MING DYNASTY

THE COURT OF LAWS

revered, vilified, loved and scorned, thousands hung on his every word — this was the life of the man who was guru to australia's masses

profile By ANDREW CLARK

PLAYBOY: *What do you say to those who accuse you of conspicuous consumption?*

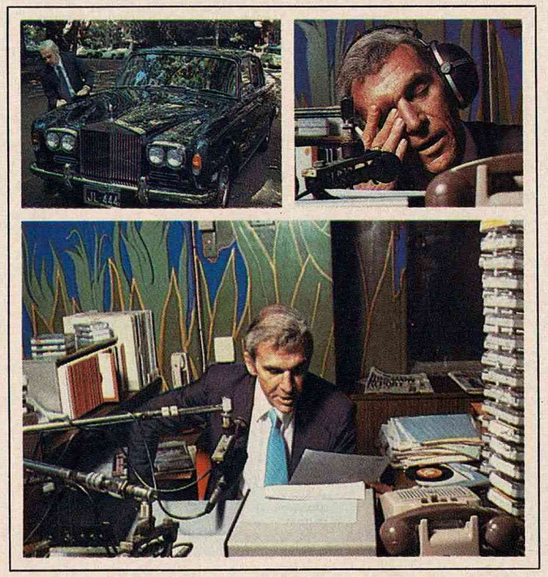
JOHN LAWS: *Bullshit.*

When I arrived outside the Laws house there was a blue Bentley, a Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow and a white Mercedes 280 SL parked on the road. Inside the drive were a red Porsche, a white 1933 Bentley Derby Tourer and a light brown Range Rover. His Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud

Sculpture by Greg Mackay and David Yardley

was being serviced and his four-wheel-drive Suzuki and Ford ute were on his country property, along with his three motor bikes . . .

But possessions do not provide the fulcrum of Laws' life: that comes from radio. It has been his professional base for more than 22 years, but now it is much more. He discusses on radio his TV program, his widespread business interests, his friends and their activities. Traditional divisions between work and home, and advertising and interviewing, become blurred, even lost. Politicians, the people he is supposed to probe, do Laws' promotions. He discusses his many business ventures with people on talk-back. He has an interest in many of the products he advertises, and uses many others at home or on the farm. Some of his advertisers, like Bill Oldfield, from Samuel Taylor, who first commissioned Laws to do the TV ads for Mortein insect spray 15 years ago, are personal friends.



Many of his radio colleagues say, perhaps a little grudgingly: "There's one rule for us and another for John Laws." But earlier this year, after Laws broadcast a baseless rumor about a building society collapsing – "a building society, and a big one, will go down the spout" – he was censured by the Broadcasting Tribunal, he issued a humble apology, and 2UW bought space in the press to "deeply regret" the minor hysteria, including a run on the society, that occurred after his comments.

The official censure, and apologies all round, were seen as representing the nadir in Laws' long communications career. He had been cut down to size, his critics said. Maybe, but the event was also a backhanded compliment: it was a stark example of Laws' greatest selling point in that fiercely competitive and commercial world of radio – he is believed. He is also popular. The morning radio show, broadcast on 20 stations covering each State, has a projected daily listening audience of 1,280,000, making it the biggest commercial radio program in Australia. For that, and his other activities, he earns about $750,000 a year – not counting money from his investments – possibly the biggest annual income in the country.

To explain the Laws phenomenon, the analyst must first start with the Laws voice. It is deep, resonant, clear, authoritative and compelling. It adjusts well to changes of pace – from sarcasm to sympathy, from whimsy to explanation. No matter how fast he goes, the voice never fails to round off a word. It is measured and controlled on ads, and becomes a little more breathless and flighty during talk-backs and personal conversation.

The voice is untrained, but market research has pointed to its peculiar power. Results indicate that its unique tonal quality carries with it a sense of immediacy and intimacy. Many of those people surveyed experienced the eerie feeling that his voice was just right next to their ears, and not just coming out of a radio.

The power of the voice accentuates the vicarious quality of the show. The lonely housewife who feels inadequate – the typical Laws listener – feels he is inside her living room as he details episodes from his life: driving to the property in his Porsche, swapping compliments with men in high places, lolling beside his pool, buying yet another gadget. Financially and socially it is all a fantasy for her, but while the voice is talking it is very real.

I first met Laws in his office at 2UW in Kent street, in the mid-western part of downtown Sydney. He came in at 8.20am, 40 minutes before his show began. He was tall, thin and gaunt, and wearing a conventional, police car blue suit, which hung loosely from his body, a white open-necked shirt, and a gold medallion and chain. He appeared haggard, much older than his 42 years.

Although he had a slightly dazed expression, Laws both quickly and efficiently made arrangements for the morning's broadcast. He rang the former prime minister, Sir William McMahon, to discuss the political scene. It was chummy stuff – "Yes, Bill, I can see your point there". After he put the phone down he said to his secretary, Pam Stanley: "He's a remarkable old man, you know. He charms the women, too, and they like it – not the married women, of course." He turned to me and said: "I trust you will use your discretion."

The main interview later that day would be with former Labor Prime Minister Gough Whitlam, who had just published his book, *The Truth of The Matter,* which is all about November 11, 1975. Laws discussed possible questions with his researcher, Stan Zemanak. While Zemanak tried to make points, it was obvious that Laws called the shots. Laws found the title of the book "presumptuous". Zemanak started defending the Whitlam Government's record, but Laws attacked its policies and said Whitlam had become carried away in office.

Apparently Laws believes a person's background plays a crucial role in determining how he reacts once he has achieved power. Whitlam's background, he said, "is not all that glamorous", adding, "I don't know of any person who was born rich and who became corrupt". By this stage, it was time to start the program. Each day Laws strides the 20 metres from his office to his studio on the third floor of the 2UW building. He sits down, facing a silver-grey control panel. He places his cigarettes and a cup of tea on his right, slips on his earphones and listens to the introduction to his three-and-a-half-hour program. He interrupts, with practised ease, at the right time, to say: "Hello, world, this is John Laws." It's not Sydney, Australia, listeners, or even people, but "world".

More than 22 years' experience in radio is revealed quickly as Laws settles down to his program. He handles equipment with masterly ease, and displays an ability to do several things at once. Simon Townsend, his former producer, says: "He can be talking on air, reading something to himself from a newspaper, looking sideways to see if there are any incoming calls, glancing up at the panel operator and listening to someone speaking to him on the earphones – all at the same time."

The basic content of the program is talk-back, interviews, music, comment, information and fribble – incidental conversation. Over the past decade Laws has assumed a more dominant

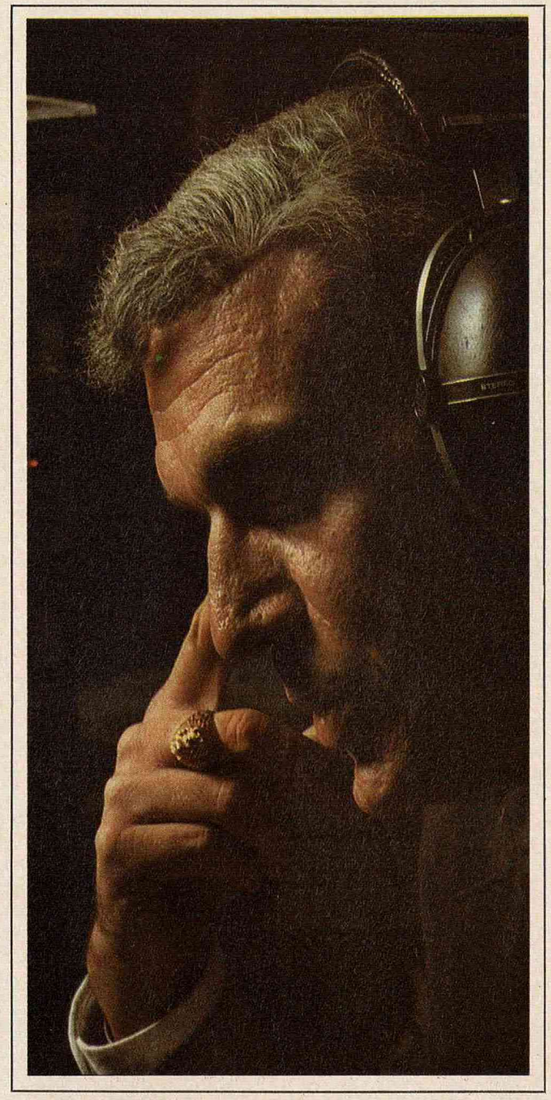
position, even in interviews. In one 15-minute segment I counted three "personal" promotions and only one for the station. The number of politicians calling – or being called – has increased gradually, although it has stabilised since Malcolm Fraser came to power. There are now fewer calls about personal problems and more comment, interviews and music, mainly his favorite country and western style. Talk-back remains the binding thread in the show, and Laws provides its distinctive stamp. He is quick, witty, sensible, sympathetic, defensive, condescending, opinionated, abrasive, informative and sometimes even ignorant.

Wit: a male caller mentions a plan to get fuel from pig excrement. Laws: "Imagine trying to siphon the stuff from a tank."

Condescension: a female caller is having trouble speaking. Laws: "I can't hear you, sweetheart. The one that's got the cord running out of it you talk into – the other you put near your ear."

Defensiveness: a woman says columnist Dita Cobb has claimed on another station that Laws is the type who needs another man to follow, and now he is following former advertising executive, business partner and TV host John Singleton. Laws says he and Singleton are friends "and I'd follow him anywhere – but if I walked the other way, he'd follow me, too. I've known Dita Cobb for many years. Has she ceased being an apprentice bitch and become a fully-fledged one?"

Abrasiveness: a nurse disputes his earlier comments about a strike in mental hospitals, and claims Laws is "suffering from a misconception" over the dispute. He interrupts, saying she should "desist" from claiming he is suffering from a misconception, before she is allowed to continue outlining her case. There are also the hysterical, unbalanced callers, the unfortunate suburban wrecks whose minds have finally buckled under the strain of oppressive loneliness and an overwhelming feeling of isolation. These are the people who, Laws says, "add to the charm of the show – if you can call it that".



Gordon Elliott, a 22-year-old 2UW announcer who has completed a university thesis on talk-back, spent a whole day interviewing people in Sydney's Martin Place about John Laws. Although the show claims nearly a third of Sydney's commercial radio listening audience, all the people Elliott spoke to said they never listened to Laws and that they didn't like him. Elliott concluded that talk-back holds a "morbid fascination" people are unwilling to acknowledge. Laws says more men than women will claim they don't listen to his program when in fact they do: "In a strange sort of way, a lot of them are jealous about their wives listening. I'd be pretty bloody annoyed if I came home and Caroline (his wife) said so-and-so said this and that. And then I might say something about Malcolm Fraser, and she'd say that's not what so-and-so said. I meet blokes in pubs and they say: 'Christ, you drive me mad, but I've got to say hello to you or the wife will never forgive me when I say I saw you.' But they're usually pretty nice about it. I still can't understand why people who listen to me say they don't. I suppose there may be some element of eavesdropping involved in it."

He maintains that talk-back is human and compassionate, contradicting the widely-held view that it is now Australia's premier blood sport. Laws says it plays a strong role in Australia and for many people, as society becomes more complex and hectic, talk-back has replaced the backyard fence. His own show is "more a visitation than a radio program".

Professor Don Aitkin, Professor of Politics at Sydney's Macquarie University, and Ann Norrie, a research assistant in politics at the same university, concluded after a study of talk-back that it serves "an important democratic purpose". In an article published in the *Australian Quarterly* they found that Laws' audience was three-quarters women. Forty-five percent of the calls covered political questions, 19 were fribble, and 14 percent were seeking advice and help. Laws says the figures have not changed much since the survey five years ago.

Professor Henry Mayer, Professor of Political Theory at Sydney University, and editor of *Media Information of Australia,* says people who ring radio stations "are the ones who, when they do talk, are shouted at or bullied. They are used to being submissive and not talking back." Laws says they have made that initial decision to ring – "it's like looking up the barrel of a loaded gun – you take a risk". He claims, moreover, that the combat is equal: "They can shout, you can shout, they can whisper, you can whisper, they can hang up, you can hang up." Simon Townsend says: "It's often a matter of mood with John. If he comes in feeling bad or irritated, he can really take it out on the callers. People interpret this wrongly. Sometimes he can be making fun of his callers, but he's not trying to be cruel, and he doesn't know he's having that effect."

About an hour after his program began, a young woman rang and said she and both her parents had been woken up the previous night when a

car smashed through their front fence. She said the driver, a drunk, was being pursued by a police car. Her parents were now suffering from shock and she blamed the police, saying they could have let the drunk drive off, or taken more care. Laws quickly became angry, and said the police may have stopped the drunk from killing someone on the road. "I think you're an unbelievably selfish and stupid woman."

After the call he put on a record, lit a cigarette, left his studio and came into Studio B, where I was sitting with the panel operator. He complained about the attitude of the woman on the phone, and then said: "God, I've got a headache." He was suffering from one of his periodic migraines. Laws later explained that he had suffered from migraines for many years, but now they were less frequent. They started about three or four in the morning and "usually improved by about 11". A symptom of migraines is nausea, and occasionally he has been forced to leave the studio to be sick. "I find that if I throw up it usually helps."

Later in the program Laws spent more than an hour with Gough Whitlam. Like all Laws dialogues with prominent people, it would be described more accurately as "John Laws talks with Gough Whitlam" rather than "an interview with the former prime minister, Mr Whitlam". In spite of his habit of prefixing a question with a personal opinion – Laws justified this by saying he can "talk with them at that level and that's why I can get a better interview than most people" – it was a very good interview. While not having Gough on the floor – only a secretly-prepared knock-out punch, like the Kerr dismissal, can do that – he had the former prime minister hesitant and very thoughtful by the end. It was good, tough, revealing stuff, and contrasted with the regular syrupy chats he has with his friend the NSW Premier, Neville Wran.

Soon after the Whitlam interview finished, the program ended for the day. Laws walked out of his studio and we spoke in the corridor. He seemed much better than he had been earlier. His face was more relaxed and had more color. I told him I thought the interview went well. He thanked me, then remarked: "But don't you think he's obsessed about Kerr dismissing him?" I said: "Understandably obsessed." He replied: "That's what I said."

•

I drove to the Laws house, which was in a quiet, curving street in the exclusive and leafy Sydney eastern suburb of Woollahra. It was a 64-square pink terracotta structure, with a high white fence to preserve privacy. The furniture and accessories in the sitting room suggested an eastern bias. The high ceiling and walls were painted to look like warm-toned parchment, with the paint allowed to run, and the woodwork was stripped back to a greyish pine. The room was bisected by a tall indoor pine beside a bookstand containing an open book on Australian birds. On either side were sofas, covered in light brown material. There was a Louis XV period chair with a curved back, a Chinese black lacquer and gold cabinet on a stand, a large Japanese screen, an 18th century gilt mirror on the chimney, and a handsomely-tiled fireplace. Near the fireplace was a white marble coffee table. The Laws live well.

Laws looked more relaxed in faded blue denim jeans, a matching shirt, and riding boots with half-Cuban heels. We settled down, drank Jack Daniels and spoke for nearly three hours.

John Laws was born in Wau, New Guinea, where his father owned some trading stores. He was christened Richard John Sinclair. In 1941, as the Japanese entered the war, the family moved to Sydney. Laws went to the Mosman preparatory school, and later to Knox, an exclusive private school. When he was 15, three major events took place – his father died, he fell in love with a girl called Caroline Waller, and he failed to pass his Intermediate.

In those days, Laws recalls, he was not very confident, though he has been told that he was. "Maybe I had a superiority-inferiority complex because I had very bad acne. Maybe I displayed confidence to overcome that, but I remember the acne more than the confidence." He was "desperately in love" with Caroline Waller but, after failing at school, he went to Wellington, in central NSW, to work as a jackaroo, and from there bummed and worked his way around Australia. Caroline went to London with her mother, and danced with the Royal Ballet alongside Lucette Aldous. Later she married, and went to live on a coffee plantation in New Guinea.

Laws, meanwhile, was broke and without a job in Bendigo, Victoria. A friend introduced him to the manager of the local commercial station, and he was given a try-out. He took to it like a duck to water. "All I can remember about my early career is working," he says. "I used to get into the station about five in the morning and I'd still be there at seven or eight at night, learning about records, reading books, learning how to work equipment. I loved it and I wanted to explore it, like anything I get involved with. It became an obsession."

He worked at country stations in Parkes and Orange, NSW, and Townsville, Queensland, before coming to Sydney, where he has worked, on and off, for 18 years. In 1962 he was stricken with polio, for the second time in his life. (He first got it when he was 12.) Two years later, he almost went under financially when he joined some "fast-talking Canadians" in a business promoting the sale of records and radiograms. The Canadians jumped the country and left Laws carrying the can. "A friend of mine gave me 50 quid and that saved me from going bankrupt," he says. "It was as close as that. I repaid all the debts, even the airline tickets the bastards bought to go to the United States."

He returned to radio just as talkback, an American invention, was given its local introduction. He displayed a rare flair for this innovation, and his career skyrocketed. However, his personal life was more uneven. After seven years' marriage, and two children, Laws was divorced from his first wife, Sonia. She moved up to Surfers Paradise, and Laws had little access to his children, which hurt him deeply. Friends recall how he would drive up to the Gold Coast from Sydney to give presents to his children, and would return without even being allowed to see them. His second marriage, to a tall, handsome woman named Yvonne, lasted two years longer, and produced three children.

Laws found the break-ups "very telling, because I am highly emotional where children are involved".

Five years ago he met Caroline Waller again in Sydney. She was divorced in 1976, and they were married at the end of the year. They share nine children, and Laws feels he is "happier now than I ever have been in my life".

Laws has never been very social, though he is tops in an industry whose stars love to be seen pressing each other's flesh in public. "You might find this hard to believe, but I'm shy and I don't like to be thrown into a crowd." Why? "I don't really know."

His major relaxations are his cars, motor bikes and the farm. "I really love driving. I find it very stimulating and I also find it strangely relaxing. I do a lot of thinking when I drive. I love machinery and I get a lot of satisfaction out of looking after the cars: cleaning the engines, polishing them, shining the chrome, getting underneath them. I don't think of cars as possessions, but more as friends, especially the big old Rolls-Royce, which I call 'His Grace'. He really is a very nice old fellow."

I thought the interview had gone well up to this point but found to my surprise that Laws was peeved. He complained about the line of questioning, saying it was insidious; that I

The Remarkable Advantages of Villiger Square Cigars.

You're eighty miles off Cape Horn when suddenly all hell breaks loose.

A ferocious squall appears out of nowhere. The foremast splinters. The rudder snaps.

You politely excuse yourself from the dinner table and spring into action, placing your cigar casually on the deckhouse roof.

With any ordinary cigar you'd be in real trouble. Not with a Villiger. They're square. Your cigar will stay on deck at an angle of thirty degrees in a force five gale, without rolling into the breakers.

Other amazing advantages of the Villiger square cigar: You can rest it on the sloping mudguard of your Bugatti while you're changing plugs.

You can grasp it firmly between your fingers while you pound the boardroom table with your fist, and it won't fly off and hit the chairman in the face.

They make excellent conversation pieces at sophisticated dinner parties.

You can invent little jokes about them. For instance: "Try a square cigar. They're just the thing to round off a square meal. Ha ha ha".

Another advantage is that they pack together better in the box. You can always taste the full flavour of the world's finest tobaccos. Clever people the Swiss.

Settle back with a Villiger square cigar. They're so good you'll find yourself reading long advertisements without dying of boredom.

Villiger Swiss Cigars — Export 5's and 25's, Medium 5's, Whiffs 10's.

was "leading up" to negative conclusions. He launched into an attack on the press, saying journalists were always after perverse things instead of looking at other, more positive, aspects of a person's character. He had, he said, been "chewed out" by the press.

An examination of the Laws clipping file reveals countless "exclusive" series featured every few months in the Sydney *Daily Mirror,* possibly commissioned to boost that paper's circulation in the bitterly competitive Sydney afternoon market. The stories are full of graphic details of Laws in love, Laws out of love, Laws having a heart attack, Laws being misunderstood. They make the most extreme Gothic novel seem like an information bulletin. Laws was apparently obliging in supplying the material.

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On my next visit to the studio I observed the Laws style as an advertiser. He usually has a script in front of him when he does live ads, but often ignores it. A common routine for him is to take a long draw on one of his Sullivan's cigarettes, have a sip of tea, cock his head slightly to the right, close his eyes momentarily with an expression of casual concentration, and employ a mixture of pat logic, artful persuasion, homespun philosophy and, most important, personal endorsement. The pauses, tonal inflections, rises and falls in voice are all done with insolent ease.

Research indicates that Laws has not reached saturation point as a promoter of various products on TV and radio, possibly because he is credited with a wide knowledge and integrity. The results speak for themselves. A new series of classical records sold an unprecedented 180,000 in four weeks after Laws appeared in a TV promotion. Taurina mineral water sales trebled after he did the voice-over for a TV ad.

Laws has a personal interest in many ads. He is marketing director of Taurina, he scripts some jingles, he has an O'Brien's mirror at home, a Mutual pool installed in his backyard, and he eats at La Rive Gauche. All are sponsors of his talk-back show. But Laws says he pays for everything he gets and rejects "freebies", kickbacks and payola. "That's not on," he says. "The thing I value very highly is my integrity. It's more honest to be in a position where you assess the products about which you know nothing. Of course there are obvious advantages of being in my position. You get looked after – that's the difference."

One project which Laws did not assess very closely was a real estate venture which ended in liquidation. Robert Sterling Pty Ltd sold land in Ballarat, Victoria, and on the Sunshine Coast in Queensland. According to a statement made in the NSW Parliament by the Attorney-General, Mr Frank Walker, the company had not bought the land when it was advertised – it had paid only a deposit. Further, it did not have permission from the local council to sub-divide, and had not made any arrangements to have water and sewerage laid on. Walker told Parliament that the company engaged in high pressure advertising, including using attractive girls standing next to Lamborghinis in Sydney shopping centres. He told Parliament it also employed "one of Sydney's best-known radio announcers" to advertise the new development.

Walker's statement to Parliament was followed by a number of newspapers and TV stations identifying the announcer as Laws. After a message was relayed to the Walker office from the Wran office, the Attorney-General appeared on Laws' show the following day and said he regretted if people inferred from his comments that Laws was involved personally.

Soon after, Laws was involved in another incident which, for one person, had unfortunate and undeserved consequences. He took a call from Leonard McPherson, who was described in a Commonwealth Police report to the Moffitt Royal Commission as a "vicious, powerful criminal who is so well entrenched in organised criminal activity in NSW that he is often referred to in the media by his associates as 'Mr Big' ". Laws allowed McPherson to tell his listeners that Bob Bottom, the former State Government crime investigator who last month wrote about crime for PLAYBOY, had been convicted on two criminal charges when he was a boy in Broken Hill. Details of these convictions, minor misdemeanors, were illegally broadcast, as they contravened the State Child Welfare Act.

Another Wran intervention to help Laws occurred after there was a run on the St George Permanent Building Society following Laws' prediction on radio that "a building society, and a big one, will go down the spout". Laws broadcast what proved to be an unsubstantiated rumor without checking it first, a mistake that could result in dismissal for any newspaper journalist. Although Laws followed his prediction with an interview with the State Minister for Consumer Affairs, Mr Sid Einfeld, the damage had been done. Einfeld and Wran made a police-escorted dash to the St George office at the other end of the city and reassured investors.

It was not the first time that Laws had hit the headlines while I was preparing this article. The week before, the Sydney *Sun* had run two posters on the same day – one dealing with Laws' new TV contract, the other with police charging his business partner, John Singleton, following a brawl in the heart of Sydney's nightclub area. However, comment that evening from Government ministers on the building society statement was very muted after the Neville Wran intervention. Mr Einfeld, inwardly angry, described Laws on the ABC as a "very responsible broadcaster".

All broadcasters make mistakes, as Laws himself has pointed out, but the McPherson interview and the St George run were both basic errors. Laws is technically very professional and has a wide general knowledge. Yet in many complex areas of public debate he is vulnerable. One day, while I was with with him in the studio, he was complaining about big government and the spread of federal departments. He referred to a federal program which has been abandoned, the Housing Allowance Voucher Scheme, as another government department.

But, as the Wran interventions indicate, Laws exerts enormous political power through his credibility and wide audience. Politicians literally queue up to talk to Laws on the line, to the unending annoyance of conventional journalists, which also helps to explain the barbs after the St George fiasco. Recently, when Laws had a minor throat operation, Neville Wran sent him a personal note and a book to read. He also has been a guest at the Laws house. Laws is on good terms with Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser, who has appeared regularly on his program. Fraser, Laws says, is a "very timely prime minister who possesses an ability to assess things at a professional level. He's a very disciplined human being and I think he has an ability to encourage discipline in other people. He strikes me as a straight person, and one who is exceedingly courteous. I think he's a gentleman."

Wran, Fraser, Don Chipp of the Australian Democrats, and Opposition Leader Bill Hayden have all recorded endorsements for his show extolling Sydney and Laws. He says the endorsements "have nothing to do with anything" and "don't have any influence" on the way he conducts interviews.

But discussing the political impact of talk-back, Professor Mayer says: "It is clear that politicians think it is politically important so they appear on it and make it more important than it would have been – it's a self-fulfilling prophecy."

And John Laws is its prophet.

If you arrive in a Citroën will they wait for you to leave?

Of the luxury cars available today, few excite as much curiosity as the Citroën.
Because it looks so beautiful, people wonder if it's practical.
Because it is so advanced they wonder if it's reliable.
Because it is so unusual they ask whether they would like to drive it.

Admittedly the shape is low and fast. But it is sensationally quiet and comfortable inside, with sumptuous seats, four big doors and every facility you would expect in a continental car of its style.

As for reliability, the Citroën CX won the Manufacturers' Cup in the London-Sydney Rally.

To drive the Citroën CX2400 is a reward: the brakes are stunning, the steering is unerringly exact; the brilliant transmission is without a clutch.

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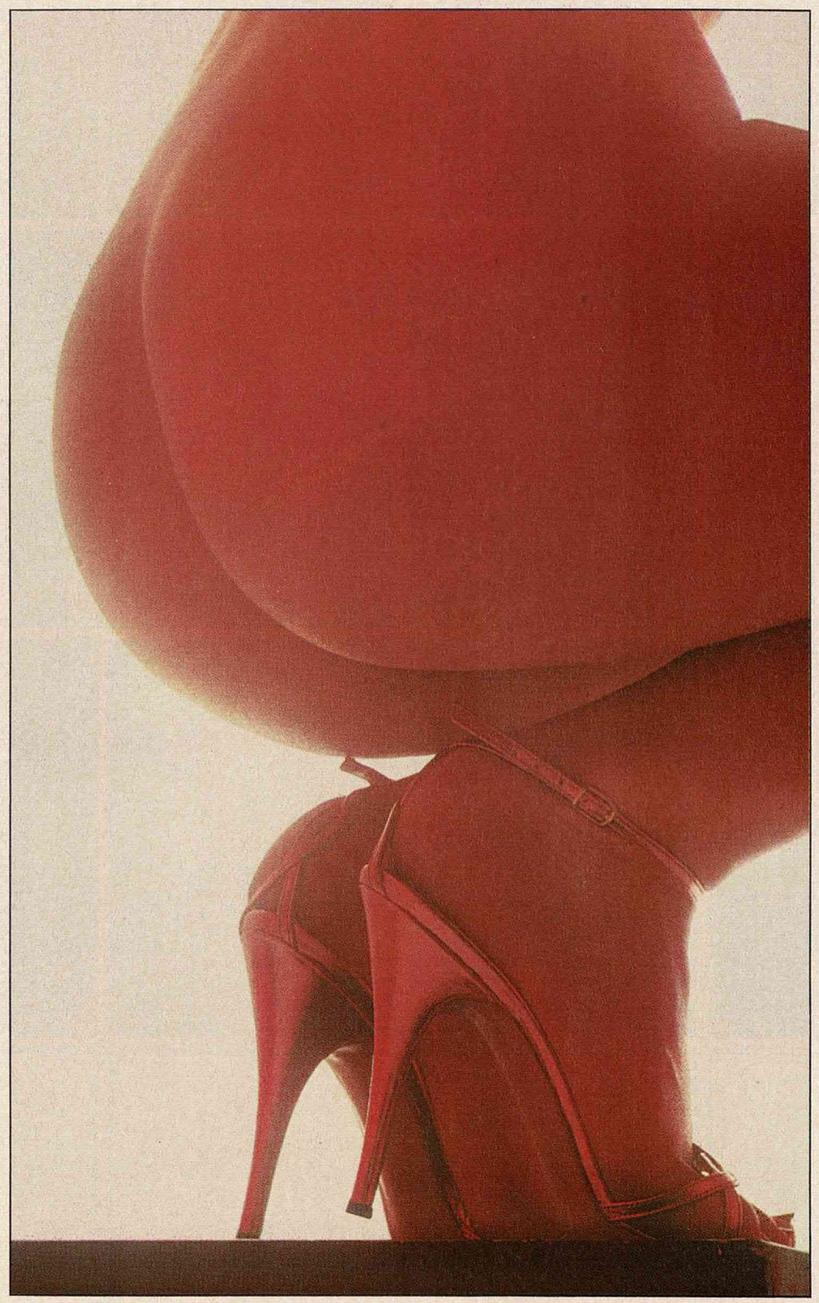

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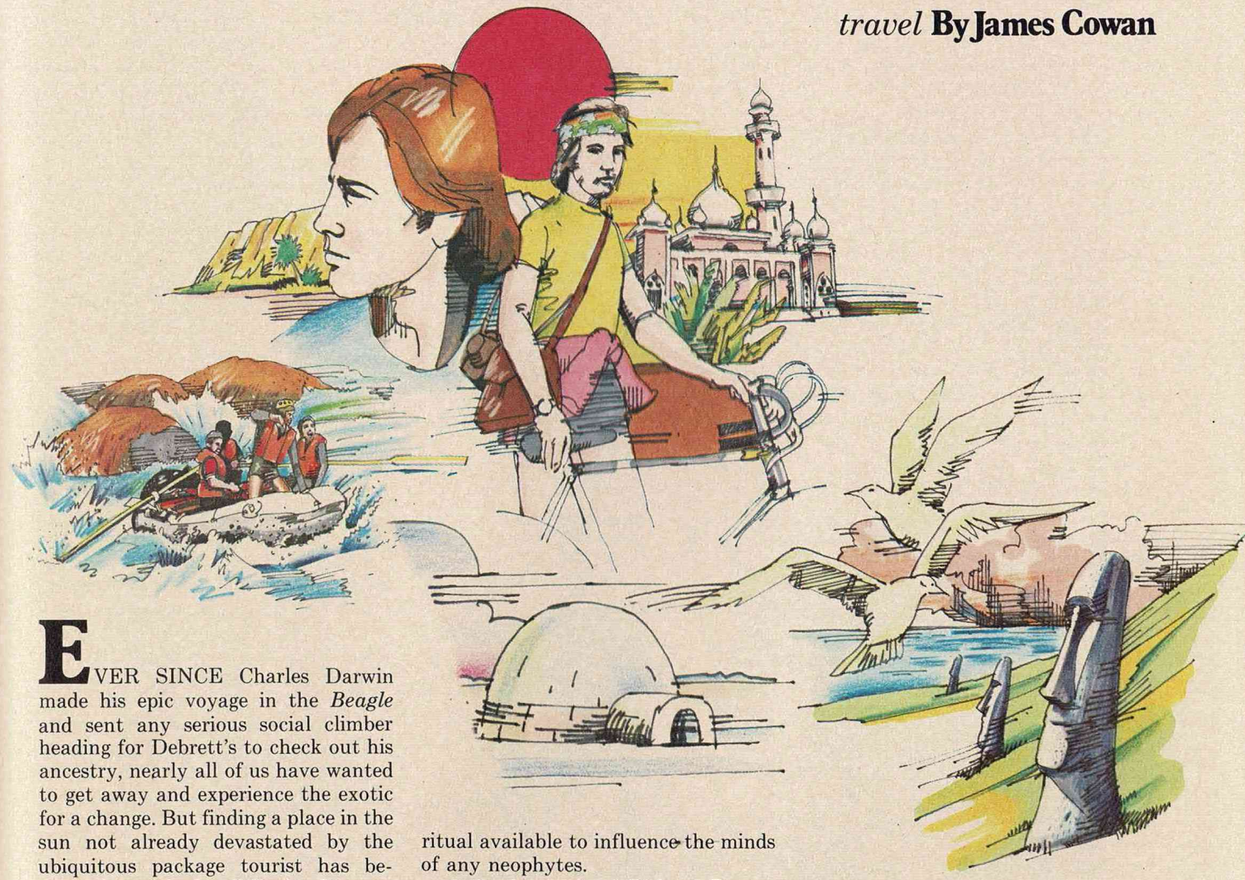
for those who prefer to avoid the spots popular with holiday families, here is our advice on the unusual, the erotic and (if you must admit to your off-beat tastes) the extremely energetic

Where angels (and package tourists) fear to tread

travel **By James Cowan**



Illustrations by Roger Roberts

EVER SINCE Charles Darwin made his epic voyage in the *Beagle* and sent any serious social climber heading for Debrett's to check out his ancestry, nearly all of us have wanted to get away and experience the exotic for a change. But finding a place in the sun not already devastated by the ubiquitous package tourist has become increasingly difficult. If your travel agent is to be believed, Paradise isn't a state of mind any more; it's an artificial beach constructed outside some resort hotel.

Considered as a genre, the travel brochure has never been known to spare the adjectives. It has layers of them. Sometimes it's hard to know whether a place is really that great, or whether words simply make it appear so. We're often forced to choose our holiday, and outlay a considerable sum in the process, all on the basis of a few rather vague phrases in a brochure. No test drive, nothing. Like religion, the travel industry seems to thrive on blind faith, with enough ceremony and ritual available to influence the minds of any neophytes.

Still, the spirit of Richard Burton and his *Thousand and One* (delightful) *Nights* remains alive – if not a camel ride away, then at least within reach of an international airport. The trick is to close your ears to your travel agent's patter of clichés and ask him to direct you off the beaten track. And avoid those places referred to loosely as idyllic or romantic. You'll find they're inhabited by thongs and beerbellies.

Christine Gee is one of that rare breed who know what adventure is all about. Her company, Australian Himalayan Expeditions, markets a range of trekking tours over the mountains of Kashmir guaranteed to revive the most ragged red corpuscles. The philosophy behind these tours is simple enough: by learning to travel at the pace of the locals – that is, on foot – you can slip out of the technocratic mainstream for a few weeks and experience the living process once more.

You don't have to be a professional hiker. Being sound in mind and body is about all that's required. The tours last between four and five weeks, with departures from May to September. They include walking tours along the Wadvan Valley, in the heart of Kashmir, through rice fields and isolated mountain villages – all against a backdrop of snow-capped peaks. In

many cases, the locals will not have seen a European before.

You fly into New Delhi on Air India, and transfers are made the following day to Srinagar. After a few days' acclimatisation in this delightful city, living on one of the now famous Kashmiri houseboats, the trek begins. By the time you have spent a couple of weeks walking in easy stages each day, and eating heaps of locally cooked food at night, you'll begin to *know* what life is all about.

The cost of one of these tours (from $1700) includes return air fares, guides, cooks, porters and ponies, all meals, group equipment and basic medical supplies. Sleeping bags and tents are also tossed in when you're not sleeping either on houseboats or in hotels. The prices out of Perth are slightly cheaper.

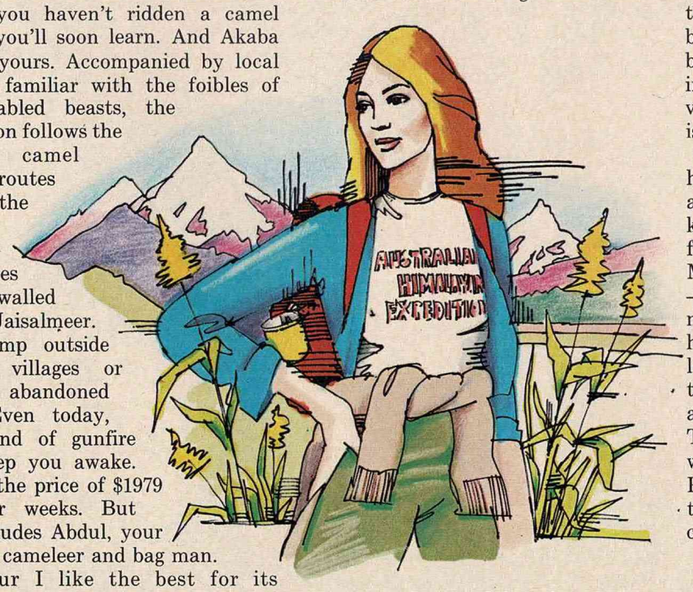
With her associate, Goronwy Price, Christine also pioneered treks along the old Gurkha trails through Nepal, expeditions down the Sun Kosi River in rubber dinghies and camel expeditions across the State of Rajasthan in north-west India.

Three years in the planning, the Rajasthan Camel Expedition offers you scope for the full T. E. Lawrence bit. If you haven't ridden a camel before, you'll soon learn. And Akaba will be yours. Accompanied by local farmers familiar with the foibles of these fabled beasts, the expedition follows the historic camel trader routes across the desert for 400 kilometres to the walled town of Jaisalmeer. You camp outside remote villages or lodge in abandoned forts. Even today, the sound of gunfire may keep you awake. So will the price of $1979 for four weeks. But this includes Abdul, your friendly cameleer and bag man.

The tour I like the best for its originality is the Indian Bicycle Ride (from $1796 for four weeks). Cyclists of Australia, take note. Here is your chance to put all that excess energy to a more practical use than simply reducing flab. The blurb speaks of the humble bike, a striking contrast to the splendor of the Taj Mahal after a day's ride from Mathura. But you don't need to worry. Your bike is not one of those colonial monstrosities out of *A Passage to India,* but the latest Raleigh 10-speed. If you want to bring your own bike along, that's okay, too. Following a rough triangle, the tour heads for Jaipur in the south-west and then west again to Agra before returning to New Delhi. Included is a journey on the Kalka mail train to Simla, seat of the British Raj, and a bicycle ride around the Himalayan foothills.

Anyone with a yearning to climb Mt Kenya in East Africa (32 days from $1939) or to journey to the Serengeti grasslands and the home of the Masai people should take one of Christine's Kenya Expeditions. On a clear day it is said that you can see Ethiopia from the mountain top. Whatever else you might see on this trip, the flamingoes on Lake Nakuru, the little known retreat once frequented by the Kenyan Prime Minister, Jomo Kenyatta, will cleanse the jaded palate of anyone used to seeing pink only in his gin.

For the most part on these expeditions, fraternising with the local beauties is frowned upon. Christine is of the opinion that close encounters of the first kind will always happen anyway when you get 15 people of mixed sexes huddled around a campfire at night. The air, I suppose, has something to do with it – or could it be the close proximity of an airbed laid out under all the twinkling stars? Grant



Thompson is one of those bearded, retiring fellows you would be more than pleased to play opposite at chess. He's been around more than he likes to admit but he sees South America, and especially Peru, as the part of the world which fulfils his idea of the ultimate fantasy. There are two main reasons for his choice: the beauty of the women and the rugged, natural grandeur of the hinterland.

"The *mestizos* – half-caste women of Peru – are the most emotional and profoundly erotic women I have ever met," he says. "Combine this with the jungle luxuriance of the Amazon Basin and you have the sort of topography that's unbeatable."

He means it, too. All roads lead to Iquitos, in the Amazon Basin, as far as he is concerned. The women there walk with the grace born out of a long tradition of using their heads to transport objects. "The perfect deportment school," Grant says. "And it gives their dark eyes a certain lasciviousness when they look at you." It is from here, when you're not fraternising with the locals, that you can take a cruise on the *Adolpho* down-river to the Yagua villages and the deserted town of Pevas, now almost overgrown. The cost of these five day cruises is $345, plus round trip airfares. To fly around Peru there is a 21-day excursion for $99, with unlimited stopovers. But if you're like Grant, you'll want to stick around Iquitos.

Recommended also is the little known *pueblo* of Puerto Maldonado, located between the Tambopata and Madre de Dios rivers. Staying in the rustic Explorers Inn in the Tambopata Wildlife Reserve for a few days after a jet boat ride up-river will rekindle what's left of the Lord Jim in you. If that doesn't, then a dugout canoe trip by night to check out the alligators is bound to. Virgin jungle and unspoiled inland lagoons filled with an infinite variety of wildlife are what the reserve is all about. Cost: $190 for three days.

Grant has another fantasy closer to home. Out of Jakarta, in Indonesia, on a half-hour Skyvan flight to a group known as the Thousand Islands, he has found the geographic equivalent of a Magical Mystery Tour. Islands galore – and all within a canoe ride. Accommodation is fairly simple – thatched hut style – and the seafood is excellent. Most of the islands are no more than a few hundred metres long and all are encircled by wide, sandy beaches. They're ideal, Grant says, for someone whose lady is into long novels and Pimm's at sundown. The catchline there, it seems, is go paddle your own canoe how and when you like.

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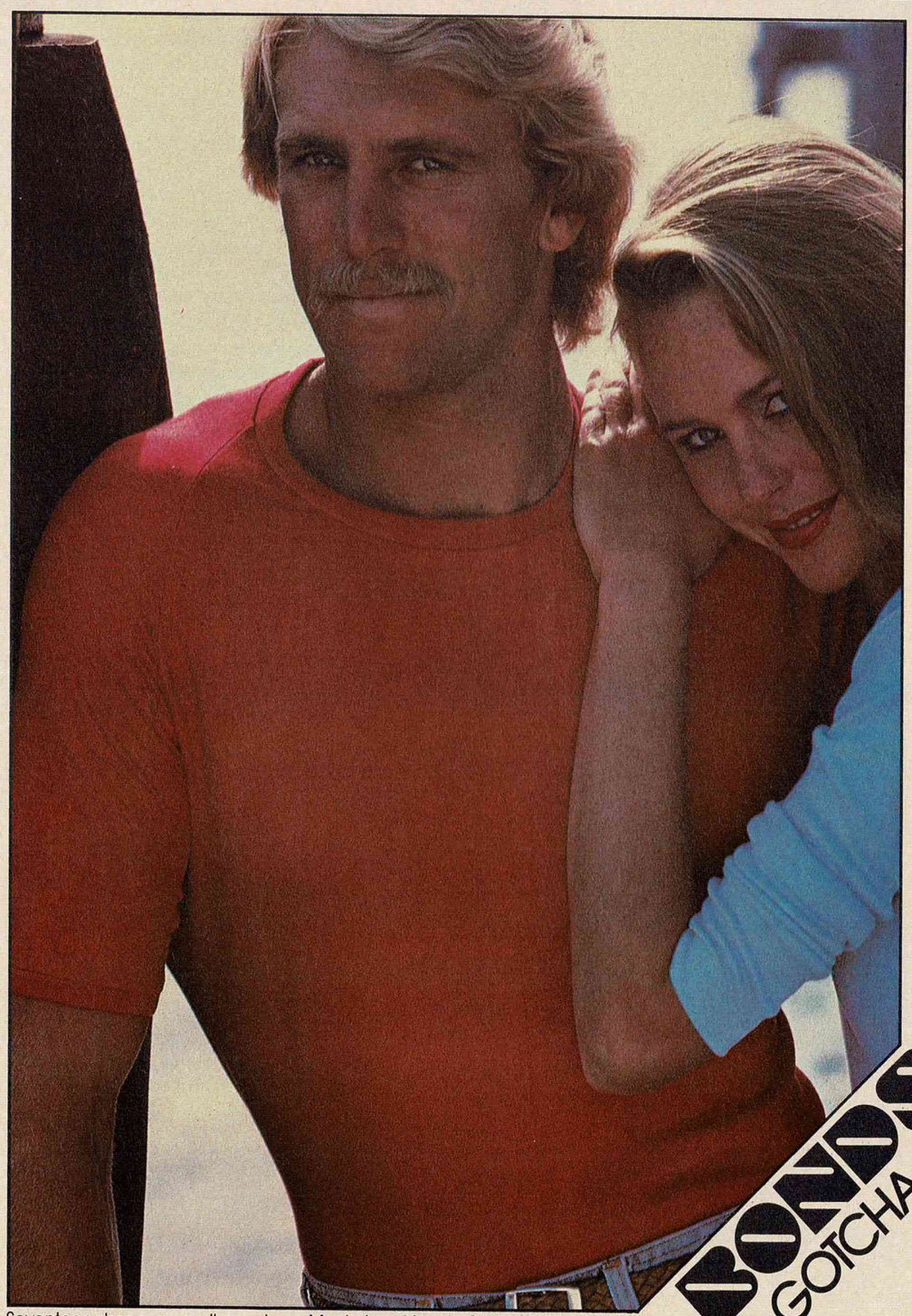
The doyen of the out-of-the-way holiday, however, must be Warwick Deacock of Ausventure. From small beginnings in 1966 at Chakola in the Kangaroo Valley in NSW, a leisure centre Warwick pioneered along with his wife, Antonia, Ausventure now reaches to almost every offbeat spot around the world.

One of Warwick's latest ideas is a trip along the Inca Trail, in South America, including a visit to Easter Island and a cruise to the Galápagos Islands. If Darwin could do it, so can you. The cruise section of the trip lasts 17 days. Shipping out on a 20-metre

THE T-SHIRT



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The AH 572 High-Fidelity Stereo Pre-Amplifier is an ultra-low distortion (0.008%) two-channel unit featuring high-accuracy step detent controls, illuminated function readouts and touch switches with LED indicators for smooth, silent, sophisticated programming. It also includes adjustable phono input levels and a tape selector that provides five separate tape modes.

High-Fidelity Stereo AM/FM Tuner

The AH 673 High-Fidelity Stereo AM/FM Tuner incorporates touch switches with LED indicators and illuminated function readouts. Other features include ASNC (Automatic Stereo Noise Cancelling). Separate level controls for AM and FM. An FM interstation disturbance mute. And an exclusive AM centre-tuned meter for wide-band full fidelity AM reproduction.

High-Fidelity Stereo Power Amplifier

The 210 watts RMS per channel high-performance AH 578 High-Fidelity Stereo Power Amplifier completes the Philips Hi-Fi Laboratories range. It comprises high-accuracy step detent controls, touch switches with LED indicators and illuminated power meters and protection indicators. Also incorporated in the AH 578 are a sub-sonic filter, thermal and overload protection, and provision for connecting two pairs of loudspeaker systems.

PHILIPS HIGH FIDELITY LABORATORIES TUNER
PHILIPS HIGH FIDELITY LABORATORIES PRE-AMPLIFIER
PHILIPS HIGH FIDELITY LABORATORIES POWER AMPLIFIER

Philips Hi-Fi Laboratories Range. A step closer to sound perfection.

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We want you to have the best PHILIPS

Baltic trader known as the *Sulidae,* a sturdy, gaff-rigged ketch built in Denmark, you have the chance to follow in the wake of that great 19th century naturalist. The islands are a microcosm of the world in terms of flora and fauna. And if you feel like mixing it with an all-Ecuadorian crew, ghost crabs, giant tortoises and lizards, you had better sign up for the cruise. The cost is fairly high (about $5000) but this includes air fares to South America and a trip to Easter Island.

I suppose there must be some limit to the ultimate escape trip. When I hear of an Arctic Dog Trek across the pack-ice of Norton Sound in Alaska, I begin to wonder what they will dream up next. A submarine cruise to Guadalcanal? Nevertheless, if you feel like donning snowshoes and going to the dogs along with the men of the Yukon, this may prove to be your thing. The trek starts from Anchorage and journeys north-west to Nome, on the Bering Straits, along the famous Iditarod Trail. Nights are spent in trappers' cabins, tents, or in your own private igloo. One thing this trip has going for it is that there's no shortage of ice for those aperitifs. Cost ($1053) doesn't include air fares.

As a traveller par excellence, Warwick will take you – or guarantee to get you – anywhere. Whether it's a trip to the High Atlas in Morocco or a jaunt around Annapurna, a diving safari to the Red Sea or a simple walking tour of Fiji, he'll put you on the right trek.

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For the more gregarious there are other equally good ways of spending money on a holiday. Though most tour brochures, notably cruise brochures, emphasise the below-deck possibilities arising from poolside soirées, if you're not careful you may find yourself under the regimentation of a crew of friendly KGB agents. And beware of that girl from Yagoona with a portable ikon to Presley in her cabin. However hard you try you'll be contending with a saint for her affections, even if you can whistle Heartbreak Hotel.

Club Méditerranée offers you the way to the heart of most twin-bedded *farés* (native bungalows). I don't know of a holiday complex that can give you more variety of entertainment, sport and consistently good French cuisine than the club. It's a formula, sure: beyond the club gates is considered out-of-bounds. In fact, anyone found venturing on a local tour is regarded with suspicion. Almost like letting the side down.

But for someone who genuinely wants to relax, the formula does work. There are scads of girls from all over the world, plenty to do in the way of

Take it easy. Hush Puppies.*

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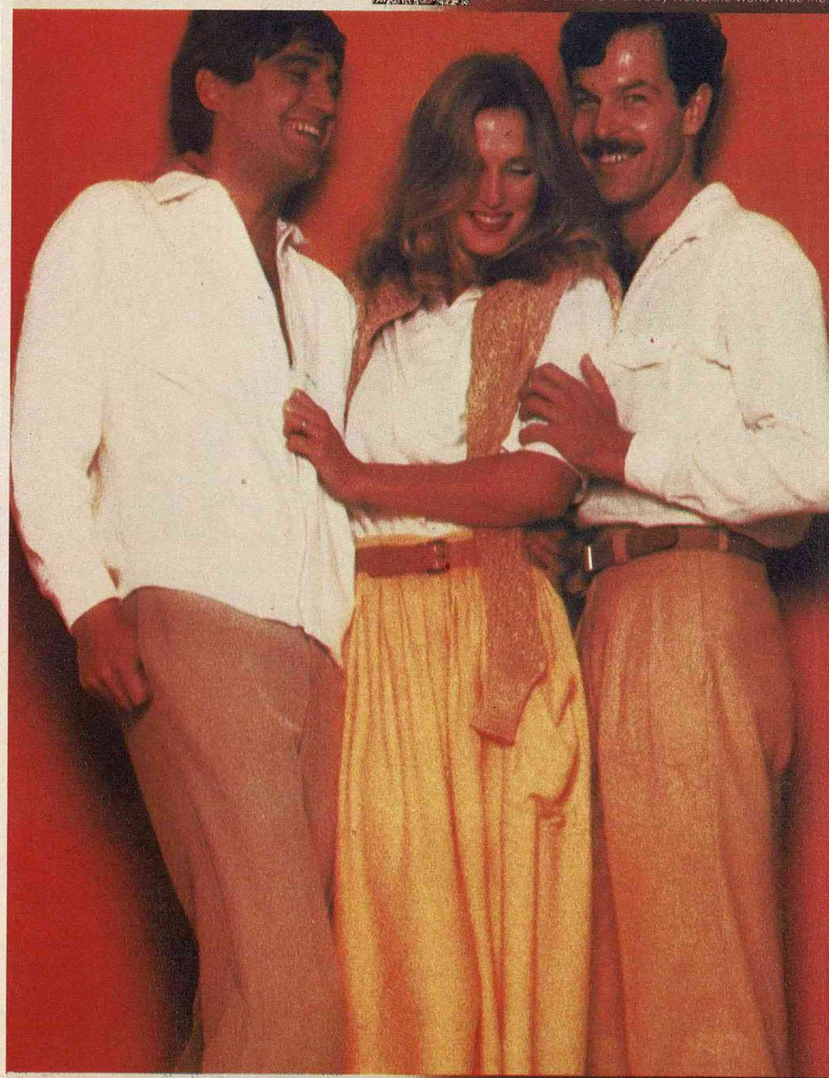

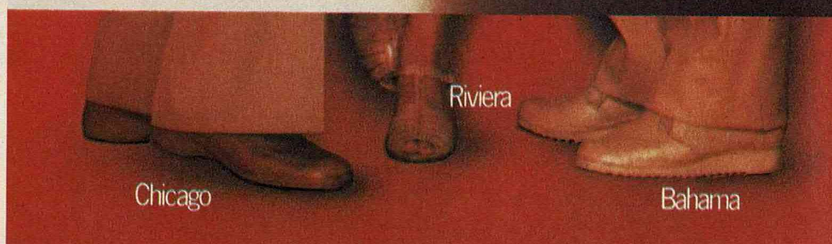

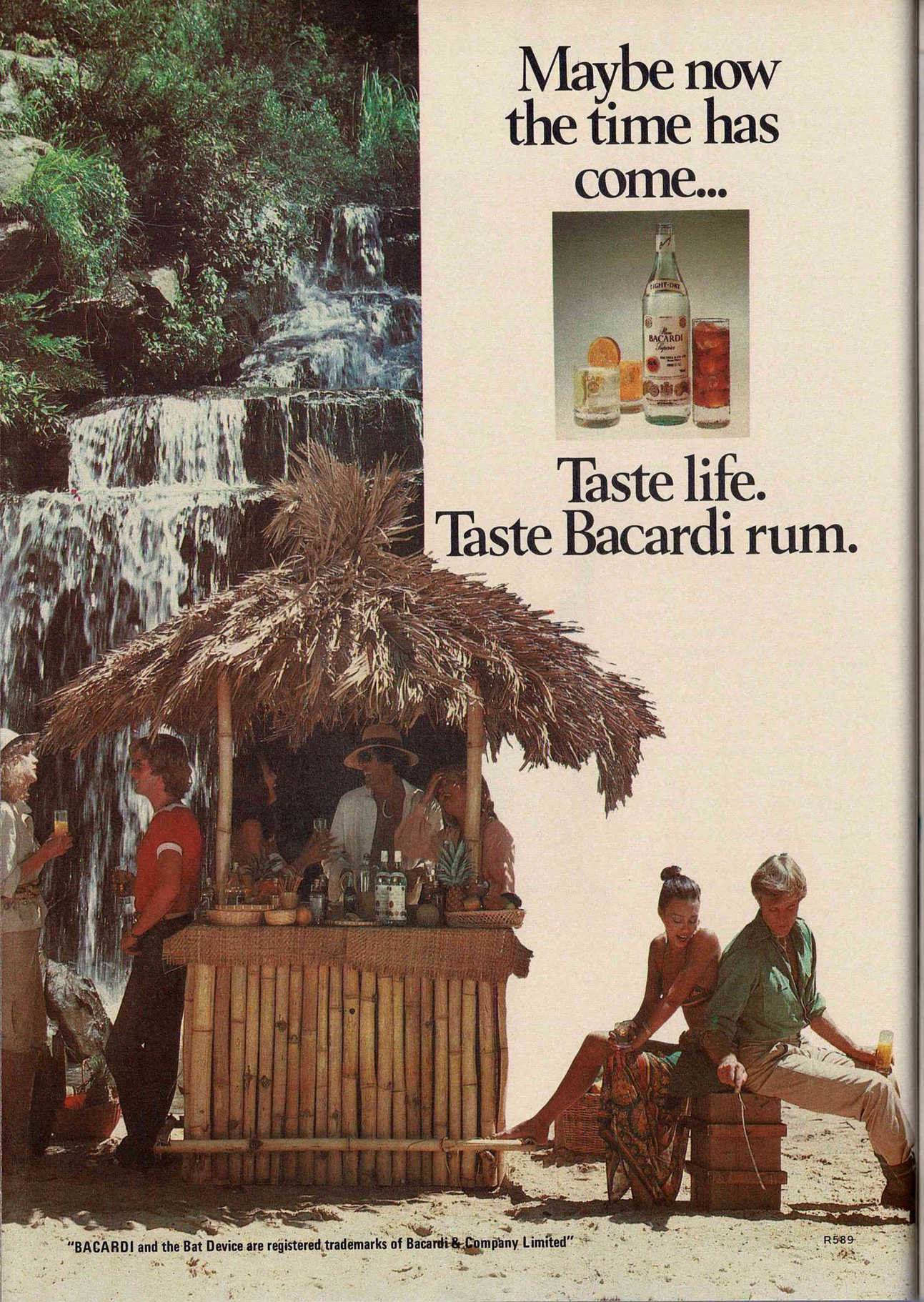

tennis, scuba diving and water skiing. And after dark the entertainment really begins. The pursuit of plain old hedonism around the bar is limited only by the number of plastic beads (money is banned) you can hang round your neck.

There are innumerable clubs scattered about the world. The nearest to Australia are in Noumea (the old Chateau Royale), Tahiti (the islands of Moorea and Bora Bora) and on the island of Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean. If you want something really different you might like to try Cancum on the Yucatan Peninsula, in Mexico. Each club is designed with local architectural styles in mind. Whether in the *farés* or plantation-style (rooms opening on to wide balconies), your room will be clean and simple with bathroom facilities. But don't expect deluxe accommodation. The rooms are designed to keep you outside all day, on the beach or propping up the bar. The club really does cater for singles. Foreign affairs are what it's all about. Dressing up to the nines is considered passé. The lifestyle is uncomplicated and clothing, if worn at all, is kept to a minimum. Meals are communal, so you get to sit next to whomever you please. Between quiche and crêpes suzette you're bound to meet up with some dish who will pass for extra dessert. But I suppose indigestion isn't a painful event for the practising gourmand. Prices vary with each resort. Noumea is the cheapest (from $448 a week), with Tahiti about $900 for one week. Out of Sydney, the cost for a 14-day package to Mauritius is nearer $1400. Prices include return air fares, accommodation, all meals with wine, and use of all facilities including sports equipment. The bar is the only place where the beads come off. The club is the nearest thing to a package tour that you'll find without it being one. You're still your own boss and not part of a group. For the free-wheeling single who wants to meet his own kind, the Club Méditerranée is hard to beat.

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For those with a leaning towards the beauties of the orient, Bill Hollows from Travelscene, one of Australia's fastest growing specialists on South-East Asia, has come up with a formula for exploring the night-side of the East. Because of the rigid social customs in Singapore, and to a certain extent in Indonesia, even plain old voyeurism is confined to the usual rather tepid nightclub acts at the better class hotels. And Hong Kong is now comparatively expensive for any would-be roué. So, for the Australian traveller, real after-dark entertainment begins in Manila, capital of the Philippines.

After you have booked into your medium rate hotel (top rate hotels refuse entrance to your female guests) take a cab-ride down to Ermita, the nightclub area. The two best bars to begin any crawl are Connie's and the Chandelier. Once you've paid an $8 *fine,* or cover charge, you have the choice of up to 30 hostesses. The *fine* entitles you to leave the bar with the lady of your choice and return to your hotel. What comes next is entirely up to you and is subject to negotiation. Further out of Manila there is another nightclub area known as Angeles City. Possibly there are a few angels among the girls in the bars – who knows? Book into the Clarkton House, a reasonably priced hotel ($10 for a single room) with a number of bars on the premises to put you in the mood. Or if you want to start out from more familiar surroundings, you could check into the Kangaroo Club – a sort of all-in information bureau and watering hole for Australians. It costs $15 to join but the return in contacts more than makes up for the outlay.

In Jakarta, the place to stay is the Horizon Hotel. It is located in a park setting, with three swimming pools, a casino, and numerous restaurants, and you'll find the hotel staff more than helpful when it comes to arranging a companion. But remember – don't negotiate a price until after you've experienced the full pleasure of the young lady's company. Short-term credit is the name of the game.

Bangkok, of course, is in a class by itself. Though the language barrier may sometimes prove a problem, it still offers more than most cities for those of us who are content to remain mute. Two of the top Turkish bath houses or massage parlors there are Chapoyai and Nancy's. Well over 200 girls will be waiting for you when you arrive, all of them numbered. Those numbered under 200 are available for a straight massage, without trimmings. Above that number and you are entitled to the full treatment, with your high number giving you the full body massage through a lather of soap bubbles. Provided that soap is all you get in your mouth, the cost adds up to about $15. Bubbles, burst or otherwise, will put a further $10 on the bill. Further south in Thailand, at Pattaya Beach, the Touch of Class bar is as good a place as any to begin a carouse. Run by an Australian, it boasts some of the prettiest hostesses in town. The evening could cost $20.

As far as Bill is concerned, however, the nearest place to Nirvana he has encountered is Taipei. He says the girls there are the most beautiful in Asia. A good bar to begin at is the Princess. Though the prices are much higher than in, say, Bangkok there is a certain inscrutable charm about the girls.

•

I don't know much about the *Karma Sutra,* that ancient manual on sexual gymnastics, but I do know that however you choose your next holiday, you're bound to end up experiencing an entirely new set of contortions if you get off the beaten track. Hanging by your ankles from Annapurna or being cast adrift in a Bangkok bubble bath may do more for you than tone up your muscles. It may even jolt you into a new frame of mind.

Assemblage illustration by Robbylee Phelan

THE PLEASURE BIRD

from the moment she touched its glowing plumage, lilly knew she had to possess the exquisite creature

fiction BY PETER CAREY

LILLY DANKO had a funny face, but the actual point where one said "this is a funny face" rather than "this is a pretty face" was difficult to establish. Certainly there were little creases around the eyes and small smile lines beside the mouth, yet they had not always been there and she had always had a funny face. It was a long face, with a long chin, and perhaps it was the slight protuberance of her lower lip that was the key to it. It was not pronounced, could easily be overlooked, and to make a fuss about it would be to ignore the sparkle in her pale blue eyes. Yet all of this is missing the point about faces, which are not static things, a blue this, a long that, a collection of little items like clues in a crossword puzzle. Lillian Danko had a rubber face which

pursed its lips, wrinkled its nose and expressed, with rare freedom, all the humors of its owner.

At the age of eight she had written in a school composition that she wished, when fully grown, to take up the profession of clown. And although she had long since forgotten this incident and the cold winter's afternoon on which she had written it, she would not now, at the age of 30, sitting in their boiling old Chevrolet at the Kennecott Interstellar Space Terminal, have found anything to disown.

Here she was, knitting baby clothes in a beaten-up car while Mort, dressed up in a suit like a travelling salesman, walked the unseen corridors inside the terminal in search of a job as a miner on one of the company's planets, asteroids or moons. She was not likely to share any jokes on the subject with Mort, who was stretched as tight as a guitar string about to break. And she wished, as she had found herself wishing more and more lately, that her father had been alive to share the idiocies of the world. She would have astonished him with the news, made him laugh and made him furious all at the same time.

Here, she would have said, we have the romance of space, and she would have pointed to the burnt, ugly hulk of an interstellar cargo ship lowering itself on to the earth like a dirty old hen going down on its nest. Space had yielded no monsters, no Martians, no exotic threats or blessings. The ship roaring with bad temper atop the platform would contain nothing more beautiful than iron ingots, ball bearings and a few embittered workers who were fortunate enough to have finished their stints in the untidy backyards of space.

It wasn't funny unless you made it funny and Lilly, six months pregnant, with $20 in her purse, a car that needed $200 and a husband who was fighting against three million unemployed to get a job, had no real choice but to make it funny.

"C'est la bloody guerre," she said, holding up her knitting and reflecting that 300 kilometres of dusty roads had not done a lot for the whiteness of the garment. Stuff it, she thought, it'll have to do.

When the face appeared in the open window by her shoulder she got such a fright she couldn't remember whether she'd said "stuff" out loud or just thought it.

"I beg your pardon," she said to the bombed-out face that grinned crookedly through the window.

"Pardon for what?" He was young and there was something crazy about him. His black eyes looked as sleepy as his voice sounded. He was neglected and overgrown with wild, curling black hair falling over his eyes and a bristling beard that was just catching up to an earlier moustache.

"I thought I may have said something aloud."

"If you said something," he said, "I didn't hear it. I am definitely at least half deaf in one ear."

"I probably didn't say it then," she said carefully, wondering if he was going to rob her or if he was just crazy. "Are you looking for a lift?"

"Not me." He stood back from the window so she could see his white overalls with their big Kennecott insignia. He was tall and thin, like a renegade basketball player. "This," he gestured laconically to include the whole area of car park, administration building, docking platforms and dry parched earth, "this is my home. So," he paused for a moment as if what he had said had made him inexplicably sad, "so I don't need a lift, thank you."

"Any jobs in there?"

"Let's say there are an awful lot of people in there waiting to be told no."

Lilly nodded. "Yeah, well . . ."

"You want to see something?"

"Well, that depends what it is."

He walked smoothly to a little white cleaner's trolley he had left marooned a few metres from the car and trundled it back, whistling like one who carries rare gifts.

"If anyone comes," he whispered, "you're asking me directions, okay?"

"Okay."

"This," he reached a large hand into the white cart, "is really something extra special.

He was not exaggerating. For what he now pushed through the window and on to her lap was the most beautiful bird that Lilly Danko had ever dreamed might be possible, more exquisite and delightful than a bird of paradise, a flamingo, or any of the rare and beautiful species she had ever gazed at in picture books. It was not a large bird – about the size of a very large pigeon – but with a long, supple neck and a sleek, handsome head from which emerged a strong beak that looked just like mother of pearl.

Yet such was the splendor of the bird that she hardly noticed the opaline beauty of the beak, or the remarkable eyes which seemed to have all the colors of the rainbow tucked into a matrix of soft brown. It was the bird's coloring that elicited from her such an involuntary cry. For the feathers that ran from its smooth head to its graceful tail were of every blue imaginable. Proud Prussian blue at the head then, beneath a necklace of emerald green, ultramarine and sapphire which gave way to dramatic tail feathers of peacock blue. Its powerful chest revealed veridian hidden like precious jewels in an aquamarine sea.

When she felt the first pulse of pure pleasure she imagined that it originated from the colors themselves and later, when she tried to explain this first feeling to Mort, she would use the word "swoon", savoring the round, smooth strangeness of the word.

"Don't it feel nice when you touch it?" the young man said.

"Oh, yes."

And even as she answered she realised that it was not the colors that gave such pleasure, but that the feeling was associated with stroking the bird itself. "It's just like having your back rubbed softly."

"Better."

"Yes," she said, "better. It gets you right at the base of the neck."

"It gets you just about everywhere."

And something about the way he said it made her realise that he wasn't showing her this bird out of idle interest, but that he was going to offer it for sale. It was an exotic, of course, and had probably been smuggled in by some poor miner looking for an extra buck. If the crew-cut Protestants who had begun the push into space with such obsessive caution had seen the laxness of the space companies with quarantine matters, they would have shrieked with horror. But NASA had wilted away and no terrible catastrophe had hit the earth. There were exotic shrubs which needed to be fed strange trace elements to keep them alive, a few dozen strange new weeds of no particular distinction, and a poor small lizard-ish creature raised for its hallucinogenic skin.

But there had been nothing as strange and beautiful as this, and she calculated its value in thousands of dollars. When she was invited to make an offer she reluctantly handed it back, or tried to, because as she held it up to the man he simply backed away.

"You've got to make an offer. You can't not make an offer."

She put the bird, so placid she thought it must be drugged, back on her lap and stroked sadly. "Okay, I'll be the bunny. How much do you want?"

He held up two hands.

"Ten dollars?"

"Is that cheap or is it cheap?"

"It's cheap, but I can't."

"You should have made an offer."

"I can't," she said hopelessly, thinking of Mort, and what he would say. God knows, the world pressed in on him heavily enough. Yet the thrilling thought that she could own such a marvel, that she need never hand it back, crept into her mind and lodged there, snug and comfortable as a child sleeping beneath a soft blanket.

"I can only offer you five," she said,

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thinking that she couldn't really offer as much as five at all.

"Done."

"Oh, shit!"

"You don't want it?"

"Oh, yes, I want it," she said dryly. "You know I want it."

She put the bird down on the seat, where it sat waiting for nothing more than to be picked up again, and took five of their precious dollars from her handbag. "Well," she said, handing over the money, "I guess we can always eat it." Then, seeing the shocked look on the wild young face: "Just joking."

"If you don't want it . . ."

"I want it, I want it. What does it eat? Breakfast cereal and warm milk?"

"I've got feed for it, so don't sweat."

"And the feed is extra, right?"

"My dear Dolores," he said, "where this bird comes from the stuff it eats grows on trees. If you'd be nice enough to open the boot I'll give you a bag of it and our transaction, as they say, will be finito."

She opened the boot and he wheeled round his cleaner's trolley, hoisting a polythene sack into the car.

"What do I do when it's eaten all this food?"

But he was already gliding across the car park towards the administration building. "Well *then*," he giggled over his shoulder, "you're going to have to eat *it.*" The giggling carried across the hot tarmac and got lost in the heat haze. Lillian went back to the car. She was still stroking the bird when Mort came back.

Through pale veils of pleasure she saw him walking back across the blistering car park and she knew, before he arrived at the car, exactly what his eyes would look like. She had seen those eyes more and more recently, like the doors to comfortable and familiar rooms that suddenly open to reveal lift wells full of broken cables. She should have taken him in her arms then and held him, stroked his neck until the lights came back on in those poor, defeated eyes, eyes which had once looked at the world with innocent certainty, which had sought nothing more than the contentment of being a good gardener, calm eyes without fear and ambition. She should have taken him in her arms, but she had the bird and she sat there, stroking it stupidly, like someone who won't leave a hot shower until the water goes cold.

He came and sat behind the wheel, not looking at her.

"Take off your coat, honey," she said gently, putting a hand on his. "Come on, take if off."

It was then that he saw the bird.

"What's that?"

Her left hand was still stroking it. She ran a finger down its opaline bill, across its exquisitely smooth head and down its glowing blue back. "It's a bird. Stroke it." She tugged his hand, a hand which each day had become smoother and softer, toward the bird, and the bird, as if understanding, craned its supple neck toward him. "It'll make you feel better."

But Mort put both hands on the steering wheel and she saw his knuckles whiten. She was frightened then. He was a dark well she had thought of only as calm and still, but that was in the easy confidence of employment, in times without threat. Now, when she said what she had to say, something would happen.

"Mort, I'm sorry. I paid $5 for it. I'm sorry, Mort."

He opened the door and walked slowly around the car. She watched him. He didn't look at her. He walked around the car a second time and she saw his face coloring. Then he started kicking it. He moved slowly, methodically, kicking it every metre or so as if he wished to leave no part of its dull, chalky body unpunished. When he had finished he came and sat down again, resting his head wearily against the steering wheel.

Lilly got out of the car and walked to the driver's side.

"Come on, bug-a-lugs," she said, "move over. I'm driving."

She slid behind the wheel, thinking that in another month she wouldn't be able to fit behind it, and when he moved over she passed him the bird. By the time they had left the terminal he was stroking it. His face had relaxed and resumed its normal quiet innocence, and she remembered the days they had worked together as gardeners on the Firestone Estate as if this were some lost paradise from which they had been inexplicably expelled by a stern, fascist god.

"Let's stay in a motel," she said. "Let's have a hot shower and a good meal and get drunk and have a nice time in a big bed."

"And be broke in the morning," he said, but smiled.

"One morning we'll be broke. We might as well have fun doing it."

Mort stroked the bird slowly and dreamily.

"Do you like our bird?" she asked.

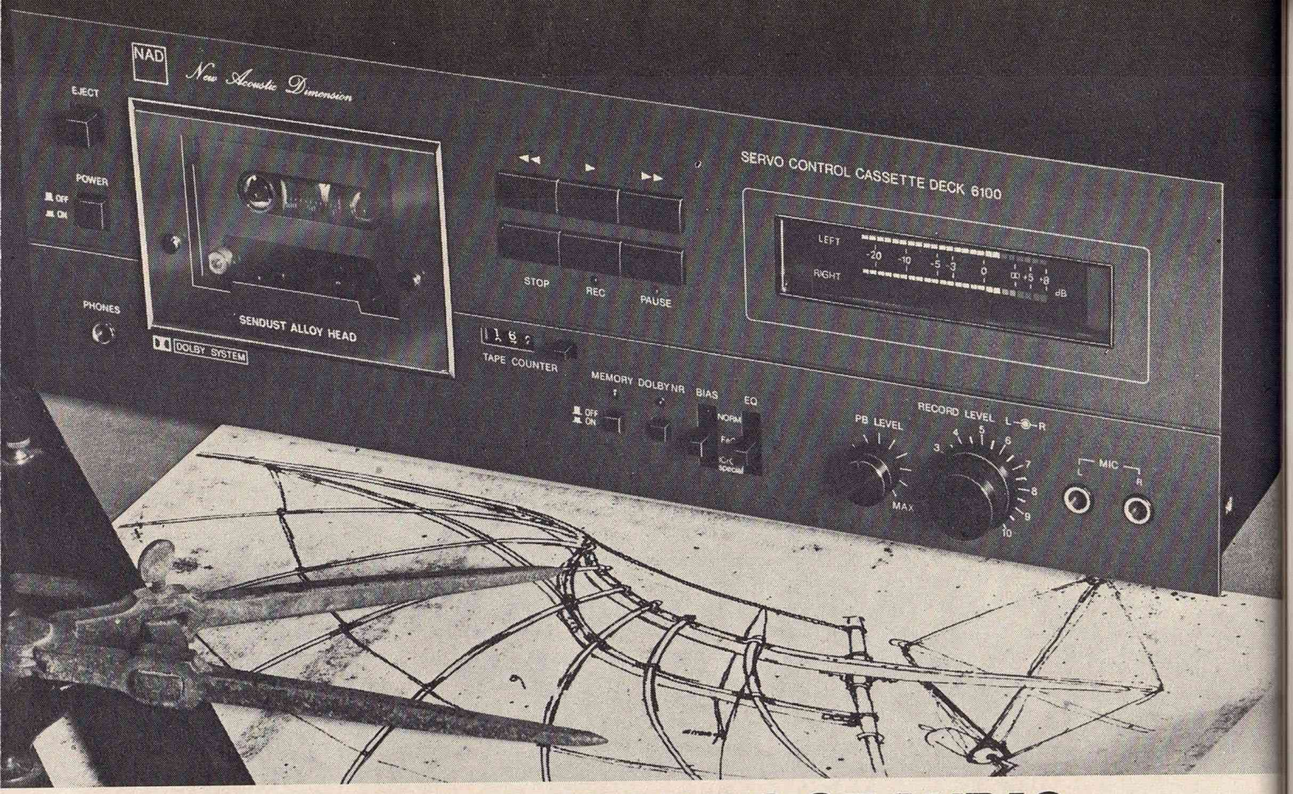
He smiled. "You're really a crazy person, Lilly."

"Do you still love me?"

"Yes," he said, "and I like the bird. Let's have champagne and piss off without paying."

"Champagne it is."

As it turned out, the motel they chose didn't have champagne, but it had an architecture well suited to their plans. Its yellow painted doors faced the highway and, when they backed



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the car into the space in front of the room, there was nothing in their way to prevent a fast getaway.

•

Lillian lay on the bed stroking the bird which sat comfortably between her breasts and her swollen belly. The bottle of wine which stood amongst the debris of a meal on the table beside her was very nearly empty.

Mort, his hair wet, sat naked in a chair, staring at the television. She envied him his looseness, his easy sexual satisfaction.

"Why don't you put it down?" he said finally.

"In a minute."

"Come and rub my back."

"You're a greedy bastard, Mort."

"You want to be careful with that bird. It probably should have injections or something. You shouldn't fool around with those exotics when you're pregnant."

"You're the only exotic that I fool around with."

She looked at him and thought for the millionth time how pretty he was with his smooth skin and his hard muscles and that beautiful guileless face. "Let's get another bottle." The drunk Mort was more like the good old Mort used to be.

Without waiting for an answer she reached over and picked up the phone. She ordered the wine, put the bird in the bathroom with a saucer of seed, threw Mort a pair of trousers and picked up her own dress.

It was the manager himself who brought the wine. He wasn't content to hand it through the door. "I'll just pick up the trays," he said, and Lilly noted that he already had his foot in the door, like one of those obnoxious encyclopaedia salesmen.

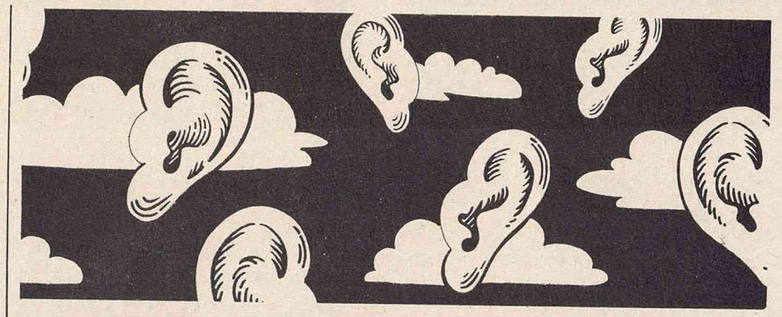
He was a short, slim man, handsome in an over-ripe way, with a mole near his eye and waving dark hair. Lilly didn't like him. She didn't like his highly-shined shoes or his neatly-pressed flannel trousers. She didn't like the way he looked at the wet towel lying on the floor and the rumpled, disordered bed freshly stained from their love-making.

She sat on the bed while he busied himself with the trays. When she saw he was actually counting the knives and forks she started mimicking him behind his back.

When he announced that a saucer was missing, she nearly burst out laughing. As if anyone would pinch one of his stupid tasteless saucers.

"It's in the bathroom," she said, and was wondering if she should add "where it belongs" when the man took the opportunity to have a look in the bathroom for himself.

When he came back he was holding



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the bird in one hand and the saucer of seed in the other. Lilly took the bird from him and watched him drop the seeds into the rubbish bin.

"There is a house rule against pets. It's quite clearly displayed."

"It's not a pet," she said.

"I can't have people bringing their pets in here."

She saw Mort put his head in his hands as he anticipated one more setback, one more razor-nick defeat.

Slowly, she took the saucer from the manager's manicured hand. "Just stroke it," she said, "it has special properties." She smiled inwardly to hear herself use a word like "properties", a leftover from her short and wasted education.

The manager looked at her with supercilious eyes and was about to give her back the bird when she firmly took hold of his free hand (which she was astonished to find damp with anxiety) and rubbed it down the bird's back. When she took her hand away he continued to stroke it mechanically, the threatened light of authority still shining in his eyes.

"Go on," she encouraged. "It really feels nice."

In spite of a private conviction that he was being made a fool of, the manager stroked the bird, at first tentatively and then more surely. The bird, as if understanding the importance of the occasion, brushed its cheek against the manager's and then, for a minute or two, very little moved in the room but the manager's hand.

Lights from the highway flowed across the wall.

On the television a mute reporter stretched a microphone towards a weeping man.

Twice Lilly saw the manager trying to give the bird back and twice she saw him fail.

"Feels nice, doesn't it?"

The manager nodded his head and looked embarrassed. She could see that pleasure had made his eyes as gooey as marshmallow.

"Now," she said briskly, holding out her hands for the bird, "I'll put it in the car so we won't be breaking the rules."

"No." He was like a two-year-old with a teddy bear.

"You'll exhaust it," Lilly said, "and we need it for tomorrow. It's our business. That's what I meant about it not being a pet."

"Your business?" the manager asked, and in truth every person in the room was trying to think how this beautiful bird might be anyone's line of "business".

"It's a Pleasure Bird," Lilly said, lighting a cigarette, though she had given them up three months ago. It gave her time to think. "We charge a dollar a minute for people to stroke it."

"You people in show business?"

"Sure are". Lilly exhaled luxuriously and sat down on the bed.

"Dollar a minute, eh? Good work if you can get it." He was being nice now, and she allowed herself the luxury of not despising him for it.

"You think that's too expensive?" She held out her arms for the bird. "We've charged more and no one's ever complained."

The manager stepped back from the extended arms, cooing over the bird like a mother with her baby.

Lilly started talking. Ideas came to her so fast that she hardly knew how the sentence would end when she started it. "You can have it for half an hour" – she watched the manager glow – "in return for the price of this room and the food."

"Done."

"And wine, of course."

"Done."

"For an extra $5 in cash you can take it to the office so we won't disturb you. We'll get it when time's up."

"Done."

"What's the time, Mort?"

Mort picked up his watch from the top of the mute television. "Nine twenty-three."

"Okay, it is now 9.23." She opened

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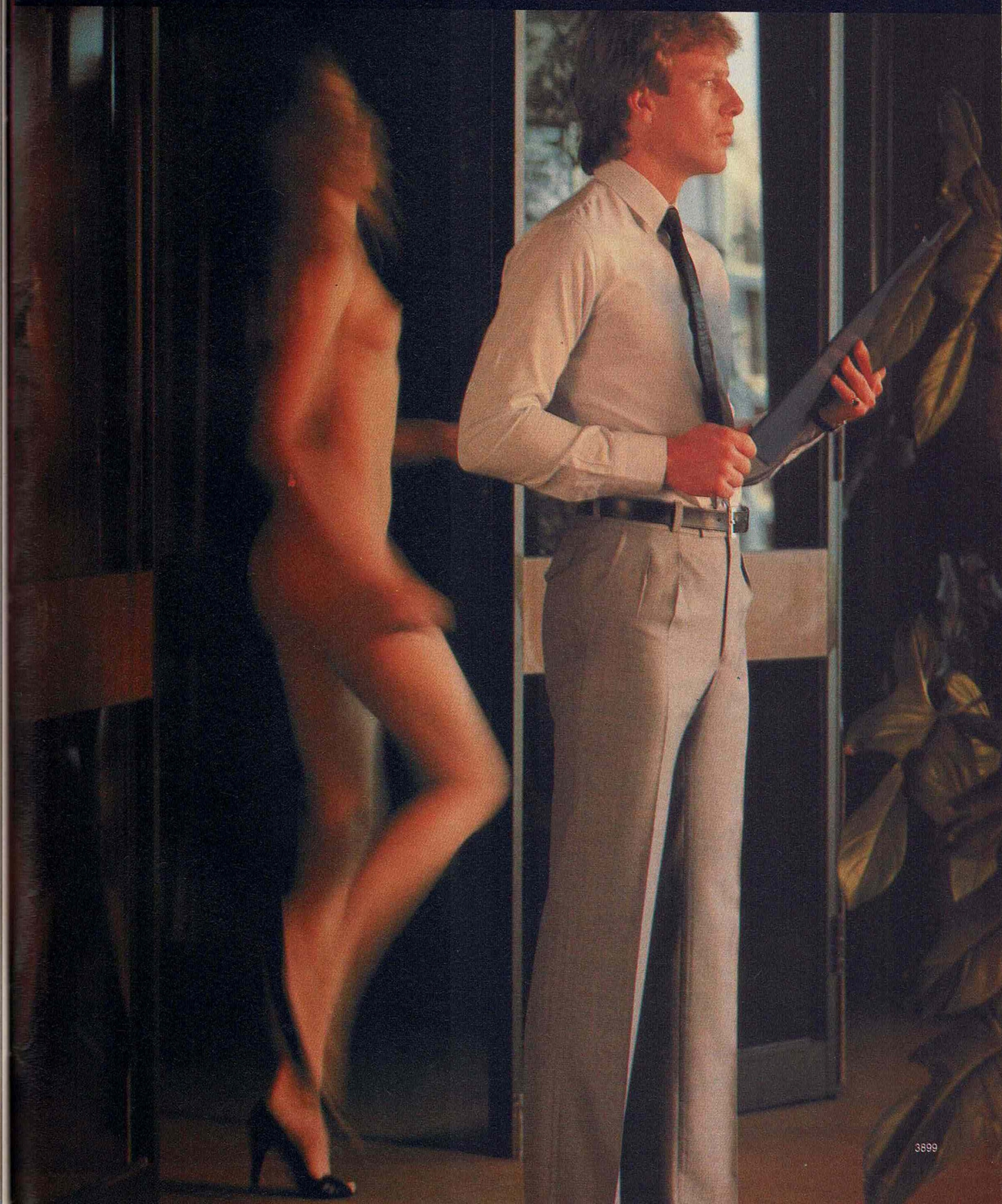

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the door and ushered the manager out into the night. "I'll pick it up from you at exactly 9.53."

When she shut the door she was grinning so broadly that her face hurt. She hugged Mort and said: "I'm a genius. Tell me I'm a genius."

"You're a genius," he said, "but you were crazy to let him take it away."

"Why, for Chrissake?"

"He mightn't give it back."

"Oh hell, Mort. Stop it."

"I'm sorry, it was just a thought."

"Be positive."

"I am positive."

"Well, pour me a glass of wine and tell me I'm beautiful."

The manager had taken the corkscrew, and they had to shove the cork in with a pencil.

As it turned out they made an extra $20 cash that night. It was 10.13 before they persuaded the manager to relinquish the bird. They stood in his office holding the watch while the man bought minute after minute of extra time from his petty cash. The phone rang and wasn't answered. As they left his office, the bird ruffled its feathers and crapped on the concrete.

•

Mort didn't want to look at the empty wine bottle or the plan he had agreed to so easily the night before. When Lillian got up he curled himself into a ball and pretended he was still asleep. Lilly knew he wasn't asleep, and knew why he was pretending.

"Come on, Mort, don't be weak."

Mort moaned.

"Come on, Mort honey, or we won't get a stall." She rattled a coffee cup near his ear. "Do you want to get rich or do you want to stay poor? Here's your coffee, love. It's getting cold."

When Mort finally emerged, tousle-headed and soft as a child's toy, he was in no way prepared for the spectacle that greeted him. Lilly was wearing white overalls and clown make-up. There were stars round her eyes and padding on her neat little bum.

"Oh hell, Lilly, please."

"Please what? Drink your coffee."

"Please don't. We don't have to do that, surely."

"You heard what I told the man. We're in show business."

"Take if off, please. I don't mind the business with the bird, but we don't have to do all this."

"Drink your coffee and I'll take Charley-boy out for a walk."

When they drove to the markets it was in strained silence. The clown held the bird. The straight man was at the wheel. When the car finally lost its muffler, neither of them said anything.

•

The markets had sprung up to meet the needs of the new poor and were supplied and operated by an increasingly sophisticated collection of small-time crooks. The police, by mutual agreement, rarely entered their enclosures, and business was thus conducted with some decorum, whether it was the purchase of stolen clothing or illicit drugs (the notorious Lizard Dust was sold here and it was only the poor who tolerated the violent illnesses that preceded its more pleasant effects). Here you could buy spare parts for rubber thongs, fruit, vegetables, motor cars of questionable origin, poisonous hot dogs and bilious-colored drinks.

The market they drove to was in a vast, concrete-paved car park which, at 9am, was already unpleasantly hot. A blustery wind carried clouds of dust through the stalls, rattled the canvas roofs, and lodged a fine speck of dust in Mort's eye. So it was Lillian who joined the queue for temporary stalls while Mort adjourned, from embarrassment more than pain, to minister to his eye in the men's toilets.

The stall number was 128. It was nothing more than a wooden trestle table with a number painted on the top. Canvas awnings were a luxury they could not afford.

Mort stood behind the stall in his suit and tie, red-eyed and sulky. The bird stood stoically on the table. Lilly, resplendent in overalls and clown's face, waddled to and fro in front, a balloon of swollen belly and grotesque padded bum.

"It won't work."

"Of course it'll work," she said. But her stomach was a mass of nerves and the baby, probably nervous of the life she had in store for it, kicked irritably inside her. "Don't look like that," she hissed, "I can't do it when you are looking at me like that."

"Do what?"

And she started to do it. She felt a fool. She did badly what she had dreamed would be easy. Her voice sounded high and, when she tried to lower it, it came out worse. What she said was hardly impressive and rarely funny. But she started to lumber through the crowd, clapping her hands and making a fuss.

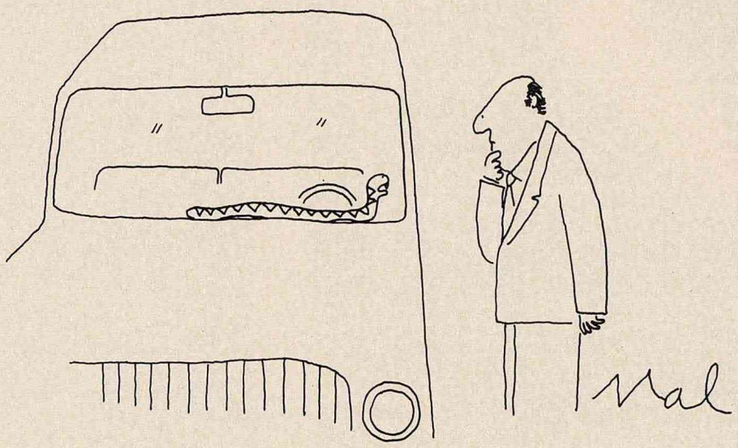
"See the Pleasure Bird at Stall 128," she yelled. "First three customers get a minute of pleasure for free. Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes. One dollar, one minute. They say it's better than sex. One dollar, one minute, and the first three customers get it free."

A crowd of ragged children followed her. She did a cake walk. She danced a waltz with a black man in a pink suit. She fell over a guy rope and made it look intentional. She attracted a small crowd by the simple device of placing a match box on the ground and making a big show of jumping over it, bowing and smiling when the jump was done. The matchbox jump was the most successful stunt of all, and she gave the laughing crowd the news about Stall 128 and the Pleasure Bird.

By the time she'd got lost in an alley of used car parts and been threatened by a woman who was trying to sell bruised apples, she was exhausted. She had blisters on her feet from Mort's sandshoes, which were four sizes too big, and a cut on her hand from the fall over the guy rope. She limped back to the stall to find an enormous crowd huddled around an old woman who was dreamily stroking the bird. Mort stood beside her with his watch in his hand. The crowd was strangely silent; the woman crooning to the bird seemed vulnerable and rather sad.

"Ten minutes," said Mort.

The woman reluctantly handed the bird back and, from a pocket of her voluminous black dress, produced a



"You act like you've never seen a windshield viper before."

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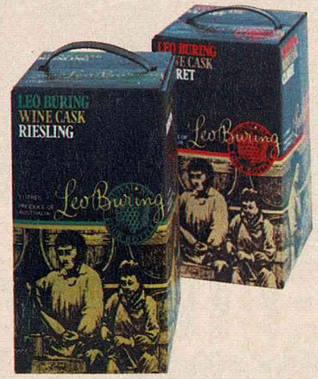

LeoBuring
3 litre wine casks
Seen at all the right places.

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half-unravelled blue sock from which she counted out $10 in differing notes and coins.

As Mort handed the bird to the next person in the queue, the quiet solemnity of the recipient's visage reminded Lilly of a face in her childhood taking communion in a small country church. He was an Italian, a laborer with a blue singlet and dusty boots. He had held the bird for only 30 seconds when he cradled it in one arm and dragged a bundle of notes from his pockets and placed them on the table in a large crumpled heap.

"Tell me when time's up," he said, and sat on the trestle table, hunched over the bird, lost in his own private world, impervious to the mutterings of the impatient crowd.

After that they limited the time to three minutes.

They could have worked the market all day but Mort, rather than share in Lilly's ever-increasing sense of triumph, became more and more upset with her costume.

"Take it off. You don't need it now."

"No."

"Please!"

"Don't be silly, Mort. It's all part of the act."

"You look like a fool. I can't stand people laughing at you."

They hissed at each other until one o'clock when Mort, his face red and sullen, suddenly dumped the bird in Lilly's lap and walked away.

At two o'clock she closed the stall and limped painfully back to the car. The bird seemed none the worse for its handling. Mort didn't seem to have fared so well. He was sitting woodenly inside the boiling car and, when she asked him how much he'd taken, he simply handed her the money.

She counted $230 in notes. She didn't bother with the silver.

•

The balcony of their room looked across a wide, graceful river which was now silvery and cool in the late light. A rowing eight moved with svelte precision through a canopy of willows and two black swans descended from the sky above the distant city. Lilly, watching them, imagined the pleasant coolness of the water on their hot, feathered bodies.

Her make-up was gone, and she wore a loose white cheesecloth dress. The ice clinked in her gin and tonic, and even the small chink of the glass as it touched the metal filigree table sounded cool and luxurious to her ears. She put her blistered feet up on the railing and stroked the bird gently.

"Mort."

"Yes."

"You feel okay now?"

He leant across and put his arm on her shoulder. His face was sunburnt and there was a strange red V mark on his chest. He nodded slowly. "Put the bird inside."

"In a minute."

He took his hand back and filled his empty glass.

Lillian was feeling triumphant. She had a fair idea of the worms that were eating at Mort, and she was surprised and a little guilty to discover that she didn't care excessively. She felt cool and rich and amazingly free. After a few minutes she picked up the bird and put it in front of the bathroom mirror where, she discovered, for all its unearthly qualities, it behaved just like a budgerigar.

She went back to the balcony and stood behind Mort, rubbing his broad back and loosening the tense muscles in his neck.

"Tell me I was terrific," she said. "Please say I was great."

Mort hesitated, and she felt the muscles under her fingers knot again. "Let's not talk about it now."

She smiled just the same, remembering checking into this hotel, Mort dressed in his salesman's suit, she in her clown's make-up, the bird quietly hidden in a plastic shopping bag.

"Lillian," she said to herself, "you were just terrific."

The river was almost black now and, when two birds cut across it toward a certain tree, it was too dark to see the stunning colors by which she might have identified them.

•

Their days were lined with freeways and paved with concrete. They limped south with a boiling radiator and an un-muffled engine. They worked markets, factory gates and even, on one occasion, a forgotten country school where the children let down their tyres to stop them leaving.

Mort no longer complained about the clown, yet his resentment and embarrassment grew like a cancer inside him, and he seldom thought of anything else. He had long since stopped touching the Pleasure Bird, and the full force of his animosity was beamed towards its small, colorful eyes, which seemed to contain a universe of malignant intentions.

"God, it likes freeways." Lillian held the bird in the air, displaying its ruffled feathers, a signal that it wanted to go.

Slowly, irritatingly slowly, Mort pulled the car into the white emergency lane and the bird hopped out, did it quickly and effectively, and hopped back in.

"This bird seems intent on spreading shit from one end of the freeway to the other."

Mort pulled back on to the road.

"It's really crazy for doing it on nice clean roads. Have you noticed that, Morty?" Lilly asked.

"Why don't you put it down for a while? You're getting like a bloody junkie," he fumed.

Lilly said nothing. Her clown's face showed no emotions but those she had painted on it and, in truth, she did not allow herself to think anything of Mort's jealousies. She stroked her index finger slowly down the bird's sensuous back and the slow waves of pleasure blotted out anything else that might have worried her. Even the police siren, when it sounded outside the window, did not startle her.

She watched the police car park in front of them, and then watched the policeman walk back towards their car, pink book in his hand. She heard him talk to Mort about the muffler and saw them both walk around the car looking at the tyres. Even when the policeman stood beside her window and spoke to her she did not think that the words were really addressed to her.

"What sort of bird is that?"

It was only when the question was repeated that she managed to drag her mind to the surface and stare, blinking, into the strangely young face.

"It's a Pleasure Bird," she smiled. "Here." And she passed the passive bird into the big white hands.

"Sure does give a lot of pleasure."

"Sure does."

The bird was passed back and the pink notebook opened.

"Now," he said, "how about we start by you telling me where you got this."

"Why?"

"Because it's an exotic."

"No. It's from New Guinea."

"Look madam, you've chosen the wrong fellow to lay that on. This bird comes from Kennecott 21. I was there for two years."

"Fancy that," said Lilly, "we were told it was from New Guinea."

The notebook closed. "I'm afraid I'll have to take it."

Lilly was struck by the early rumbles of panic. "You can't take it. It's how we earn our living."

But the policeman was already leaning over into the car, his hands ready to engulf the bird's plump, jewel-like body.

Then he was suddenly lurching back from the car window with his hands to one eye. Blood streamed down across his knuckles. The bird was pecking at the knuckles which covered the second eye. The noise was terrible. She saw Mort running around the car and he was beside her starting the engine, and the bird, as if nothing had happened, was back sitting on her lap.

"Don't go!" she screamed. "Mort! Please don't!"

But Mort was white with panic and,

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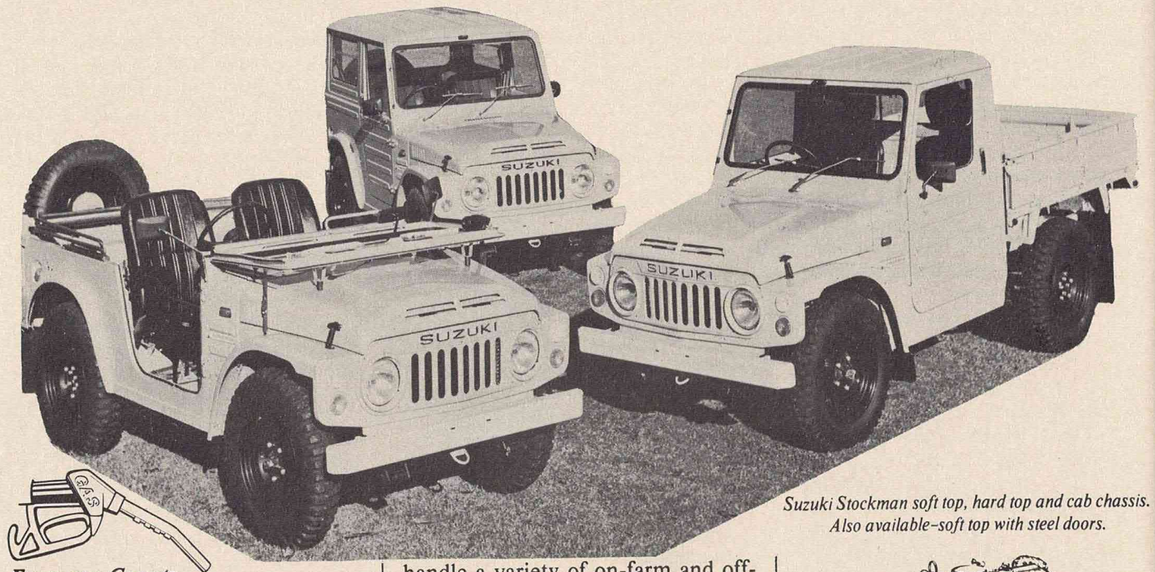

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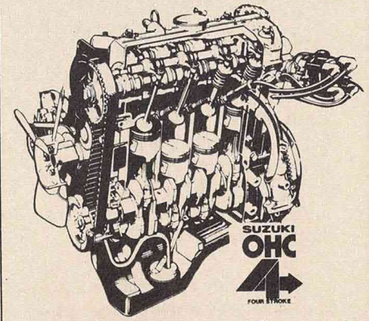

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as he accelerated on to the highway, Lilly turned helplessly to watch as the policeman staggered blindly on to the road, where a giant container truck ran over the top of him. Even as she watched she stroked the bird in her lap, so she had the strange experience of seeing a man killed, of feeling guilt, horror and immeasurable pleasure all at once. The floodgates lifted. Seven colors poured into her brain and mixed into a warm, sickly brown mud of mingled emotion.

They turned east down a dusty road which led through the rusting gates of neglected farms. Grass grew through the centre of the road and swished silkily beneath the floor. Lillian began to remove her make-up. Mort, pale and shaken, hissed inaudible curses at the dusty windscreen.

•

Yet their life did not stop, but limped tiredly on through a series of markets and motel rooms. If their dreams were now marred by guilt and echoes, neither mentioned it to the other. They bought a small radio and listened to the news, but nothing was ever said about the policeman, and Lilly was shocked to find herself hoping that his head had been crushed, obliterating the evidence of the attack.

Mort drew away from her more and more, as if the crime had been hers, and hers alone. When he spoke, his sentences were as cold and utilitarian as nails. He took to calling the bird "the little murderer". There was something chilling in the way that dreamy, childlike face moved its soft lips and said such things as: "Have you fed that little murderer yet?"

He was filled with anger and resentment and fear which had so many sources that he himself didn't know where the rivers of his pain began, from which wells they drew, from which fissures they seeped.

He watched Lillian perform at the markets, saw the bird crap on every hard surface that came its way, and he watched it narrowly, warily, and on more than one occasion thought he saw the bird watching him. Once, removing the bird from bedroom to bathroom for the night against Lilly's will, he thought that the bird had burned him.

At the markets he did less and less, and now it was Lilly who not only attracted the crowds, but also took the money and kept time. He felt useless and hopeless, angry at himself that he was too stiff and unbending to do the things that he should to earn a living, resentful that his wife could do it all without appearing to try, angry that she should accept his withdrawal so readily, angry that she showed no guilt or remorse about a man's death, angry when she met his silences with her own, angry that he who hated the bird should continue to want the money it brought him.

They spent $300 on the car. Its radiator no longer boiled. A shiny new muffler was bolted securely into place. Yet the sight of that clean metal exhaust pipe sticking out from beneath the rear bumper made him close his eyes and suck in his breath.

He drank champagne without pleasure and made love with silent rage while Lilly's eyes followed invisible road maps on the ceiling.

With sticky tissues still between her legs she brought the bird to bed and stroked it until she drifted into sleep. Even the ease of her sleep enraged him, giving him further proof of her cold self-sufficiency.

And it was on one such night, with his wife asleep on the twin bed beside him, with a cheap air-conditioner rattling above his head, that he saw the current affairs bulletin on the latest quarantine breakdown. He watched it without alarm or even any particular interest. There had been many such breakdowns before, and there would be many again in the future. As usual, there were experts who were already crying catastrophe, and these were, of course, balanced by optimists who saw no serious threat to the terrestial environment.

The breakdown in this case involved a tree, named by journalists as the Kennecott Rock-drill. The seeds of this tree took to their new home with a particular enthusiasm. Adapted for a harsh, rocky environment, the seeds had a very specialised survival mechanism. Whereas a terrestial seed secreted mucous, the Kennecott Rock-drill secreted a strong acid much as a lichen did. When dropped on the rocky surfaces of its home planet the secreted acid produced a small hole.

In this self-made bed the root tips expanded, using osmosis, and, little by little, cracked the rock, pushing a strong and complicated root system down hundreds of metres if need be.

In a terrestial environment the whole process was speeded up, moisture and a less formidable ground surface accelerating the growth rate to such an extent that a single seed could emerge as a small tree on a busy freeway in less than seven days.

Mort watched the program with the same detachment with which earlier generations had greeted oil spills or explosions in chemical plants. Service stations in the north were overcome by green vegetation. Men wearing masks sprayed plant poisons which proved ineffective. People lay in hospital beds seriously ill from drinking water contaminated by the same herbicides. Fire, it seemed, rather than slow the spread of the Rock-drill, merely accelerated the germination of the seeds. Mort watched an overgrown house sacrificed to fire and then the result, a

"Pinky's just been grilled by the cops."

week later, when giant Rock-drills grew in the burnt-out ruins. He would have turned complacently to the late movie on another channel had they not shown film of the Rock-drill's home environment.

There he watched the strange rocky outcrops of a Kennecott planet, saw the miners working beneath a merciless sun, and silently thanked God he had not succeeded in getting a job there. He admired the beauty of the giant trees silhouetted against a purple sunset and then, sitting up with a cry of recognition, saw the flocks of birds that crowded the gnarled branches.

The birds were identical to the one which sat silently on the end of Lilly's bed. He sat shaking his head, as puzzled and secretly pleased as any lost citizen who finds his hated neighbor on public television.

•

The argument started the next morning at breakfast and flickered and flared for the next two days as they pursued an ever more erratic course, dictated more by Mort's perversity than the location of markets. His eyes blazed, bright, righteous and triumphant. A strange pallor lay like a sheet across his tucked-in face.

"Are you listening to me?"

"Yes." She hadn't been.

"We'll have to hand it in."

"No, we won't." There was no anger in her voice.

Mort sucked in his breath through clenched teeth.

She heard the intake of air but it caused her no concern. No matter how he shouted or hissed, no matter what he said about the bird, there was only one danger to Mort, and it had nothing to do with quarantine breakdowns. From the depths of the blue well she now lived in, Lilly acknowledged the threat posed by the Kennecott Rock-drill and, in her mind, she had fulfilled her obligation to the world by collecting the bird's droppings in a large cardboard carton.

It was as simple as that. As for the potential violence of the bird, she saw no problem in that, either. It was only violent when it was threatened. It was wiser not to threaten it.

These simple answers to the problem did not satisfy Mort, and she concluded, correctly, that there must be other things which threatened him more directly.

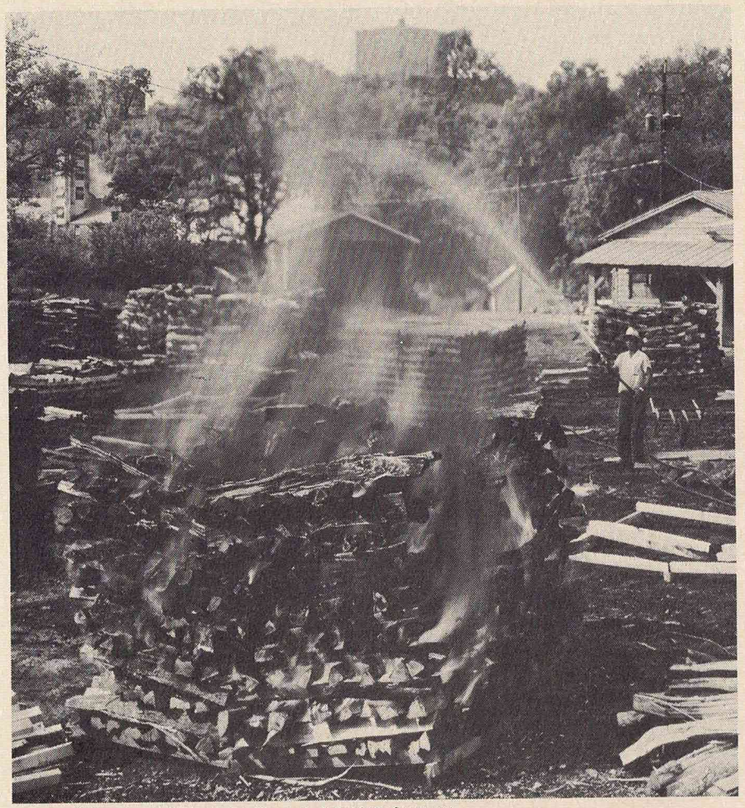
"Do you know why you want me to get rid of this bird?" she said.

"Of course I bloody know."

"I don't think you do."

"All right," he said slowly, "then you tell me."

"First, you don't like the bird because you hate to see me being able to earn a living. Then you hate yourself



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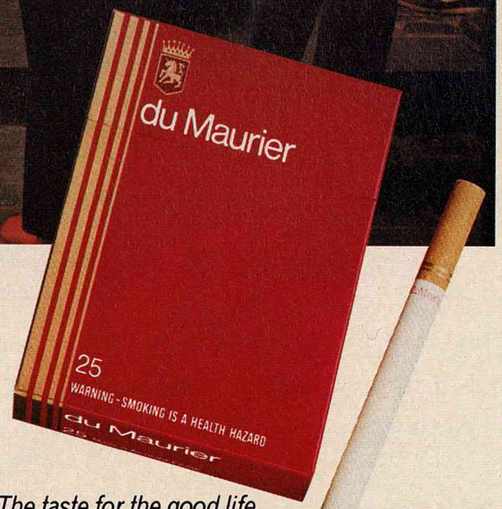

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because you can't. You're so screwed up that you can't see I'm doing it for both of us."

"Bullshit!"

"No, Morty. Not bullshit, fact. But most of all . . ." She paused, wondering if it was wise to say all this while he was driving.

"Yes! Most of all . . ."

"Most of all it is because you're frightened of pleasure. You can't have pleasure yourself. You don't know how. You can't stand the sight of me having pleasure. You can't give me pleasure, so you're damned if anything else is going to."

The car swung off the road and on to the verge. It skidded in gravel. For a moment, as the wheels locked and the car slid sideways, she thought that it would roll. It turned 180 degrees and faced back the way it had come, its engine silent, red lights burning brightly on the dash.

"You're saying I'm lousy in bed?"

"I'm saying that you give me no pleasure."

"You used to make enough noise."

"I loved you. I wanted to make you feel happy."

Mort didn't say anything for a moment. The silence was a tight pink membrane stretched through pale air.

She looked at the warning lights, thinking that the ignition should be turned off.

She was expecting something, but when the blow came she did not know what happened. It felt like an ugly granite lump of hate, not a fist. Her head was hit sideways against the closed window.

Everything that happened then was slow and fast all at once. She felt wetness on her face and found tears rather than the blood she had expected. At the same time she saw the bird rise from her lap and fly at Mort. She saw Mort cower beneath the steering wheel and saw the bird peck at his head. She saw, like a slow motion replay, the policeman walk on to the road howling with pain. She quietly picked up the bird in both hands, as she had done a hundred times every day, and quietly strangled it.

She held the bird's body on her lap, stroking it.

She watched Mort, whom she did not love, weep as he lay across the steering wheel.

•

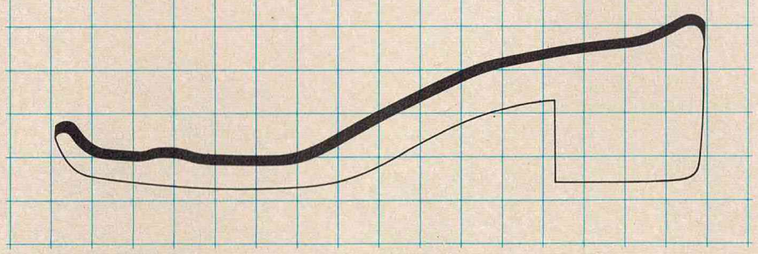
They drove in grey silence, for there was nothing else to do. It was as if they travelled along the bottom of the ocean floor. If there was sun, they didn't see it. If there were clouds, they took no note of their shape or colors.

If they had come to a motel first, it is possible that the ending might have been different but, turning down a road marked A34, they came to their first forest of Kennecott Rock-drill. It grew across the road like a wall. It spread through a shopping complex and across a service station. Water gushed from broken pipes.

When they left the car the smell of petrol enveloped them and, in the service station, they saw a huge underground tank pushed up through a tangle of roots and broken concrete, its ruptured skin veiled by an inflammable haze.

Lilly heard a sharp noise, a drumming, and looked to see Mort hammering on the car's bonnet with his clenched fists, drumming like a child in a tantrum. He began screaming. There were no words at first. And then she saw what he had seen. Above their heads the branches of the trees were crowded with the birds, each one as blue and jewel-like as the dead body that lay in the front seat of the car. Through mists of petrol fumes Lilly saw, or imagined she saw, a curious arrogance in their movements, for all the world like troops who have just accomplished a most complicated and elegant victory.

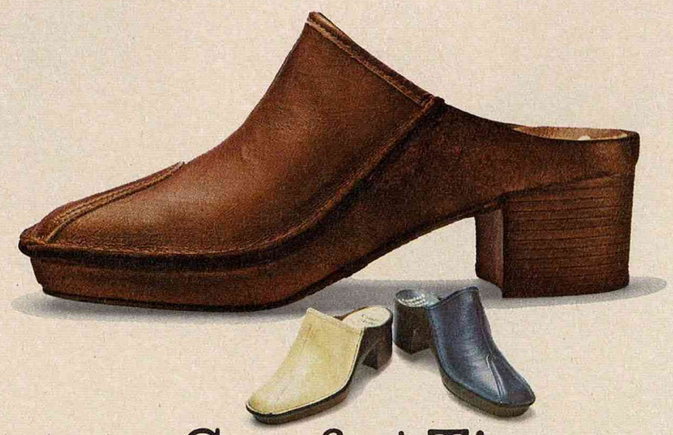
The forecast is for more comfortable times.



According to inside information, things are shaping up well for feet this year.

In fact the special contoured insole of Comfort Times is guaranteed to support you handsomely, and dividends in comfort will be paid daily.

Shrewd investors in footwear will see that all the signs point to more comfortable times ahead.



Comfort Times®

Style shown is Samuel, available in Briarwood, Natural or Navy. Comfort Times styles are available from: Myer and David Jones (selected stores), Blacks S.A., Mathers Q., Duncans Tas., Cecil Bros. W.A., John Martins S.A.

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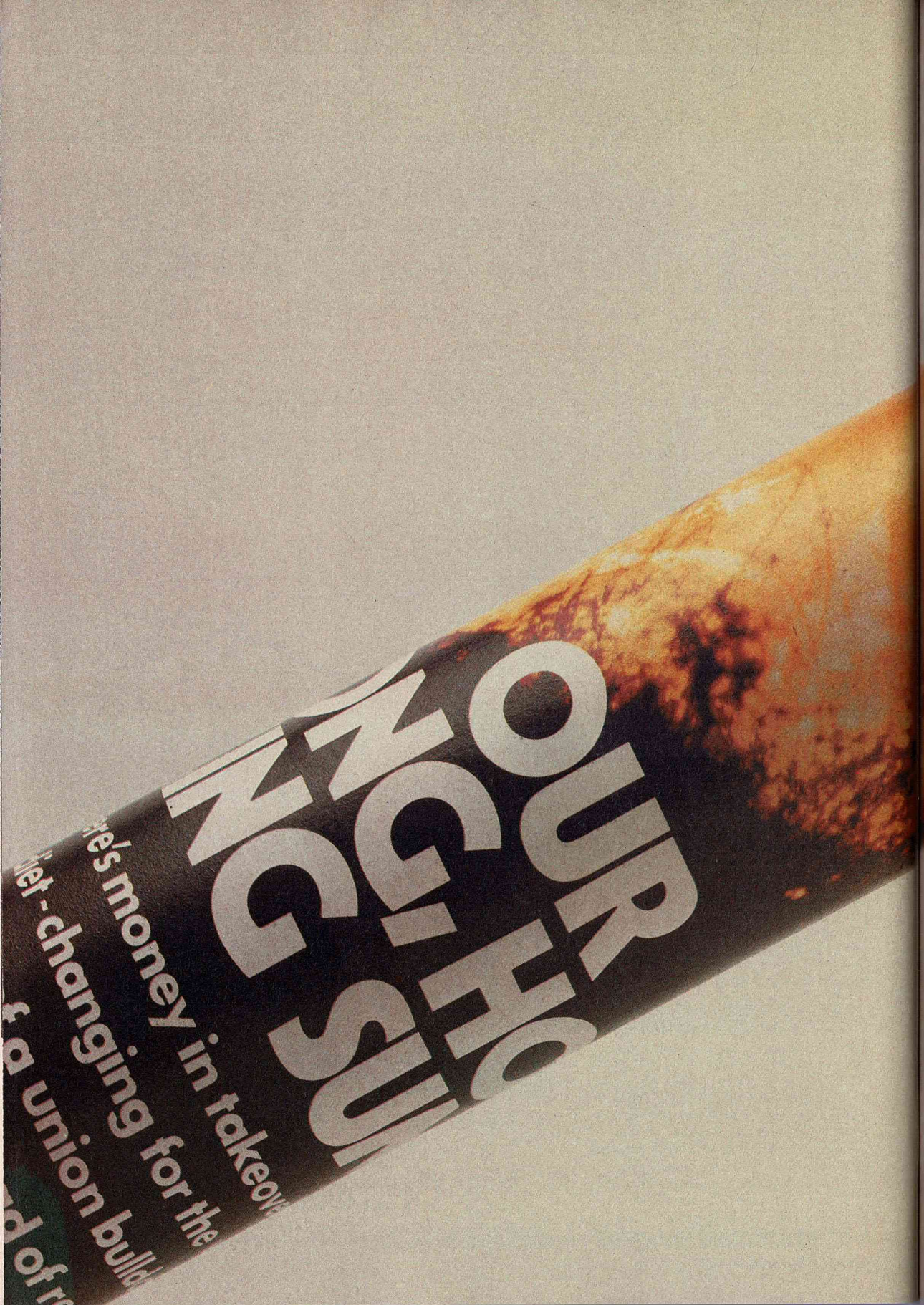

KEEP UP.

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THE BULLETIN
Australia's weekly news magazine.

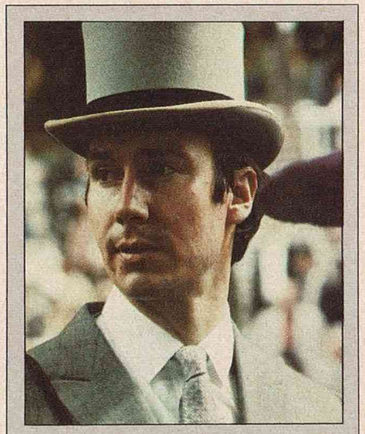
MN&C/BLN/1063

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

WELCOME TO THE FOLD

Sunglasses for small pockets can fold into the size of just one lens. Called Eyebenders, they come in both sport and fashion models and in a wide range of colors to suit either femmes or their fellows. Retailing from around $45, Eyebenders are available from most Fiorucci and Sportsgirl shops in major cities throughout Australia. For water sport freaks there's a waterproof bag.



GALLOPING KHAN

Melbourne-bound for the spring racing season and to take in a spot of yachting is the owner of the world's largest racing stable, the Aga Khan. His famous silks will be prominent in the action on horses leased by Melbourne owners. It's tipped he will be racing his own horses here sometime in the future.

ROCK SOLID

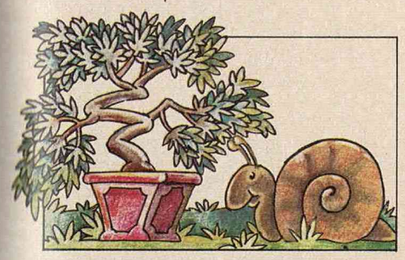
Diamonds are still your best friend if you protect the precious rocks with an identification certificate from the Diamond Grading Laboratories. For $100 they claim the best service in the world and they are confident their Identi-print grading system can pinpoint a stone to the requirements of a court of law. The labs can be found at 275 George street, Sydney 2000.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT

If he or she has been as good as gold, then reward should be in kind. The South African Gold Company's bullion collection costs about $900 but if your generosity doesn't go that far, the single-item price tag starts at the $23 mark for a stick pin, moves on to $36 for a ring or cufflinks, then zooms up to $138 for a time capsule. Obviously these prices vary as the price of gold rises on the world's bullion markets. To mine the booty, try the SAGC at 322 Little Lonsdale street, Melbourne 3000.

BAVARIAN BEER CHEER

Beer lovers are dusting off their steins to prepare for the Oktoberfest swill. The world's biggest suds celebration starts in Munich in the last week of September and hiccups to a halt in early October. It is considered a great promotion for German-Australian relations and will be observed faithfully at functions around Australia sponsored by local groups.



MIGHTY MIDGETS

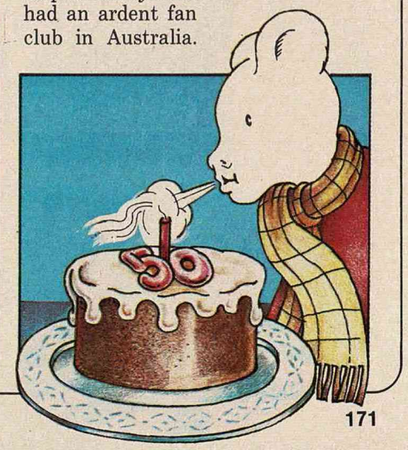
Here is one hobby in which your pet possession could easily outlive you. Bonsai is the culture and care of miniature plants and as is the case with fine wine, their value is relative to their age. You could pay $700 or more for some specimens as old as 100 but a modest start, involving a more youthful example, would bring the price down the scale to around $20 or $30.

NON-STOP TOP

It's called Top Secret and we're not letting on how it works. But, if you give it a spin, don't hold your breath and wait for the top to stop because it spins and spins and spins. Sold as an executive toy, it's priced at $18 and can be found at major novelty retailers and most gift counters.

WORTH HIS STUFFING

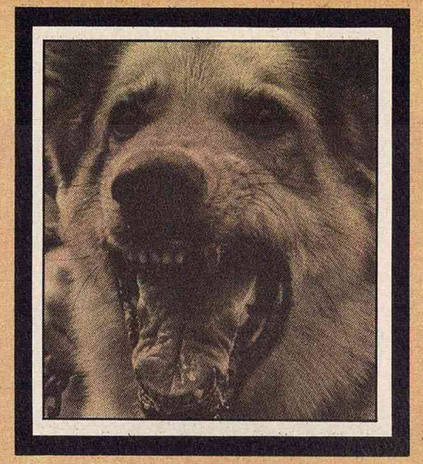
A rush is expected for Rupert Bear books as the children's favorite gets set to celebrate 50 years without as much as a cut from the censor's scissors to scandalise his many youthful fans. Rupert always has had an ardent fan club in Australia.



Martini on the rocks. Very dry, very Gilbeys.

GILBEY'S
SPECIAL DRY
GIN

LB4.1241



THE DOG LAW'S BITE IS WORSE THAN ITS BARK

YOU'RE in the market for a dog. There has been a spate of burglaries in your district recently and you think a hound of the large woofy variety, preferably armed with a mighty set of canines, will make sure that your home will be free of the interlopers' disturbing depredations.

You have visions of a masked figure hurtling down the street, swag bag flying as your faithful friend snaps menacingly at his heels. Alternatively, you imagine a demure poodle, all fluff and gooey eyes, sneaking its way into the affections of any likely young woman smart enough to enter your apartment. And besides, consider the pick-ups that can be arranged when two dogs of a similar breed meet in the street. It's a great discussion point – as long as they don't do anything *too* dog-like.

Which recalls the story of the guy who invited his boss home to dinner one night. Primed his wife up a treat; haute cuisine and, of course, a daring frock to display her undoubted charms. Came dinner, with the host feeling expansive and the boss obviously enjoying not only the food but also the view down the front of the wife's frock. Then, as she leaned over to replace a plate, the straps broke and all was revealed. The startled host, to divert his boss's attention, stood up and pointed to the window: "Look, look," he shouted. The boss got up from the table and rushed over. And on the lawn below were two dogs fornicating.

YOU COULD BE WIDE OPEN

The point of all this is: beware of the dog. Beside the obvious need to pick an animal which best suits you and your surroundings, you should be aware of your legal liability if it attacks someone.

Some of the larger breeds can inflict serious damage. Smaller breeds can be killers, too, as was evidenced by the tragic incident in Melbourne this year when a fox terrier killed a child.

When a person is attacked and injured, or his property is damaged by a dog belonging to someone else, he can seek redress. The remedies vary according to where the injury occurred. If the injury is slight, and especially if the main damage is to clothing, then the injured party can gain an order for compensation up to about $600. (The amount varies only marginally from State to State.) This compensation follows if the owner has been prosecuted under one of the various Dog Acts, which make criminally liable the owner of a dog whose animal attacks anyone in a public place.

If damage or injury is more serious, there are provisions for further compensation. However, they are negated under the Acts if the attack occurred on premises occupied by the owner of the dog or where the dog was kept ordinarily. Compensation is unlikely to be granted if the dog has been provoked by a person other than the dog's owner. This means that if you are in a group wending its way home in the early hours of the morning and you decide to tease the neighborhood Doberman to the point where it leaps a fence and has a go at you, then you miss out on a claim.

CAN BE HARD TO PROVE

The Dog Acts allow for compensation only for bodily injury or damage to clothing. So if you swerve your car to avoid a dog on the road and hit a post, any claim must be dealt with outside the Acts.

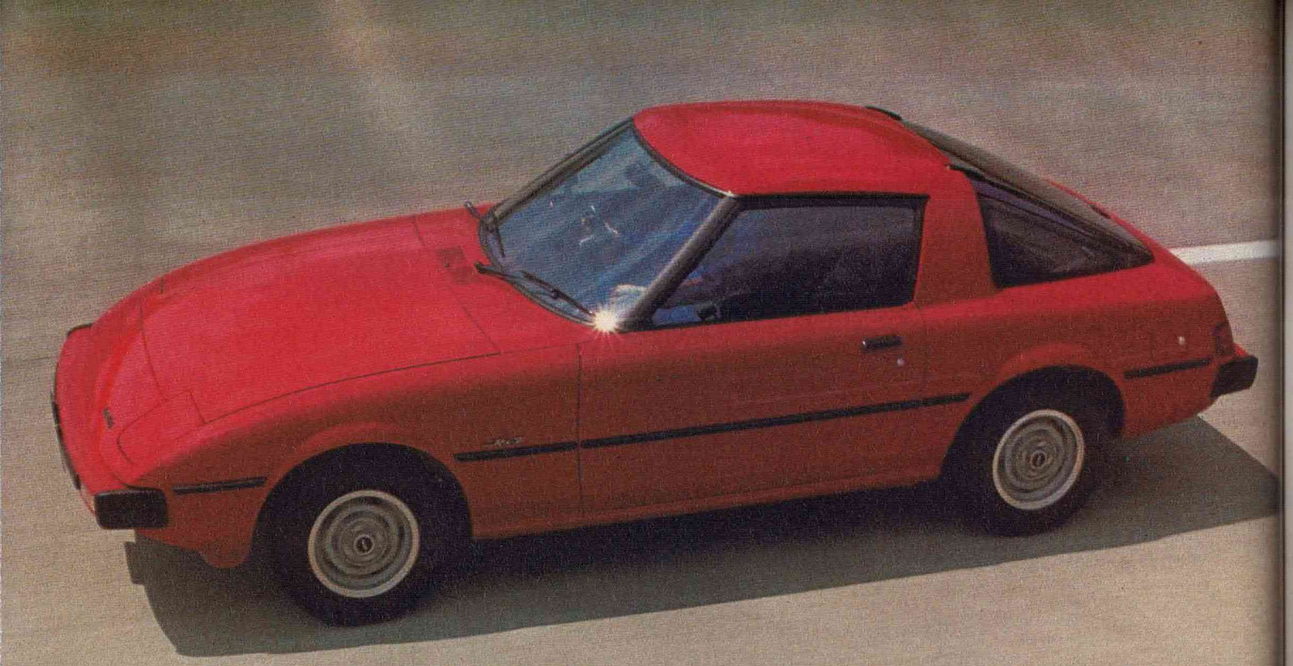
One of the major problems if you're the victim of a dog attack is to prove that the owner was negligent in his control of the animal. The best witnesses are usually the neighbors. They may be able to testify that the dog has hurt someone before, or that it habitually chases people or cars. In the case of damage to a car caused through swerving, this type of evidence is particularly valuable. Generally, magistrates take the view that animals should be locked up or under full control, but in the case of an action taken in the District or Supreme courts there may be real problems, particularly if the accident occurred in a rural area.

If you are hurt when you are on premises occupied by the animal's owner, you can seek compensation by using the various Animals Acts. Under these Acts even a trespasser attacked by a guard dog can make a claim against the owner, but it is highly unlikely to succeed.

Once, under Common Law, there was a rule that some animals, such as tigers, were inherently dangerous and if, for example, you stepped into a cage at the zoo, then it was your problem. Now you need proof that the owner was negligent if your claim is to succeed.

If you want to become an owner yourself, the RSPCA will advise you about the most suitable pet. One of the society's biggest problems is disposing of suddenly out-of-fashion dogs. Usually, they are breeds which take a lot of grooming, or animals that become frustrated through lack of exercise and take a snap at the postman.

Remember, entry into the borzoi, afghan, old English sheepdog set has its drawbacks (besides having to groom the beasts). If you do have a dog, make sure it is trained properly and, if it is likely to have a snap at someone, kept under proper control. Otherwise you could be up for more than a giggle at your friends' expense – they may even put the bite on you! –JOHN COCKERILL



"Mazda's RX-7 is an open invitation for the rotary ride of your life."

CAR and DRIVER U.S.A., May 1978

MAZDA 20 YEARS IN AUSTRALIA

This is typical of the comments we've been getting from motoring writers in the countries where the RX-7 has been introduced. Now the RX-7 is here in Australia and we predict sports car enthusiasts will get their money's worth from this rotary engined beauty.

The RX-7 comes from a long line of Mazda rotaries. To date Mazda has made over 1 million rotary engined vehicles and chalked up seventeen years of research and improvements. Mazda had three major guidelines when they produced RX-7. Performance, quality and price.

Performance is assured by the car's new, improved and refined Mazda rotary engine. But an RX-7 rotary test drive will tell you more than words can convey. As far as quality is concerned, this is something we pride ourselves on. Being fully-imported to Australia, like all Mazdas, means exhaustive quality checks and rigorous testing before shipment. Price? Look around at the sports car market and compare. For performance and satisfaction per dollar, RX-7 defies comparison... So take a ride, then tell yourself you're sold on the only rotary sports car in the world—Mazda RX-7.

Mazda's rotary engine licensed by NSU-WANKEL.
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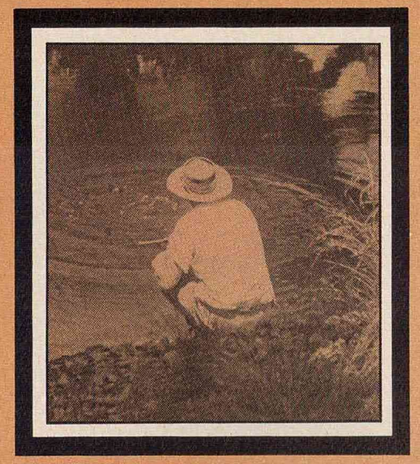
SPA WARS SPRING FROM MINERAL BOOM



FOR clearing the head, the bowels and everything in between, enthusiasts claim there is nothing like mineral water, the drink Australians have taken to recently like ducks to water. Following major pushes by the top producers in the country, Australians are now consuming it at a prodigious rate.

Mineral water drinking, once regarded as the preserve of quaint Europeans, really has caught on and signs are we will follow the US and UK in creating a boom. A dozen brands, both local and overseas, are now available in Australia and the backers of the recent publicity campaigns say the growth potential in this country is enormous.

OLD LADIES AND MADMEN

It is not difficult to see why they believe in the future of mineral water. The product – a natural aqueous solution which contains calcium, potassium, sodium and magnesium – has the same bubbly effect as soft drinks, but it doesn't cloy and is cleansing on the palate. Most mineral waters contain no artificial additives, either, and are low in calories.

This is the message backers are using to counter the existing image problems. Some Australians, a market survey has found, regard mineral water as something taken by old ladies and madmen in the mistaken belief that it's doing them good. In the past, mineral water was promoted as a health food, a good-for-you drink, but nobody took much notice.

Now more Australians are turning to mineral water for its beneficial qualities and also because it's a first-class thirst quencher. It's a good mixer, too – with spirits, fruit juice or cordial – or simply in place of tap water. The use of mineral water in a spritzer – mixed with dry white wines – also is growing in popularity.

Mineral water's absence of calories and carbohydrates appeals to the health conscious and the importance of this market cannot be taken lightly in view of the amazing growth in health oriented products in the past few years.

BIGGEST AND OLDEST

Local mineral water, available in most shops and restaurants, ranges in price from 28 cents to 50 cents – depending on where you buy it – for a 750ml bottle. Imported products are dearer.

The major mineral water companies supplying the Australian market are: Hepburn Spa, of Daylesford, in Victoria; Cadbury Schweppes, Melbourne; Itaus Investments (Taurina Spa), of Helidon, Queensland; Daylesford Nominees (Deep Spring), Daylesford; San Pelligrino, Italy; Perrier, France; Vichy Celestine, France; Evian, France; Bisleri, Italy; Credo, Italy; and Appollinaris, West Germany.

Until recently the only widely-available Australian mineral water, Hepburn Spa, which is drawn from the country's largest known springs, held about 70 percent of the market. Now it's under challenge from the British-controlled giant, Cadbury Schweppes, which launched an artificial mineral water last year.

Taurina, from Helidon, near Toowoomba, Queensland, has been on the market for two years and is being peddled under the theme of "Mother Nature's Soft Drink". Says Barry Sedelbauer, manager of Itaus Investments, which markets the Queensland product: "What we are trying to do is take mineral water out of the freak category and put it into general use."

AUSSIES CATCHING UP

One reason for the limited success of mineral water in Australia is that its acceptance has been confined largely to foreign-born residents. More than 50 percent of the amount sold in Australia goes to these people, but the Australian-born sector is catching up.

The manufacturers are pressing on, encouraged by overseas sales, particularly in the US, where the consumption of mineral water has increased from half a litre a head five years ago to two litres. In the US Perrier is the leading brand, with its products on sale just about everywhere, including through vending machines. The company hopes to sell 60 million bottles there this year compared with about 20 million bottles last year.

For those with a taste for the exotic, Perrier is also the "in" drink here. Perrier and its brother brands, Vichy and Contrex, are small beer in Australia, but account for the bulk of French imports, which last year were worth about $51,000. Top of the import list is the Italian brand, San Pelligrino, which at times has nudged Hepburn Spa on the supermarket shelves.

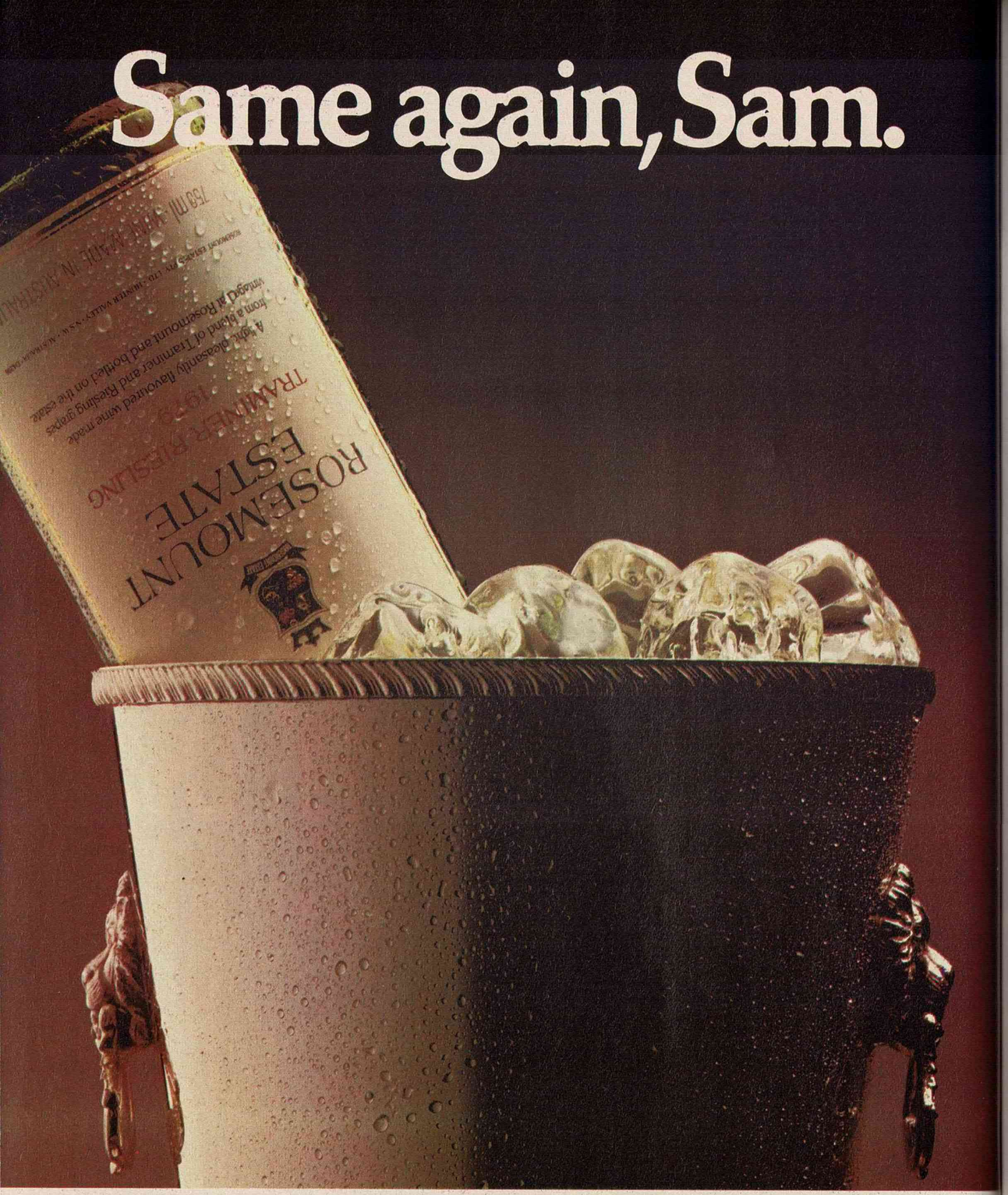
It's comforting to know – if you're worried about your health – that all mineral waters are subject to Federal and State Health Department regulations. Imported products must be authenticated by the recognised government authority in the country of origin. There are also strict rules for labelling: makers are not allowed to brand their product "pure" and no therapeutic benefit may be claimed. Bottles must carry on the label an analysis of the contents and the most a manufacturer will claim is that his product is the *ideal* table water.

– DERRIL FARRAR

Come to where the flavour is.

Marlboro Country.

Same again, Sam.



"We intended to sample two or three different whites to expand our short list of favourite wines.

The first one we tried was Rosemount Traminer Riesling. Very soft; very crisp; very fruity; very nice. We agreed to go no further.

Same again, Sam."

Rosemount Estate The prestige wine of Australia.

MASIUS/ROS 2291

ON·THE·SCENE

what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen

SOFT SHOE '79

This spring, shoes adopt a low profile, but don't think they won't be noticed. Try to stay a step ahead. Left: Kid and canvas slip-ons by Karandonis, $80 to $84. Middle: Suede lace-ups by Florsheim, $69.95. Right: Green canvas walkers exclusive to Valdis Alexander, $88. Ladies' suede flatties by Raymond Castles. Ladies' socks by Nice Things. Men's trousers by Valdis Alexander, King street, Sydney.

PLAYBOY'S PERFECT PLAYPEN

which includes all the toys needed for adult games

SO SHE'S been giving you a hard time all night. Wouldn't eat her Chateaubriand, didn't like the wine, asked you not to drive so fast. And now you're home. Wasn't easy but you got her here. Okay, baby; key in door, down the stairs and if this doesn't win her, well, you've backed the wrong filly. "Hmm," she says, cool as a cucumber, but her dimple has given the game away. She's yours. The dream den strikes again.

So now you are showered, spent (for the moment) and totally relaxed. Lying on the fur bedspread, Herbie Hancock on the tape deck, cognac in hand and the light just soft enough to silhouette her, still soaking in the twosome tub, her long and slinky arm guiding those sensitive fingers over the heated towel rack. Wonder what she's thinking? OK, you can afford the luxury of a sly smile and a pat on the back for your style. And maybe a small pat on the back for Lyndal Evatt, without whom the conquest may not have been possible.

"I wanted this room to offer all moods," says Lyndal, the interior design consultant who conceived the Australian PLAYBOY dream den. "I wanted it to feel right for adventure, romance, playfulness, solitude and warmth. A very special place for the man and woman with style."

Special our den certainly is. Imagine a room you never wanted to leave and, for that matter, never had to. A room with everything for the before, during and after of those amorous encounters. Not so much a bedroom, more a way of life. This is what Lyndal Evatt had in mind when she designed our den in seductive shades of brown, black, caramel, beige and red.

"I wanted to give it the charm, grace and sophistication of a man of the world," says Lyndal. "But I also wanted it to welcome with open arms the presence of an elegant lady of fashion. Low on machismo, high on warmth."

The split-level den features bar, bed and entertainment area, not necessarily in that order and probably, before the night is over, in every possible permutation. The entertaining section features the very best in adult toys – state-of-the-art sound equipment, color television and video cassette recorder. (You might be preoccupied and miss the climax. Not yours, the movie's.) The shelves are filled out with soft sculpture, backlit perspex etchings, records and tapes to cover the mood. A low-slung black coffee table with the right magazines on display, a fur rug to warm the tootsies and you're off to a flying start.

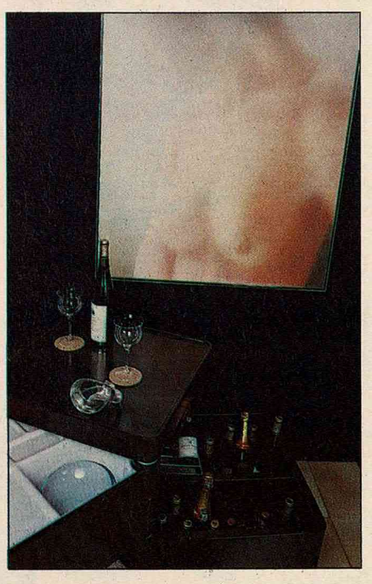
The bar swings open to reveal the stash. You don't want to put her on guard with an ostentatious display of alcoholic refreshments; better to surprise her with a cocktail she didn't think possible.

Inevitably, attention will turn to the essential setting for your nocturnal activity – the king-size rosewood bed. And it looks warm and inviting: fur bedspread, black satin sheets and pillow cases. If she has a sense of adventure she can hardly decline.

After, or in between if you like, you can both lie back and contemplate the oil paintings on the walls. Or maybe you'll want to flip on the three-in-one TV, clock and radio at the bedside to catch the late news. As if you really cared. The outside world ceased to exist when you walked in the door.

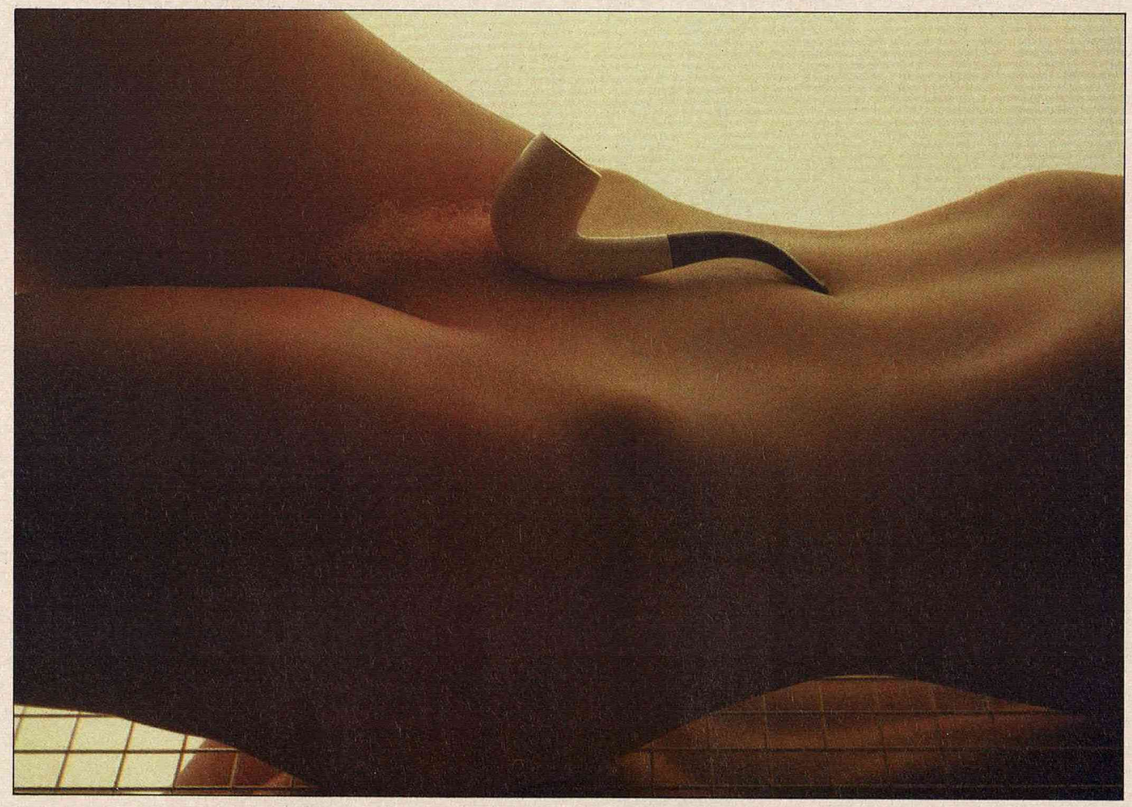
"Sure, it's a fantasy," says Lyndal. "But it's a fantasy a man and a woman can share. And if they've time, money and style they can make it real."

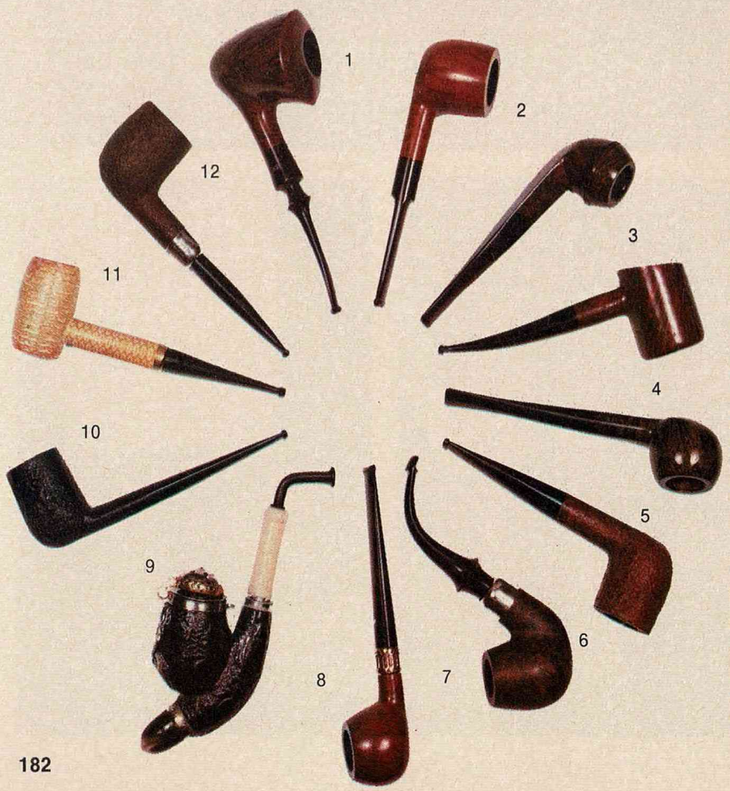
From lounge to bed to the very latest in ablution blocks and bars, the Playboy den represents the ultimate in luxury. Once you have caught your bird, this stylish cage will make sure she won't fly off. Stockists are listed on P198.



PIPING HOT

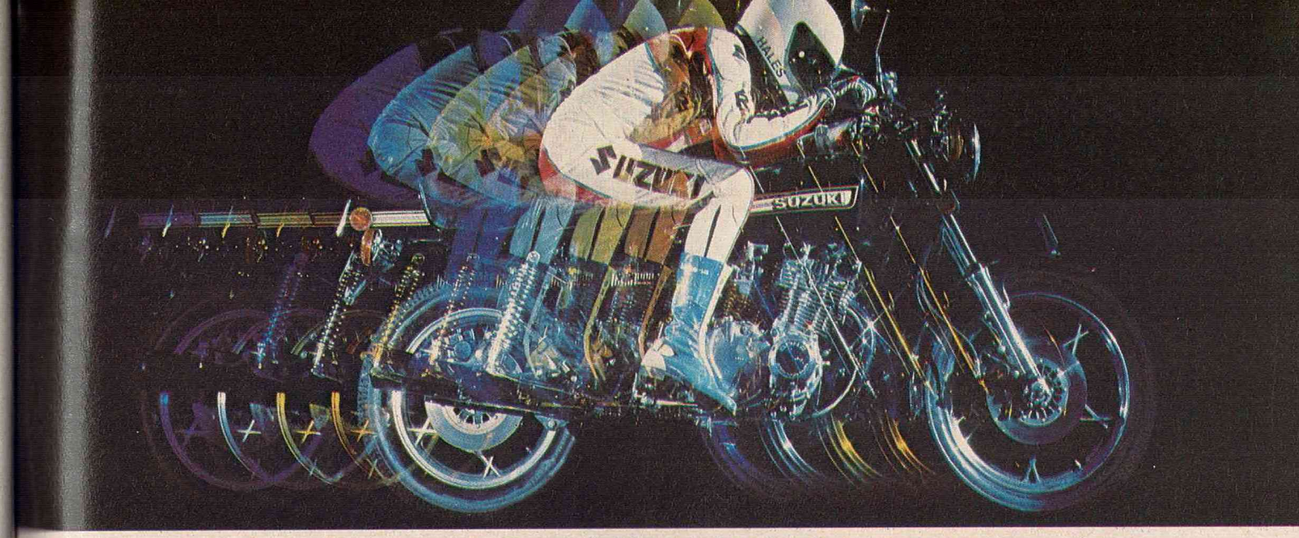
sir walter raleigh would have lost his head over today's stylish offerings





FOR generations men have enjoyed – and suffered – the aromatic pleasures of pipe smoking. And, while today's puffer may run an increased risk of contracting heart and lung disease, his counterpart in 17th century Turkey faced a more macabre fate. According to the *Alfred Dunhill Pipe Book,* any Turk caught lighting up had his nose pierced and the pipe thrust through the hole. A case of where there's smoke, there's ire. However, memories of such bloody traditions have not deterred the famous: Sitting Bull smoked a peace pipe; former UK prime minister Harold Wilson was seldom seen without his briar; and Popeye wouldn't be the Sailorman without his corncob. Pipe people have difficulty agreeing on the best type. They argue for meerschaum, meerschaum-lined calabash, clay, corncob. However, Mediterranean root briar probably gains the greatest consensus.

TOP: Dunhill meerschaum, $184; 1. Stanwell briar, $25; 2. Dunhill root briar, straight grain, $617; 3. Eness 1697, block shape, $5.95; 4. Dunhill bruyere, $160; 5. 1682 Eness Prince, $5.95; 6. Dunhill redbark, $120; 7. Well drycell bent, $7.95; 8. Dunhill root briar, $165; 9. Tyrolean stag pipe, $5.95; 10. Dunhill root briar giant, $154; 11. Corncob, $2.45; 12. Dunhill tan shell, military style, $1.50. Available from leading pipe shops.



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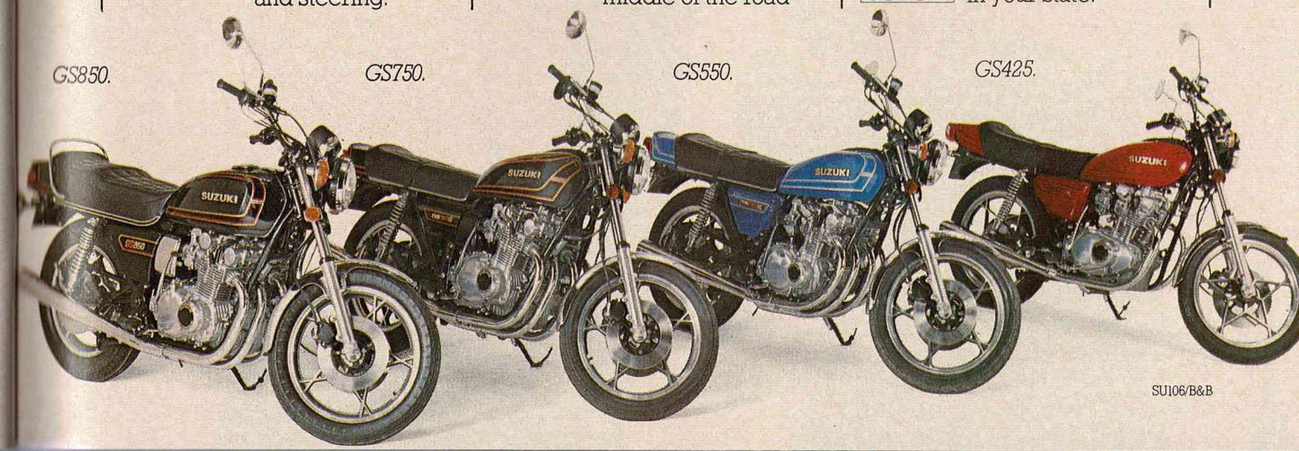

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MUSIC

you can hardly call it a trial listening to the new creative dury

THE suspicion that there is plenty going on inside the cropped skull of Ian Dury has been confirmed by the artful Cockney's latest album, *Do It Yourself* (Stiff). Backed by the splendid Blockheads, Dury takes a more autobiographical route to expose the absurdities of daily experience.

In the *DIY* kit – as he did on *New Boots and Panties* – he uses the Cockney vernacular as the nuts and bolts of his lyrics, but the context in which they are deployed gives new meaning to a bundle of old clichés. Dury tosses the listener into the domestic pit in This Is What We Find. It's all about wearing your lot in life, though it might be as common as muck, because the "hope that springs eternal springs right up your behind". One of the best cuts on the *DIY* set, with a bit of honing through live performance it is bound to shape as a Dury classic.

The musically brilliant Blockheads are never likely to let you forget they are a rock 'n' roll band, and if there was ever any doubt, just try Uneasy Sunny Day Hotsy Totsy and Mischief on maximum volume. Their backing is innovative and sophisticated, highlighted by the rivet-gun guitar of John Turnbull, Mickey Gallagher's jazz piano and Davey Payne's dentist drill saxophone.

But it is the creative presence of Dury which elevates *DIY* above the commonplace. His bovver-boot vocals clomp through the lyrics in perverse contrast to the backing, giving a completely new meaning to rock 'n' roll absurdity. Steve Marriott and the Small Faces toyed with the bone more than a decade ago, but Dury has really gnawed it to the marrow.

•

An old, familiar face in Ron Wood has appeared with his third solo album, *Gimme Some Neck* (CBS). The title is a clear reference to his bottleneck guitar style which put so much distinction into the sound of Rod Stewart's Faces and, ultimately, prodded Mick Jagger and Keith Richards into recruiting him for the Rolling Stones.

Wood has been a prolific producer of quality rock tunes and on *Gimme Some Neck* his Stones influence comes shining through. In fact, he is aided and abetted by the Stones – with the exception of Bill Wyman – on backing instruments and vocals. Wood's support shapes as an all-star squad as he has included along with the Stones such heavyweights as Mick Fleetwood and Jim Keltner on percussion, Dave Mason on acoustic guitar and drums and Jerry Williams on piano and backing vocals.

The album can be regarded as confirmation of the fact that Wood has far more to offer the Stones than his unique guitar style and, if his individual writing talents are encouraged, we could see some more imaginative directional changes in store for Mick and the boys.

– NEIL JAMESON

Ian Dury: his bovver boot vocals clomp adeptly through the lyrics.

•

Now well into his 50s, Jerry Lee Lewis is probably right when he sings about being "three-quarters home". But there's life in the old man yet and *Jerry Lee Lewis* (Elektra) is one hell of a comeback album.

Lewis sits comfortably on the picket fence that separates his rock 'n' roll roots from his more recent good ole boy country style, gently sending himself up while never letting the joke get in the way of the music. From the album's first cut, Don't Let Go, he shows he can still tickle the ivory as energetically as he did 20 years ago and that his signature piano runs are among rock music's few ageless devices.

•

Paul Williams appears on the cover of his latest album, *A Little On The Windy Side* (Portrait), in a dark alley with crumpled newspapers obscuring his face. Art Garfunkel appears on the cover of *Fate For Breakfast* (CBS) minus a tooth, wearing a dandruff-covered dinner jacket and holding a well-gnawed chicken leg. What does it all mean?

Well, this reviewer's guess is that it means both multi-media personalities regard eccentricity as a highly saleable commodity. In the case of the impish Williams (Hollywood's answer to Ronnie Corbett), brilliant songwriter that he is, his albums have never really hit the spot. A good, obscure gag on the cover might just be the answer. Art Garfunkel has to try even harder. He doesn't write songs and as a solo act he's about as useful as one bookend. However, he's quite a good actor and if there's a funny picture of him on the cover, who knows? He might just suck a few people into his brand of light orchestral Muzak.

To be fair, both these albums contain good songs. Moonlight Becomes You by Williams works on two levels. It's a funny parody of the Al Martino style and it's subtle enough to make it as a genuine romantic standard. Shades of We've Only Just Begun, which Williams originally wrote as an advertising jingle for a finance company. Garfunkel's new version of Bright Eyes, the song from the film *Watership Down,* is quite moving. But on the very next cut he sings along with himself in pale imitation of his former partner, Paul Simon. What's really missing on both these albums is a sense of compulsion – making records is too much a hobby for both men.

•

With their brilliant first album still heading up the British and US charts more than a year after its release, it was inevitable that the Dire Straits second would suffer by comparison. Still, *Communique* (Vertigo), recorded in the Bahamas and refined at Alabama's legendary Muscle Shoals studios, deserves success in its own right. The sound is now unmistakeable, but this offering is not just more of the same.

Mark Knopfler uses his Dylanish vocal style and superbly laid back lead guitar to build a familiarity which is unlikely to breed contempt for many years and records to come. The band is disciplined and tight. To call Dire Straits tasteful is to imply a missing raw edge, and this is the main criticism the band has had to bear. But if the

musos are sometimes clinical in their attention to detail, they can also open up when the occasion calls for it. Angel Of Mercy – arguably this album's best song – has a raunchiness that was only hinted at on their first album.

There is no Sultans Of Swing on *Communique,* and it seems unlikely that it will capture the attention of the rock world in the same way. But it is far more than an exercise in consolidation. Both Knopfler and bassist John Illsley take the framework of the Dire Straits sound to its limits on several cuts, while Pick Withers' moody and controlled drumming sets the pace. These are serious musicians working within clearly-defined musical patterns, but unlike other "musos' musos", Dire Straits stop short of self-indulgence. And, after rave reviews, that's something. – PHIL JARRATT

•

Gerry Rafferty is the master of the subtle, almost insidious, musical statement. His songs creep up on you, once you have exhausted fully comparisons of his constructions with James Taylor's, and deliver a fair old clout to the subconscious.

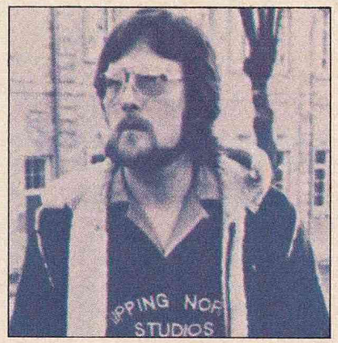
Comparison with Taylor may be a little unfair – Rafferty does have a distinctive, introverted approach to writing lyrics and delivery – but the hooks on several songs on his new album *Night Owl* (United Artists), such as It's Gonna Be A Long Night, are vintage Taylor. And, for the record, the title track of the Rafferty album bears no resemblance to the Taylor song of the same name.

Night Owl is an excellent follow-up to *City To City.* The songs are strong with simple, commercial melodies and harmonies, complete with a nice, driving sax from Raphael Ravenscroft and punctuated by some well-timed guitar breaks from Richard Brunton. Rafferty's ingredients for *Night Owl* are basically the same as *City To City,* though the recipe is a little different. Ravenscroft, who provided the basic but haunting sax lines on Baker Street and toured Australia with the Richard Clapton band, continues his association with Rafferty on *Night Owl* – and there's the rub.

There's no Baker Street on *Night Owl,* though Days Gone Down (Still Got The Light In Your Eyes) and the title track have exceptional chart potential. But as Rafferty points out on one track of the album, The Tourist ... "I've come a long way since Baker Street". For his sake, I hope the album market has, too. – IAN MOORE

•

Some of the greatest exponents of mainstream jazz are heard again on a Bethlehem release, *Meet Me Where They Play The Blues,* by three groups



Gerry Rafferty: master of subtle "sneaking-up-on-you" statements.

under the direction of the late and great trombonist, Jack Teagarden. Certainly the most celebrated instrumentalist of his time, Jack produced a completely distinctive sound that no one since has emulated successfully. And generally he surrounded himself with musicians of almost equal stature. Many of them can be heard here, notably the trumpeter Jimmy McPartland, that magnificent clarinettist Edmond Hall, the versatile Dick Cary on both piano and trumpet, guitarist Carl Kress, bassist Walter Page and drummers Ray Bauduc and Jo Jones.

The LP is the result of two days of recording back in 1954 that were released originally on a pair of 10 inch discs for the Period label. A highlight was Bad Acting Woman, featuring Jack's lazy singing as well as some fine solos from Hall and McPartland. Teagarden was renowned for his vocalising. No other white musician ever approached his ability to play – and sing – the blues.

•

Another release from the Bethlehem label is the aptly named *Hard Drive* by Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers. Blakey is one of my favorite drummers and he inspires a band as few others can, whether it be on brushes, with conventional sticks or with mallets. There is nothing quite like a Blakey solo. It stomps, it crackles, it never lets up. And the tempo is rock steady.

I always admired this particular vintage of Messengers with under-rated Bill Hardman on trumpet, famed Johnny Griffin's tenor, either Junior Mance or Sam Dockery on piano and Spanky De Brest playing the bass. There was an accent on swing here, with no pyrotechnic displays of dazzling technique, from the melodic For Minors Only, through the gospel-tinged Right Down Front to the hard chargers such as Sweet Sakeena.

I brought Art to Australia in 1972 with the Giants of Jazz as part of the "Stars of the Newport Festival" package. Local drummers still remember his inspirational drive and technique with awe. On this record you can hear a memorable part of Messengers' history, epitomising a great era in jazz.

•

Until 18 months ago George Melly was just a name to me. Then I heard his excellent LP for the English Pye label, on which he sang a batch of Hoagy Carmichael tunes. Since then, I have become a fan, not only of his music but also of his writing. His hilarious autobiography, *Rum, Bum and Concertina,* based on his years as an ordinary seaman in the Royal Navy, is a favorite of recent times. The man, like his clothes and sense of humor, is outrageous. His latest release here on Pye is a collection of Fats Waller tunes under the predictable album title of *Ain't Misbehavin'.* All the beloved Waller standards are included – Squeeze Me, I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter, Your Feets Too Big, My Very Good Friend the Milkman Says, It's a Sin to Tell a Lie, Keepin' out of Mischief Now and Honeysuckle Rose. He is backed by the Kenny Woodman Orchestra or John Chilton and The Feetwarmers. – KYM BONYTHON

•

Chopin's nocturnes are, for me, an exercise in pure melodic nostalgia. I cannot hear one, or even an approximation of the style, without being drawn back to my childhood. My father listened to them on the radio, and whistled them while working in the garden as if to emphasise the effect. So perhaps I experience a reminder of a guileless age when I hear them today.

Certainly their appeal had not faded when I listened to a recent interpretation called simply *Chopin Nocturnes* (CBS Odyssey) by the Chinese pianist, Fou Ts'ong.

There is an apparent simplicity in Chopin's work that belies its complexity. Fou Ts'ong's mastery of his instrument removes the reviewer's need to consider technical excellence: you can listen entirely to the music and the emotion contained in its projection. To portray successfully its nuances, it is necessary to have studied Chopin the man. Fou Ts'ong obviously has done this over three decades.

Perhaps the stand-out tracks on this record – the second of a series – are the Opus 62 nocturnes, No 17 in B and No 18 in E. They are masterpieces of this musical form. However, I cannot resist the captivating Opus 32 No 2 in A flat, popularised in orchestral form in the popular classic ballet, *Les Sylphides.* – TONY REES

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Mexico. Land of the legendary Olmec, Toltec, Aztec, Black Russian, Brown Cow and Bandit.

While Mexico is probably better known for its ponchos, its siestas and its jumping beans, some of its finer achievements are either lost in time or shrouded in mystery.

Discover them, from left to right.

An Olmec Ceremonial Axehead

From as far back as 1200 B.C. Olmec tribesmen carved images of a God that was half man and half jaguar. The symbol of strength and power, this god was their only recourse against the fearful spirits of the jungle.

A Black Russian.

When one part Kahlua is mixed with two parts of Vodka another super-natural union is made. Pour it over chipped ice, and sip it slowly with the reverence it deserves.

The Toltec God of Spring.

The Toltecs had four major Gods, one for each point on the compass. Xipe Toltec was formerly a lowly, insignificant God, until he sacrificed himself in fire, so that the sun would continue to shine. He became known as the God of Sunrise, the God of the East.

The Brown Cow.

A lowly bottle of milk may not by itself be very inspiring, but you'll find it too is capable of greatness. One part of Kahlua mixed with two parts of ice cold milk served on the rocks is undoubtedly a divine concoction.

An Aztec Goddess.

While the Gods of War and Death were the powers most revered by the fierce, war-loving Aztecs, they still had to eat. Fortunately, Xilonen, the Goddess of young corn, was on their side.

The Bandit.

Long after the proud and inventive Mexican indians were overthrown by the Spaniards, their spirit continued in the Banditos. The most famous of these was made with half Kahlua and half Brandy poured over chipped ice.

Kahlua Coffee Liqueur has been made in Mexico for so long that its origins are a mystery.

But if legend suggested that Kahlua was made by the Gods, it wouldn't be hard to believe.

Kahlua. Liqueur of the Gods.

10838

BOOKS

the paranoid politician who didn't stop at murder in his rush to the top

ONCE upon a time there was a wicked politician who damned nearly dominated political life in New South Wales. He was praised by the temperance movement, reviled by the drinkers, aligned himself with Protestant factions and alienated the Roman Catholic vote. He apparently got away with everything – including murder.

But in 1947 it all caught up with him and the Honorable Thomas John Ley, the man who might have been Premier of New South Wales, found himself facing the death sentence in the Old Bailey in London. However, at the intervention of the Home Secretary, his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment and he died four months later in the Broadmoor criminal lunatic asylum. Ley had been found guilty of murder, along with a foreman joiner whom he had inveigled into a plot to kill a Scottish barman, John McBain Mudie, in what became known as the Chalkpit Murder case.

Now journalist Dan Morgan has brought the whole incredible story of Ley back in *The Minister For Murder* (Hutchinson). Morgan has done quite a job tracking down the disjointed and intriguing facts of the Ley story. Ley deliberately shrouded his beginnings in mystery from the moment in 1908 he stepped for the first time on to a public rostrum at Hurstville, in Sydney's southern suburbs. With great detail Morgan follows Ley's rise from a newspaper boy in Glebe to a position where he could confidently put himself up for candidature for the national Parliament.

Morgan traces Ley's meanderings through local politics, his double dealings with everyone from the brewers to his wife and finally, before he quit Sydney for good, with fellow parliamentarians. He has no doubt Ley was responsible for at least two murders during his climb to the top.

One in particular, the disappearance of Federal MP Fred McDonald, never has been sheeted home. Ley entered State Parliament as National Party member for Hurstville in 1917 and resigned in 1925 to contest the Federal seat of Barton, then held by McDonald for the Labor Party. It was a bitter campaign and McDonald startled the voters when he claimed that Ley had offered him a bribe to lose his nomination papers. McDonald filed a writ in the Court of Disputed Returns, seeking to nullify Ley's election.

In April, 1926, McDonald left his wife at the lower end of Martin Place to walk to Parliament House and was never seen again. Another man who clashed with Ley, businessman Hyman Goldstein, was found dead at the bottom of a cliff at Coogee. In his book, Morgan claims there is little doubt that Ley was the mastermind behind both killings.

Morgan paints a damning picture of Ley, once known to the electors as Lemonade Ley because of the way he espoused the temperance cause. Ley emerges as an amazing blend of piety and power, political intrigue and marital infidelity, fraud and paranoia – a man who, at the end, still could exercise his gift of the gab and claim he was innocent.

Minister for Murder: At one stage it looked as if T.J. Ley could have become the Premier of NSW.

This fascinating story gives a vivid insight into the complex mind of a homicidal maniac. – JOHN COCKERILL

•

Australia's short history has been studded with violence. European colonisation began to the rattle of chains, the hiss of the lash and the creak of the gallows.

Now one of Australia's longest-surviving crime reporters, Alan Dower, has chronicled our most turbulent era of crime in *Deadline* (Hutchinson). Dower takes as his canvas the nefarious lives and deaths of the criminals who terrorised Australian society between the wars and into the still vivid, recent past.

It is a book both absorbing and frustrating. It is absorbing because Dower, as chief crime reporter for the Melbourne *Herald* for so many years, knows his subject well. As a confidante of the police who hunted the crime lords, and as a man trusted by the criminals themselves to present a fair and truthful account of their lethal wheeling and dealing, Dower has had the opportunity to be a uniquely three-dimensional observer.

The frustration stems from Dower's tendency to let 50 years of memories flow unchecked. This often creates confusion in the reader's mind as the author telescopes episodes and quotes. No doubt it is crystalline in Dower's mind, but now and again he dulls the impact of his story by his method of telling it as it was.

In his introduction he expresses his belief that, as a person who has spent his life watching the defiant ones closely, he feels he has a duty to record the events. "My only deviation," he writes, "has been – in two or three cases – to change the names of the lesser satellites. But there has been no attempt to burnish, tarnish or disguise the many leading stars."

They are admirable aims. No doubt he set about his task with the utmost integrity – but in the attempt one suspects that Dower was too close to his subjects. Occasionally he strikes a sympathetic chord for the odd villain and inadvertently germinates a seed that just might one day see a "rapacious parasite" flower as a folk hero. Maybe I am carping. At least Dower has put down his experiences in the form of this permanent record. Australian archives are poorer because many other of our journalists who have witnessed history have failed to take the trouble. – RUSSELL DEILEY

•

Love may be universal, but the way we make it isn't. East and West don't agree, for starters. Europeans tend to go at the whole thing hammer-and-tongs while Easterners prefer a more eloquent stillness. In fact, it is fair to say that not only how you make love but also with whom and when is a matter of basically where and when you were born.

As Bradley Smith's lavishly illustrated *Erotic Art of the Masters* (Gemini-Smith) shows, the sexual history of the human race is tied intricately to the political, social and religious attitudes of the time. Chinese erotica of the 18th century versus European is a case in point. In China the sex act was shown with great

restraint even in the most intimate scenes. Neither partner exerted any outward physical effort. They were gentle people, semi-clothed, belonging to an élite class. The frozen stillness of the act had much to do with the idea that if a man restrained from orgasm while a woman moved to climax he would receive a vital fluid that would prolong life and be beneficial to his health. This quaint attitude was quite different from 18th century European religious and medical opinion, which asserted that coitus was bad for you – quite debilitating, in fact.

France led the way in erotic art. Her great masters, Watteau, Fragonard and Boucher, all produced secret works for the upper class that were deliciously "naughty" and often quite frank sexually. But while the Europeans frolicked in happy disarray, in India in the same period artists depicted the sex act ritualistically. There was no moral censure, but there was no passion in the acrobatic gymnastics of the couples, either.

Morality in the 19th century, like a cowboy-Indian movie, was divided into the goodies and the baddies, good women and bad women. (Why weren't there good men and bad men?) Good women were virgins until they married and then they performed from duty. Some husbands and wives never saw each other naked. Both sexes wore long gowns to bed. With sexual pleasure denied and masturbation considered a sin, a revolution was in the making. And again the French led the way.

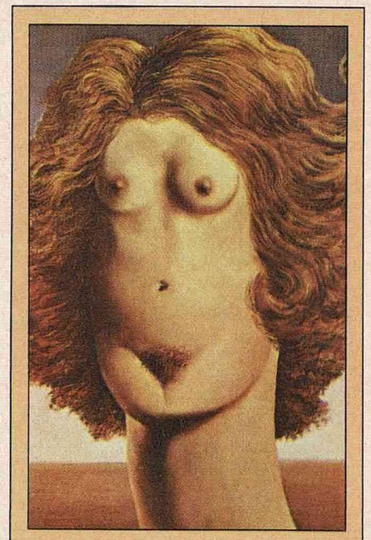
The Can Can was the most sexually liberating influence in the 19th century. For the first time, women's drawers were on public display. Toulouse Lautrec celebrated this influence – along with the Can Can – in his compassionate paintings of prostitutes and lesbians. And Gustave Courbet created from the latter one of the great paintings of the world, *The Sleep*. The painting shows two women asleep, their legs intertwined, their bodies suffused with fulfilment. This painting, illustrated in the book, is on view at the Petit Palais in Paris, but Courbet's *Woman's Torso* with a life-size vagina (also illustrated) is still not displayed in public.

By some curious fate, as Europe and America opened up, Japan closed and even today there, as well as in China, no nude paintings, penises, vaginas or pubic hairs are visible publicly. For the countries which produced some great erotic art over the centuries, this magnificent book provides a rather curious ending. –SANDRA McGRATH

•

The Moscow Olympics are looming large over the sports horizon. In a flurry of blazers and lofty official predictions we will be sending a small army of athletic hopefuls on an errand that has become an embarrassment.

Australia's Moscow medal winnings are unlikely to pose any excess baggage problems on the homeward flight. In the last Olympics at Montreal our gold medal cupboard was bare. The stern truth is we must now be about the last of the world's amateurs. Unsophisticated in technique and unprepared by modern standards of facilities and coaching, we are there to make up the numbers. Only the incredible flair of a Herb Elliott, a Dawn Fraser or a Betty Cuthbert could raise the Australian flag in the next Russian summer. And there just isn't one around. Our Olympic fadeout is vividly highlighted



French artist René Magritte called this painting *Le Viol (The Rape)*. It is just one of the masterpieces from *Erotic Art of the Masters*.

by the publication of a book, *Sport in History* (University of Queensland Press), the contributory work of a group of academics who took time to dissect professionally the previously simple pastime of men and woman at play. If you agree that Australians are a race of sports and that the Australian male is a sports addict, whether as a player, spectator, gambler or barbreasting expert, then this book carries a message. Our academics join forces to explain Australia's sporting traditions . . . sport and society, sport and politics, sport and literature. It is all very profound and one wonders if fun and games are really worth the trouble.

With the Olympics in the air and Australia a fading Olympic force, Jurgen Tampke, a modern European history teacher at the University of NSW, makes a timely comparison. At the Montreal Olympics, the athletes of the German Democratic Republic won 40 gold medals, 25 silver and 25 bronze. Overall they came second to the Soviet Union and even surpassed the United States. And the GDR has a population not much bigger than Australia's.

Then how did they do it? By the popular Western accusations of tearing children from their homes to make them sporting automata? By mystery drugs and steroids? By the threat of "SOS" (Success or Siberia)? We read of German swimmers admitting they had air blown into their rectums so they could "lie on the water flat as a board". The author dismisses these allegations and claims that no GDR athlete has been found doped.

Australia, which once ruled the world's swimming lanes, has been shaken badly by the highly sophisticated improvement of Eastern European athletes. We tend to fall back on an attitude that it is better to give up the Olympics than try to compete with their methods. That sport should never become a yardstick by which nations are measured. That's the easy way out. But are the East Germans, or the other Eastern Europeans for that matter, the villains they are painted?

Comparative figures for Australia are difficult to arrive at, but there would be about three times as many sports fields in the GDR, twice as many swimming pools and four times as many sports halls and gymnasiums.

Tampke says it's difficult to accept that all this money is invested in sport each year because the political end justifies all means.

Sport in History encompasses many areas: the cricket crisis, the Gaelic Athletic Association, Aussie Rules, modern American baseball, American spectator sport, Rugby apartheid. The book is a combination of essays delivered at a three-day conference of noted historians who sought to enter a new field of Australian historical endeavor by explaining "the making of sporting traditions". A bunch of academics spending three days putting a formal microscope on sport can be more than a little exhausting. It's time for a beer. –PHIL TRESIDDER

•

A novel about mountain climbing, friendship, injury and manhood, James Salter's *Solo Faces* (Little, Brown), is one of those compact, stylish, engrossing books that leave you with sweat on your palms. Best of all, it is a study of the modern male – complex and simple, aged and immature, alternately finding and losing conscience and hope in the struggle for identity that seems to be a special war for men today.

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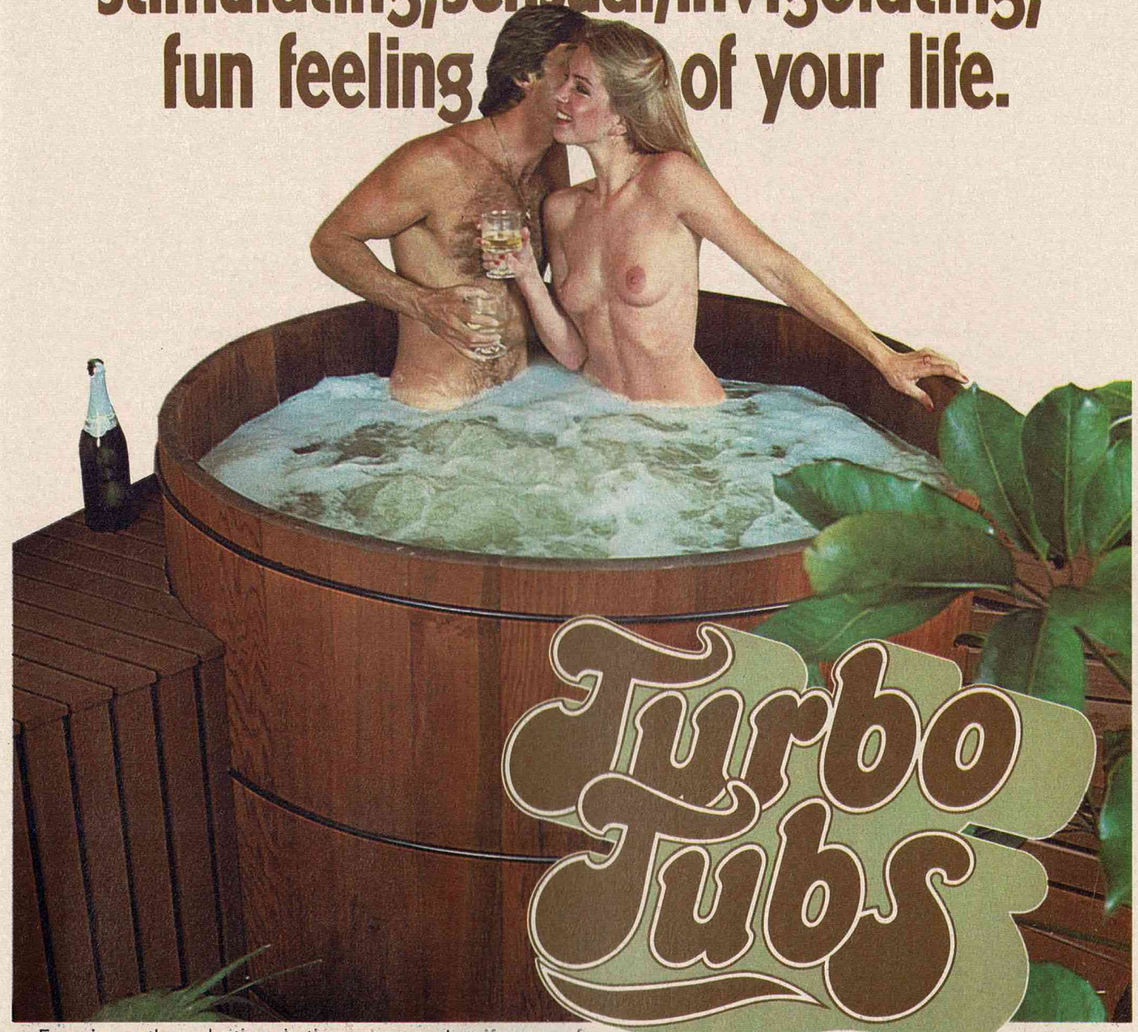

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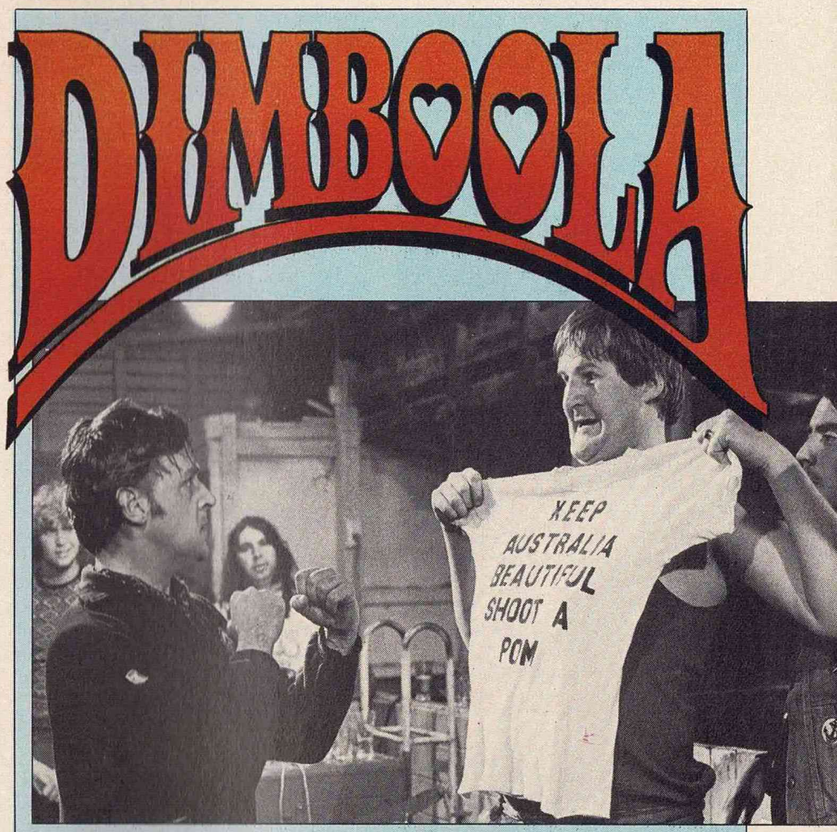
MOVIES

dimboola must surely mark the bottom of the australian film barrel

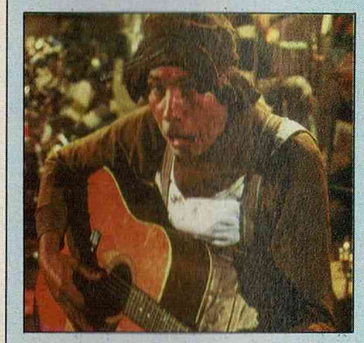


ONE piece of good advice given to journalists is never to start anything with a rhetorical question. It is something to be avoided, like irony and sarcasm in serious editorials. To ask "Is Australia going to the dogs?" or "Has Malcolm Fraser stopped beating his wife?" invariably means that the writer doesn't know the answer himself; that he hasn't done his homework, clarified his thoughts or reached a sane and balanced conclusion on the basis of the evidence (which is, of course, the way all responsible film critics set about their task). I had been tempted to begin this commentary by asking, in tentative fashion, whether the Australian film industry was in the doldrums, running out of steam, or otherwise going through a sticky patch. Now, having just seen *Dimboola,* the latest but far from greatest product of the local industry, I am prepared to answer the question without equivocation. It is.

Others have been brooding on this melancholy conclusion for some time, especially after seeing *The Money Movers,* that exercise in gratuitous violence and puerile sensationalism which seemed to mark a new and unexpected low point in the work of Bruce Beresford. Some years ago Mr Beresford made the excellent *Don's Party* (based, it must be said, on an excellent play) and after that the even more excellent *The Getting of Wisdom,* and he appeared to have attained a secure stature as an observer of our local manners and mores. In *The Money Movers* he lapsed unaccountably back into his old habits and weaknesses, marked by a fondness for crudity, crassness and corn. *The Money Movers* did for the action thriller what Beresford's Barry McKenzie films had done already for social comedy in the early '70s: they exploited the blatant and the obvious. Gushing arteries and exposed intestines took the place of the Technicolor yawn.

But let's not be too harsh on Mr Beresford. The same evidence of decline and flagging imagination can be seen in the work of our other leading directors. After the appalling (and appallingly successful) Alvin Purple films, with their naive celebration of Ocker sexuality, Tim Burstall has made one competent thriller, *End Game,* one outright flop, *Eliza Fraser,* and one best forgotten road movie whose name I have best forgotten.

Then there is Peter Weir, whose exploration of the sinister Aboriginal



Dimboola, the film by John Duigan based on Jack Hibberd's play, hits the Australian film industry right in its beer gut. Out of its original theatre restaurant base, *Dimboola* is a wallow in Ocker vulgarity.

rituals, *The Last Wave,* has been doing rather well in the US in recent months. This is the one in which Richard Chamberlain plays a middle class barrister who discovers the end of the world in the Bondi sewer outfall, to the noisy accompaniment of didgeridoos: there are some excellent special effects and one or two good spooky moments, but compared with Weir's earlier films, including *Picnic at Hanging Rock,* it is all a bit silly and pretentious. Fred Schepisi's *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith* was, for many people, a less accomplished work than his earlier *Devil's Playground,* and Michael Thornhill has made nothing to compare in depth or maturity with his first feature, *Between Wars,* which came out in 1974.

So where does that leave us? At the risk of seeming cantankerous and hard to please, I think it leaves us with rather a large gap to fill. There is always *Newsfront,* of course – a clever trifle, made more for the amusement of film industry employees than members of the paying public. There's Tom Jeffrey, who has directed some fine pictures, but *The Odd Angry Shot* was hardly a great leap forward in his creative development. There's Gillian Armstrong's *My Brilliant Career,* which I haven't yet seen. There is also *Dawn!,* which I haven't seen either, but on the strength of those brief excerpts shown last year at the Sydney Film Festival, the film should be quietly impounded by ASIO and buried somewhere beneath Ayer's Rock.

All of which may be rather tenuous evidence on which to base my lofty assertions about an industry in decline. Every good director makes a bad film occasionally, which wouldn't worry me too much if it wasn't their *second* film. If your second film is a dud, unkind people (including reviewers) are inclined to start saying your first film wasn't all that good anyway, which in turn can have a disastrous effect on a director's self-confidence and esteem.

For this reason, I have been concerned by the strange case of John Duigan. Only a year ago Mr Duigan's first film, *Mouth to Mouth,* was being hailed as a masterpiece, for the very good reason that it *was* a masterpiece. It was shot on 16mm with the modest, not to say ludicrous, budget of $129,000 and concerned four unemployed kids living in a disused warehouse and drifting around the fringes of crime and destitution looking for something to fill in their time.

As a portrait of ordinary youngsters condemned to a slow process of moral and social degradation at the hands of an uncaring society, *Mouth to Mouth* said it all, and said it well. The four characters were not martyrs or incorruptibles; they were fallible, awkward, desperate and confused human beings – above all, they were believable. Every step through their *demi-monde* of vagrancy and shoplifting, massage parlors and "escort" work, petty crime and casual violence, was a logical and inevitable response to social and economic realities. Mr Duigan didn't preach: he showed. And Tom Cowan's camerawork, avoiding all frills, all artful prettiness and studied compositions, was finely attuned to the film's mood of urgency and realism. Not a perfect film by any means; and technically pretty rough around the edges. The only real question was whether it was a proper masterpiece or merely a minor masterpiece. It had to be one or the other.

After that we were all hoping for big things from Mr Duigan's second film, *Dimboola.* The only big things about it turned out to be the size of the budget and the size of the screen. By the time I got along to a five o'clock session one evening the "last days" were already being posted, even before reviewers could get their crits in the Sunday papers. This time I couldn't blame the customers for staying away. Duigan wrote his own screenplay for *Mouth to Mouth,* but with *Dimboola* he was stuck with a script based on Jack Hibberd's overrated play about a wedding reception in a bush town.

The idea of the original play was to involve the audience as guests at the reception by performing the whole gauche and boring business in a theatre restaurant. It was a neat trick, and customers who found the play either infantile or embarrassing (as I did) could at least get on with their own drinking, which after half an hour or so was bound to blunt their critical faculties. By the end of the night the audience were either too drunk or too uncaring to remember much about anything, with the result that a few of the more impressionable among us were persuaded that *Dimboola* was, in fact, a good play, and should be made into a film.

Unfortunately, the licensing laws in most States don't allow liquor in cinemas, which means that the film version of *Dimboola* has to be endured without the benefit of even partial inebriation. Seen in the cold light of sobriety, in the cavernous and chilly wastes of a near-empty cinema, the film's witless dialogue and unappealing characters seem even flatter and more tasteless than they did on stage.

Not to put too fine a point on it, *Dimboola* is dreadful, and for this Mr Duigan is only partly to blame. To pad the play out and relieve the intrinsic monotony of the original set (which looked like a tableau of the Last Supper), the film-makers have elaborated on the domestic lives of the townsfolk, the inevitable pre-wedding bucks' party and the wedding ceremony itself. It is difficult to say which is the least enjoyable. I suppose the original idea, before the play degenerated into boozy farce, was to poke fun at empty middle class rituals in a small community and study ordinary people conforming to the pressures of snobbery and social custom. And a good idea it was, too: the mainspring of any number of excellent comedies from *The Philadelphia Story* to Robert Altman's *A Wedding.*

The missing ingredient here is compassion. Instead of a wry, shrewd, affectionate study of small town pretensions we are given a long wallow in Ocker vulgarity and incompetent slapstick. The raw and honest faces of Duigan's characters in *Mouth to Mouth* have given way to oafish, toothy caricatures; and the ordinary country working man comes over as a kind of freakish bumpkin, given to incessant grogging and inane lechery. There's an Irish priest who sounds like Dave Allen; a hard-edged stripper who chews gum; and, worst of all, a visiting Pommie journalist writing an improbable series of articles about life in an Australian country town, who draws all sorts of comically inept conclusions from the goings-on.

Bruce Spence plays the bridegroom with a kind of leering imbecility, and George Dreyfus has composed a raucous, jaunty score which is perhaps the best thing about the film. There are moments when Tom Cowan's camerawork catches the harsh, lonely feel of a bush town, especially in the scenes at night; but little else in *Dimboola* is memorable or interesting.

I hope we'll see better work from our directors in future. What the industry needs now is not just better scripts – which film companies everywhere always have needed – but a return to the sensitivity and intelligence of earlier days, when the themes came to grips (however uncertainly) with significant and sometimes even noble ideas. We don't want an industry that imitates the tired formulae of exploitation. The Australian film industry is still a precious and sensitive plant, but a few more efforts like *Dimboola* and the bloom will quickly wither. So too, one fears, will the confidence of investors and the benevolence of State film corporations.

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The latest Hollywood remake of *The Cat and the Canary* (directed by Radley Metzger) is apparently the

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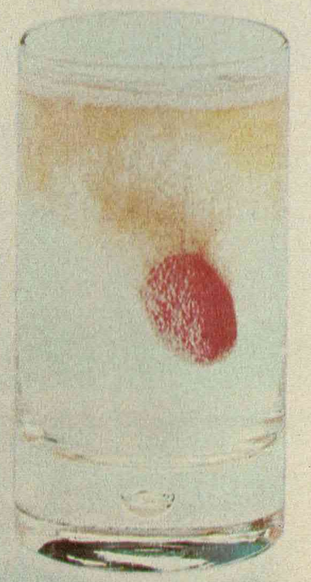

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fifth film version of John Willard's play, and I am still wondering why they bothered to make the first. It's a slender and highly contrived exercise in stage mystery, using a formula which was pretty dated when the play first appeared about 50 years ago. This time the film-makers have assembled an impressive and talented cast, who gather at a lonely country mansion for the reading of a will. Various expected events ensue, including a thunderstorm, which provides an incessant crashing and booming noise throughout most of the film, mercifully obscuring some of the more fatuous lines of the dialogue.

Mr Metzger basically is uncertain whether he wants a comedy spoof or a serious thriller, and as usual in such movies succeeds in giving us neither. Excellent people such as Wendy Hiller, Edward Fox and Wilfred Hyde White waste a good deal of their time and ours. I couldn't remember from my first encounter with the play just which of the characters was the villain in disguise, and I doubt if it would affect your enjoyment if I gave away the secret. The whole film is utterly inept and tasteless.

•

Stanley Donen's *Movie Movie,* which opened this year's Sydney Film Festival, has George C. Scott starring in two movies in one, and is very funny indeed. It is a parody of the film styles of the '30s – the first (in black and white) about the rise of a slum boxer, the second (in color, a musical) about a showbiz impresario and a humble chorus girl who makes it to the top. Variations on the old themes of wish fulfilment and virtue rewarded. The first piece has a splendid montage of spiralling news headlines superimposed on flashing train wheels and applauding ringside faces. For all its easy laughs and some excellent gags, I couldn't help thinking how much the audience were enjoying the stories themselves. Scriptwriters knew their business in those days, which is one lesson our local industry still has to take to heart. – EVAN WILLIAMS

•

Woody Allen's *Manhattan,* set to Gershwin tunes and photographed in glorious black and white by cinematographer Gordon Willis to resemble a lot of romantic old movies – the way they should have been, if not quite the way they were – is a sad, hilarious and scintillating love letter to New York. That's only for starters. As another step forward in the evolution of Woody Allen from freewheeling funnyman to Very Important Film-maker, *Manhattan* marks Woody's return to comedy, but a new kind of comedy – truer, more bittersweet than *Annie Hall,* with some of the chill brilliance of *Interiors* giving the laughter a tingling, frosty edge.

Casting himself as Isaac Davis, a TV jokesmith who impulsively quits his job to concentrate on more serious projects, Woody indicates where he's at aesthetically without using the medium to transmit messages. While the sound track throbs with Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue or Someone to Watch over Me, plus a string of golden oldies to suit the movie's wonderful-town imagery, *Manhattan* introduces characters who seem entirely out of sync with such mellow music. To quote the film, they are people who "are constantly creating these unnecessary neurotic problems for themselves".

The people we meet here all seem to be in close touch with their analysts. They are not consistently likeable; they even tend to be bitchy, self-indulgent and shallower than they think. I loved them, I hated them, I laughed myself sick.

Among all-time favorite Woody Allen movies, make mine *Manhattan.* But just in case I have any sobering second thoughts, let me keep a pedestal free for that marvellous, memorable film, *Annie Hall.* – BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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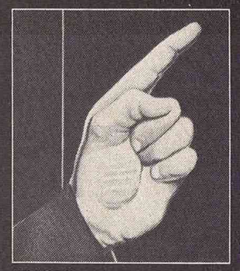

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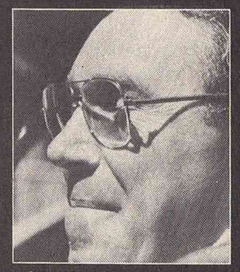

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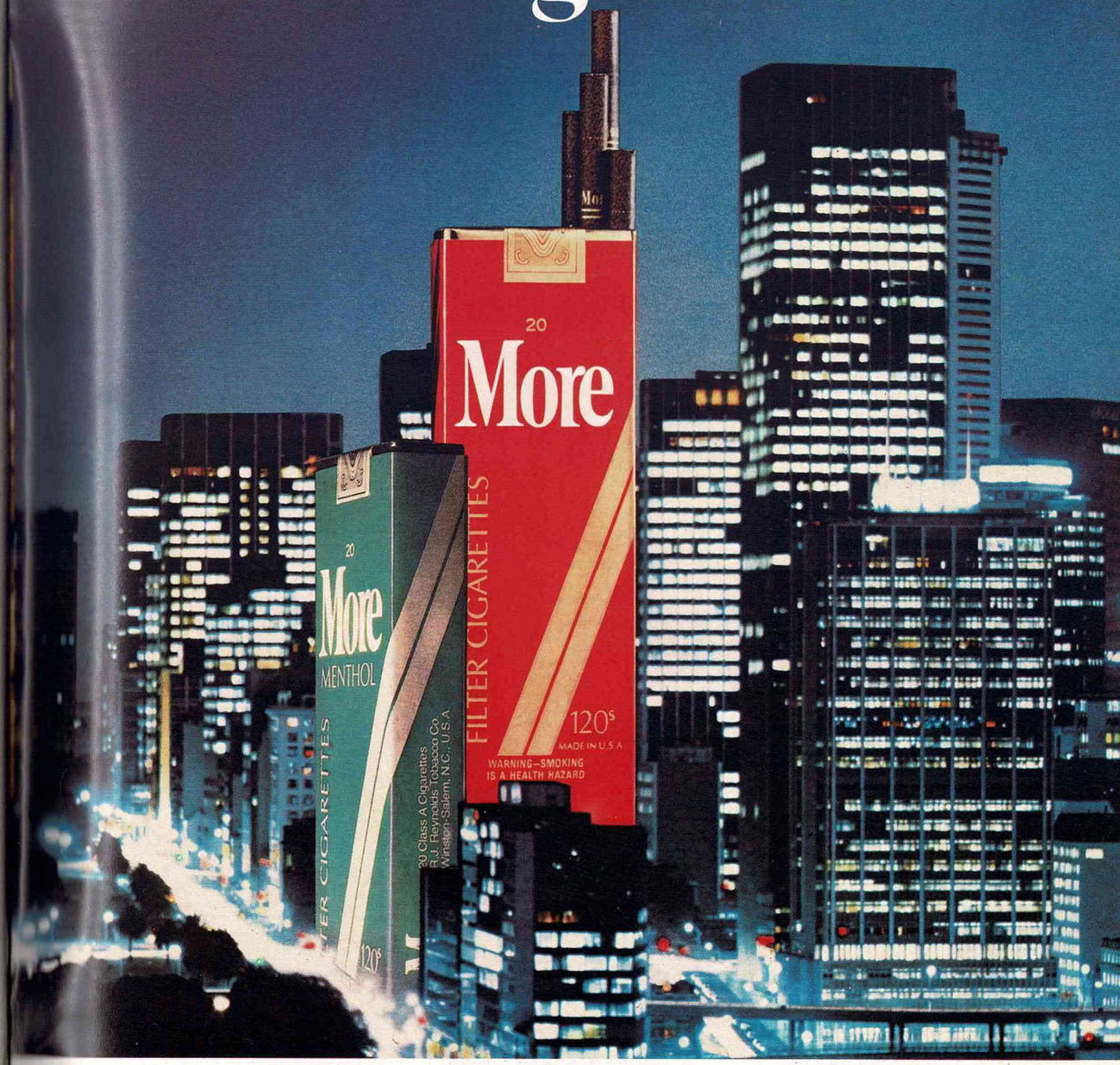

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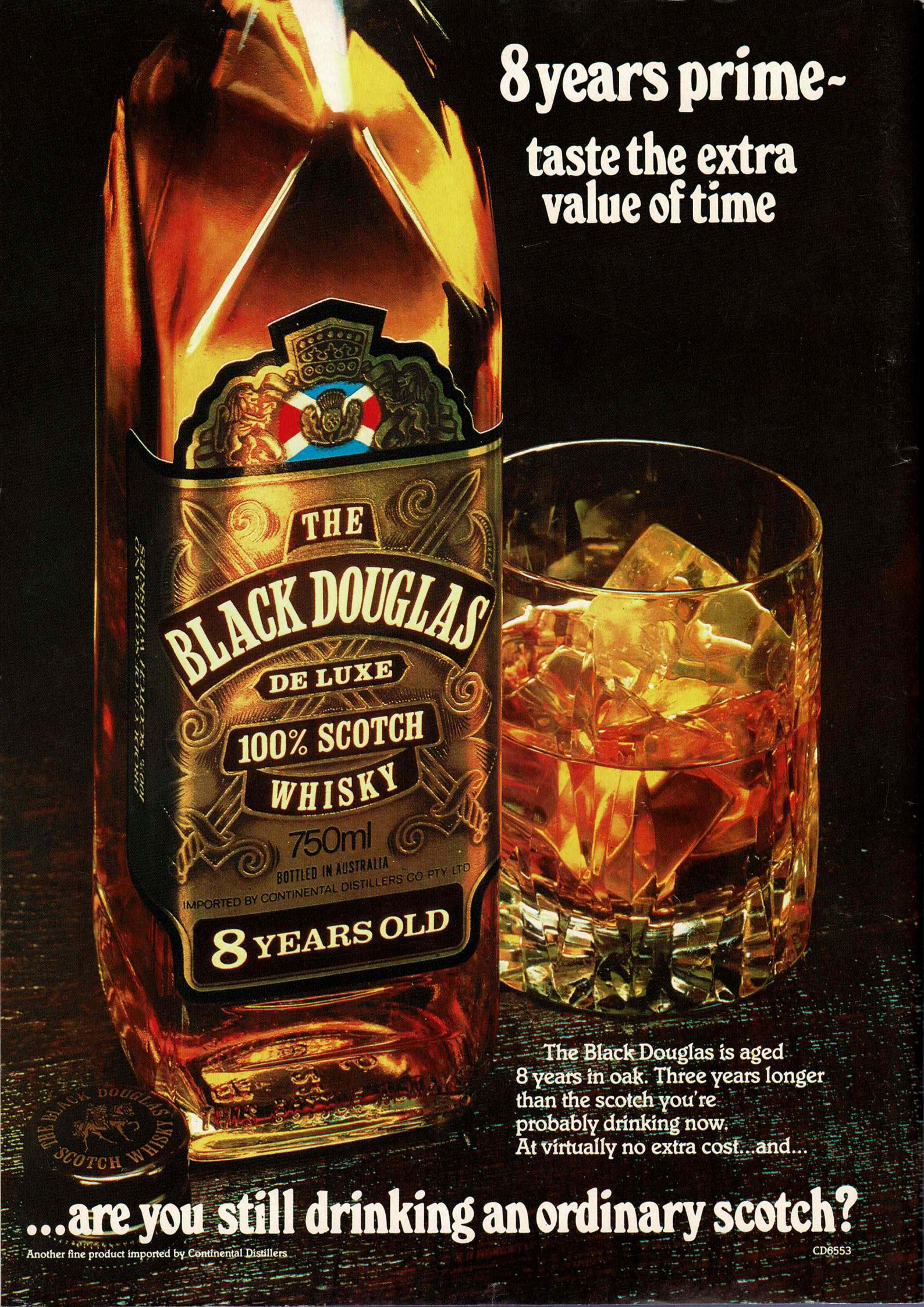
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